April 20, 1935

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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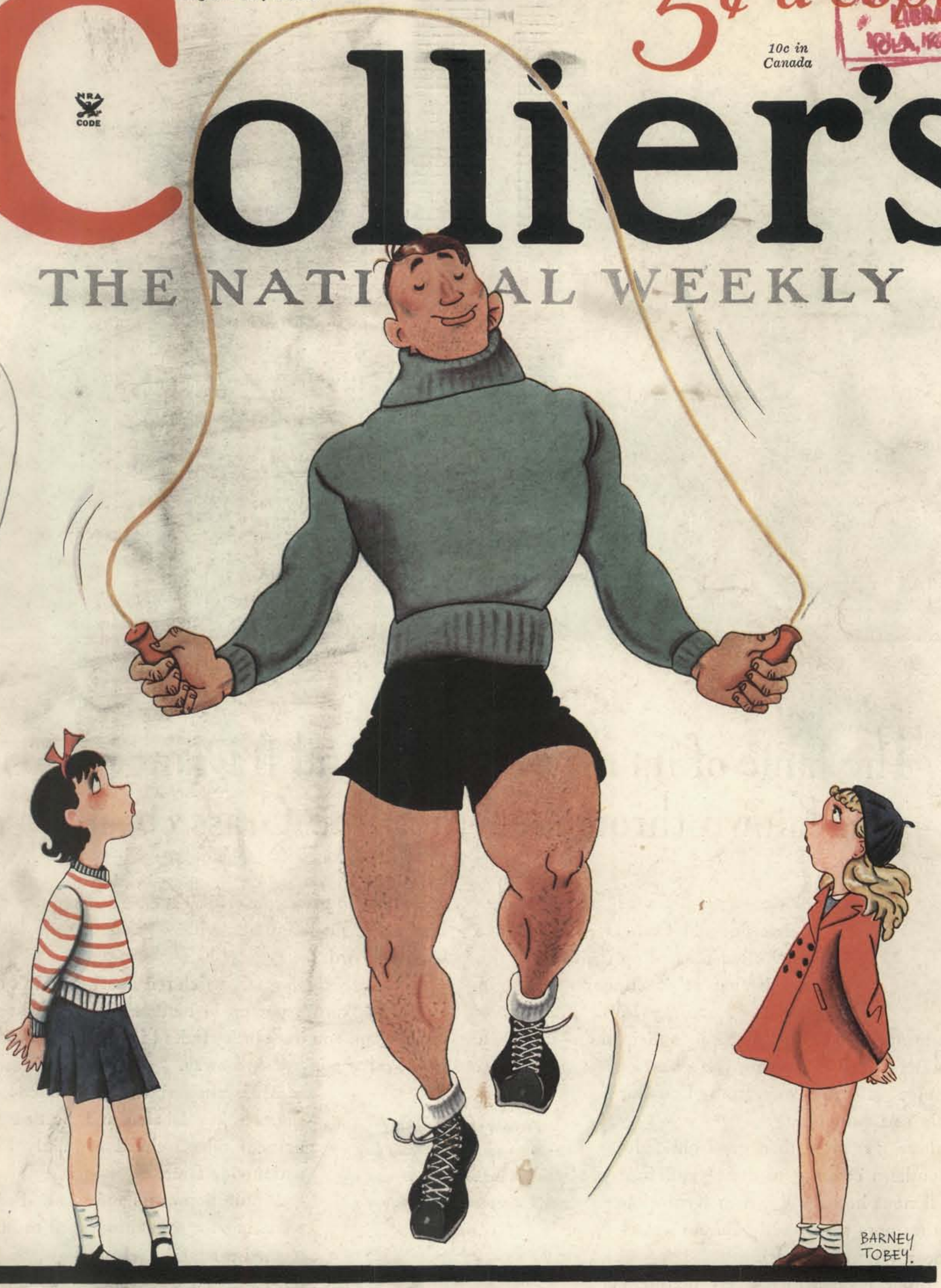

The Little Schoolhouse in the Red

By Walter Davenpo

MARY MCPHERSON
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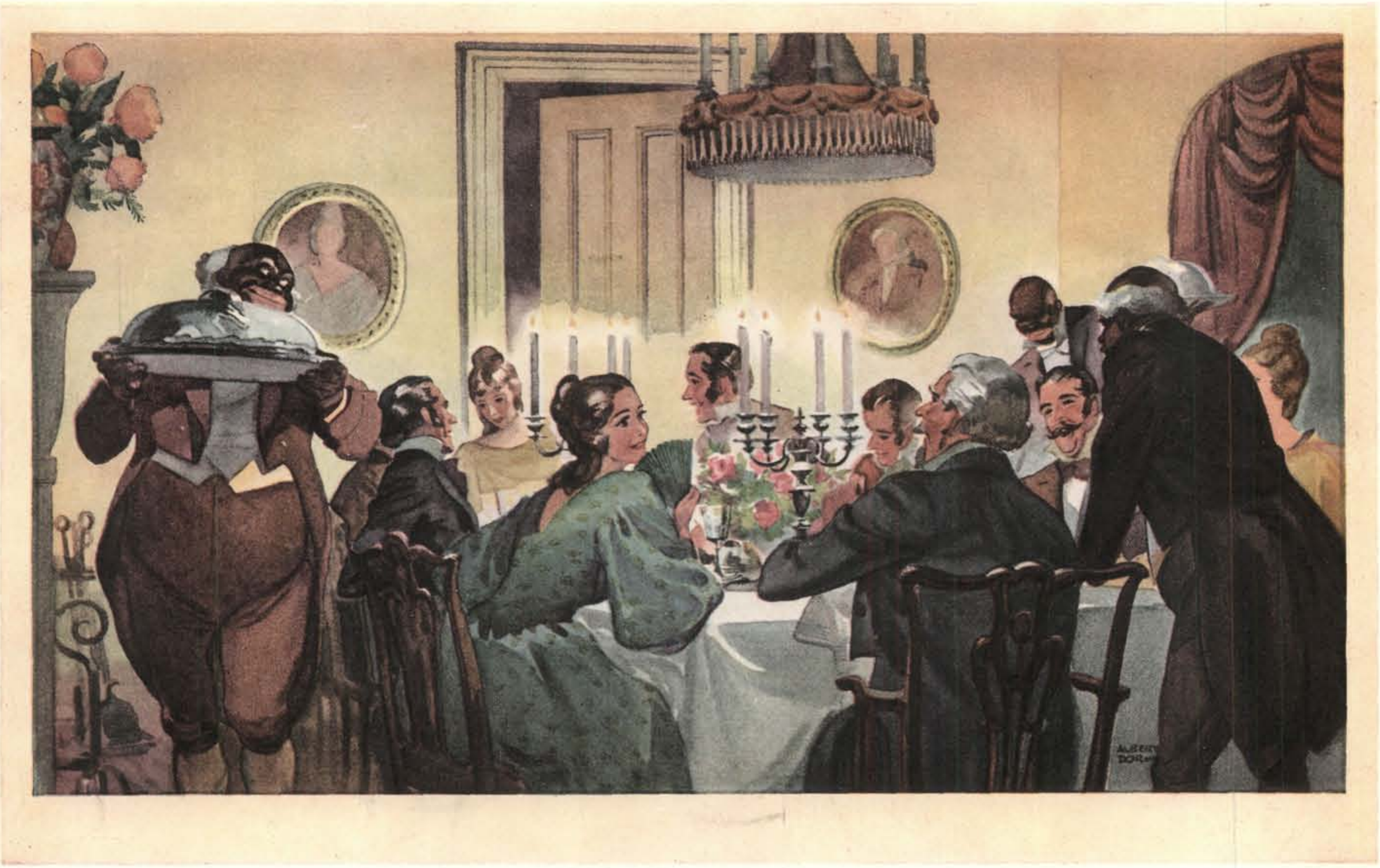
April 20, 1935



The fame of its roast 'possum and fragrant juleps was known throughout the Blue Grass country

On clear moonlight nights, the guests of that fine old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel often pricked up their ears as the deep baying of 'coon dogs floated in over the Kentucky hills. They knew what it meant, and smiled in happy anticipation—for when local hunters treed a 'possum, you could expect next day a meal famous all the way from Lookout Mountain to Louisville.

But there was more than good old-fashioned Southern cooking to draw gentlefolk to that famous hostelry down in Kentucky, and to the more than locally famous waters of the nearby limestone spring.

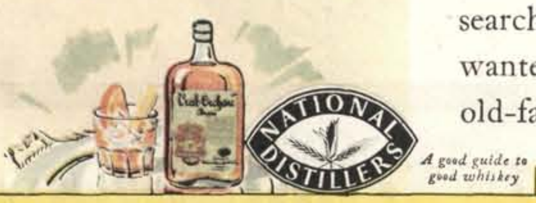
One thing upon which every Southern gentleman of the day prided himself was his judgment of bourbon. So the local hotel sought far and wide for something to please the critical palates of its guests, and found a whiskey, made up Louisville way, that came to be called Crab Orchard.

In those early days, that rich red bourbon didn't even have a label. It wasn't put up in bottles. They bought it by the barrel—and you were lucky indeed if they let you, as a special favor, carry a jug or two away.

More than sixty years rolled by before the whiskey labeled and bottled with the name Crab Orchard suddenly burst into nationwide fame.

Prohibition came and went. People were searching for something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—and they wanted a low price. Because Crab Orchard filled all three wants so accurately it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay



Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

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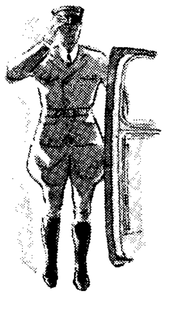
YOU CAN RIDE
in the Lap of Luxury
FOR ONLY $745*
Chrysler



WHEN you think of Chrysler, you just naturally think of luxury... distinction... brilliant performance. . . . But perhaps you haven't realized that the beautiful Airstream Chryslers are priced as low as $745.

What an answer that is for a family that wants to keep thrifty, but yearns for a car that's more than just a way to get places!

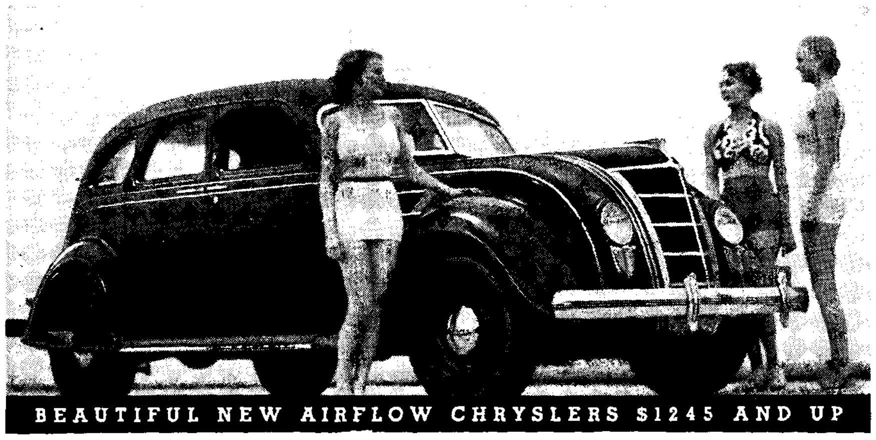
The Airstream Chryslers are big cars ...118- and 121-inch wheelbase. They give you a feeling of steady security on the road.

They are luxurious . . . exceptionally roomy. They ride with matchless ease, because nobody has gone as far as Chrysler with scientific weight distribution.

They have strong steel safety bodies . . . with mutually reinforcing body and frame construction. They have the often-copied but never-equalled genuine Chrysler hydraulic brakes.

Speed... Pick-up... Pulling-power ...always silky-smooth with Chrysler's Floating Power engine mountings. Long ago Chrysler proved it could produce the livest, smoothest performance on the roads.

The fact is, the Airstream Chryslers are luxury cars in every single important detail. And the price is just pure good news. Visit a Chrysler dealer and judge for yourself.



BEAUTIFUL NEW AIRFLOW CHRYSLERS $1245 AND UP

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* All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit. *Time payments to fit your budget.* Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit plan.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FIRST there was Vonny Cass, the blond girl with honest eyes, an excellent flyer, a wholesome and reliable and lovely person. And then there was Nahta, the Russian, the most beautiful woman in the world, who moved in the shadow of tragedy and spoke with an age-old wisdom. And with her the sinister cripple, Anton Krupp, a man with a broken neck and a twist in his mind.

Those were Sturg Hammond's companions on his trip to Manchukuo—they and the wind devils in the Sea of Japan. Adventure lay ahead, a whirlwind of adventure and high romance. James Warner Bellah, who wrote "Woman of Honor," begins next week "The Brass Gong Tree."

THERE was a time when Adolf Hitler, Adolf the Roughneck, made a point of wearing on all occasions, at all hours, in all sorts of weather, the famous brown shirt of Nazidom and no coat at all. Today he is a fashion plate; on occasion you can see him in a top hat. "Hitler Changes His Clothes." That means something. It means a radical change in the Third Reich, a change from the violence of a party seeking power to the diplomacy of a régime trying to retain it. Collier's sent T. R. Ybarra to inspect the Nazi enterprise as it faces its third year. Next week he reports.

MELISSA WIBBING was a light-minded person. Nothing showed the essential frivolity of her nature more clearly than her interference in the affairs of Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch. The advertising agency of Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch was run, alternately, by Chet Ashburn and Walt Gibbs, who were geniuses or madmen, depending on your point of view. When Mr. Gibbs was executive vice president he would demote Mr. Ashburn to some tedious and humiliating job—and vice versa. The place was a madhouse. But nothing to what it was after Melissa took a hand. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells you.

"WE OUGHT to have seen him," said Mr. Pond; "only he was too tall to be seen." There was a story back of that, of course, "A Tall Story," containing one giant, two spies and an assortment of warped darts and monstrous missiles. G. K. Chesterton is the author.

BILL CUNNINGHAM tells you all about dog racing in "The Damnation Bowwows." Ross Santee writes the Short Short Story. Quentin Reynolds, Sax Rohmer, Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, Brassil Fitzgerald and others complete a magnificent issue. See what you think.

This Week

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April 20, 1935

Cover by Barney Tobey

ELMER DAVIS
A Man of Achievement. Latest model. Page 7

NANCY POPE
One Fall to a Finish. The love story of a wrestler and a lady. Page 10

KYLE CRICHTON
She Stops the Show. Elisabeth Bergner, temperamental and determined. Page 11

WALTER DAVENPORT
Little Schoolhouse in the Red. Education moves into larger quarters. Page 12

W. B. COURTNEY
This Year's War. Our ruthless enemy, the chinch bug and allies. Page 14

SAX ROHMER
The Bat Flies Low, Part IV. Waylaid by Hatasu. Page 16

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Napoleon of the Sea. The odds were against him: that's why he won out. Page 18

G. K. CHESTERTON
The Ring of Lovers. Paradoxical melodrama. Mr. Pond explains. Page 20

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The World Series of 1935. Advance dope from experts, settling baseball for this year. Page 22

SHEPARD BARCLAY
All-America Bridge Champions. The big ten of contract bridge. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Success Story, by James Gould Cozzens. Page 26

W. R. BURNETT
Dr. Socrates, Conclusion. The end of the tether. Page 36

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Human comedy. Page 52

EDITORIAL
Wind on Troubled Waters. Page 70

●

Any Week

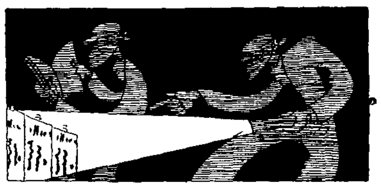
SEVERAL citizens of Binghamton, New York, have a word or so to say. Mr. George H. Dewey reports that the Binghamton Civic Educational Forum hired Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, to do an evening's talking. It is the custom to pay a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars for such entertainment. But Miss Perkins' bill was $457.49, which the Forum paid, leaving all Binghamton to figure it out for themselves. "I suppose," sighs Mr. Dewey, "that Miss Perkins only charged us for her time away from her official duties and will deduct the $457.49 from her salary, turning it back, of course, to the taxpayer." A neighbor of Mr. Dewey's, Miss Florence H. Lomass, says she "simply can't get over the forty-nine cents, but maybe it was a bargain price."

MR. HERB P. PORTEOUS writes from Hot Springs, Arkansas, saying he is a "promoter of hilarity and educational amusements." Says he: "This Johnson-Long-Coughlin tongue-lashing tournament warms my old bones. But like everything else, this racket ain't what it used to be. Years ago I ran a couple of fast-talking mugs over the Lyceum and Chautauqua circuits for six seasons without once having them catch each other in errors of fact. If they did they were too good business men to let on. These current windjammers are amateurs. Under my management there would be no name-calling by the cast, leaving that to the audience. And we would have a gentleman's agreement to let what any of them says go as it lays and no backbiting about errors. I could take all three of these boys on, with Barney Baruch holding the purse, and never lose a round. And I'd let them pick the argument."

WE MIGHT as well take advantage of this wide-open opportunity to deal with a bit of talk that has been going on about us. A considerable number of our readers—Mrs. George J. McAllister of Miami, Florida, for example—wants to know "the honest truth about Senator Huey P. Long's repeated charges that you are owned by the banking house of J. P. Morgan. Not," says she, "that I care as long as you keep up your fine standard." No, Mrs. McAllister, neither the House of Morgan nor Mr Morgan owns so much of us as the space this non-political statement occupies.

BUT we're much too old to go around contradicting bush-beating politicians. Maybe, as Mr. Abel Pelswick of Cleveland, Ohio, says, "everything would be settled once and for all if we stopped interfering with the ballyhoo. Tell you what let's do," says he, "let's adopt the Townsend Plan, pay the vets their bonus, pay a prevailing wage dole to everybody whether they ever earned that much before or not, give everybody five thousand dollars a year, a farm and weekly rides on the cars. Then we can pick up the pieces and start all over again. Or do you think that wouldn't be worth while?"

WE SHALL attend to that in its turn. At the moment we're just about all in from wrestling with a problem Mr. Dick Almy of Sigma Nu, Syracuse (New York) University threw at us. When Mr. Almy's Collier's arrives at the fraternity house he's in class, which, we suspect, is as it should be. But by the time he has escaped, apparently thousands of Sigma Nus have been reading his magazine. And it's a pretty nasty wreck by the time Mr. Almy gets it. He wants to know whether we couldn't camouflage it.



BUT we suspect that nothing would avail. If a reader demands Collier's, nothing's going to stop him. Some of our readers are even a little unscrupulous, as much as we hate to mention it. For example, here's a report from Mr. Joseph A. McCallan of Superior, Wisconsin. A group of obviously intelligent burglars broke into a stationer's shop there and stole two boxes of cigars, forty packs of cigarettes and six copies of Collier's.

NOW we all know that that's not right. But somehow we can't blame those burglars as much as we should. Maybe they thirst for knowledge. Like Mr. Simeon Breckmiller of San Francisco, California. Mr. Breckmiller is twenty-two years old. For four years he has bought Collier's. "And," says he, "I've saved every one because I intend to live a long time and I am keeping your magazine as a record of the years we are passing through. About twenty years from now I'm going to read Collier's for 1934 and 1935 all over again in the light of what we'll be then."

AND what a laugh that'll be.

Vol. 95, No. 16. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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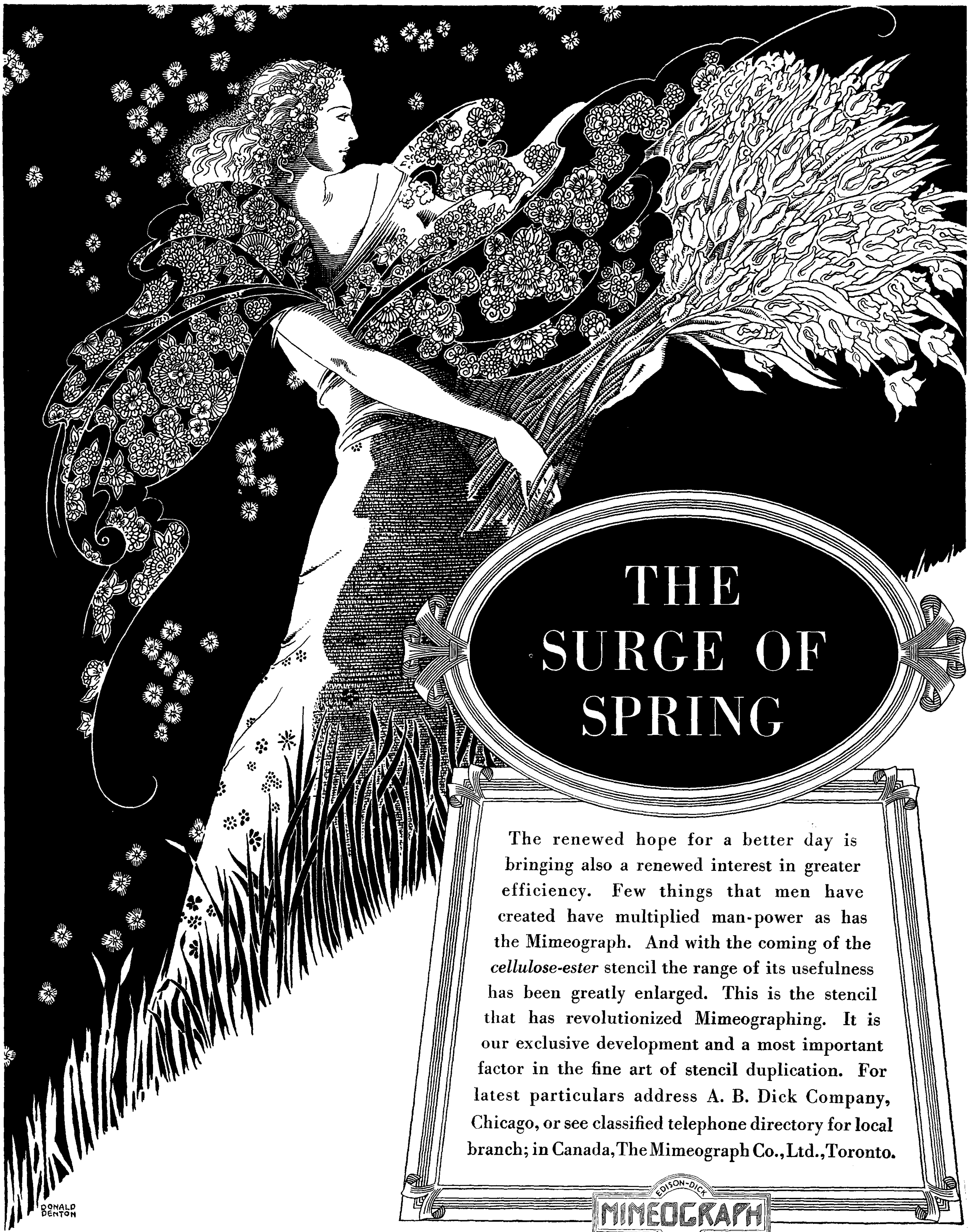

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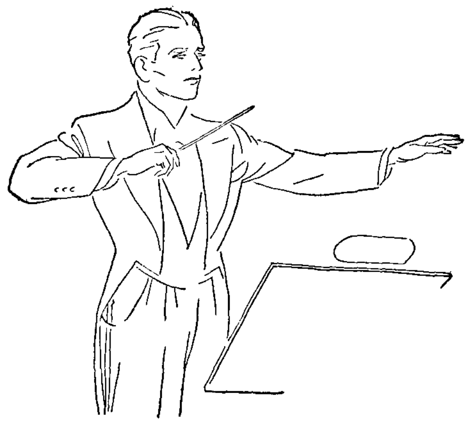

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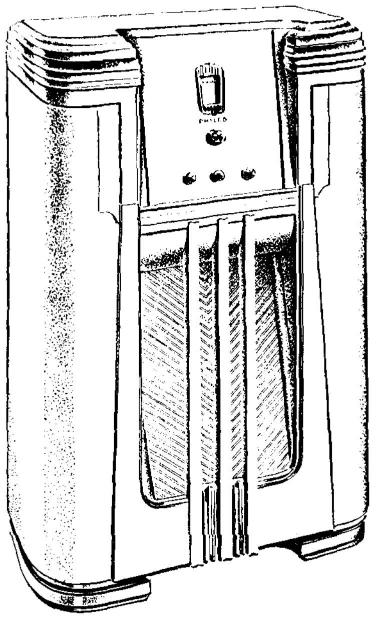

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RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

Day	Station	Time*	Program	Sponsor
			CLASSIC & SEMI-CLASSIC MUSIC	
Sundays	CBS	3:00 P.M.	New York Philharmonic, Toscanini conducting	CBS
Sundays	CBS	9:00 P.M.	Ford Hour, Kolar conducting	Ford Motor Cars
Mondays	NBC	8:30 P.M.	Symphony String Orchestra, Nelson Eddy, Baritone	Firestone Tires
Tuesdays	CBS	6:30 P.M.	Howard Barlow's "Understanding Music" Series	CBS
Tuesdays	NBC	9:00 P.M.	Grace Moore with Harry Jackson's Orchestra	Vick's Vapo Rub
Wednesdays	CBS	10:30 P.M.	Columbia's Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra	CBS
Fridays	NBC	11:00 A.M.	Damrosch Music Appreciation Hour	NBC
			EDUCATION	
Sundays	NBC	12:30 P.M.	University of Chicago Round Table	NBC
Mondays	CBS	10:30 P.M.	"Doctors, Dollars and Disease" Medical Economics	N. A. C. R. E.
Wednesdays	CBS	4:00 P.M.	National Student Federation, Educational Topics	CBS
Thursdays	NBC	5:00 P.M.	National Congress of Parents and Teachers	NBC
			POPULAR VARIETY	
Sundays	CBS	8:00 P.M.	Eddie Cantor with Rubinoff's Orchestra	Pebeco Toothpaste
Tuesdays Thursdays	CBS	10:00 P.M. 9:00 P.M.	Walter O'Keefe with Annette Hanshaw	Camel Cigarettes
Wednesdays	NBC	9:00 P.M.	Fred Allen, Lennie Hayton's Orchestra	Ipana Toothpaste
Thursdays	NBC	8:00 P.M.	Rudy Vallee and Connecticut Yankees	Fleischmann
			WOMEN'S INTERESTS	
Daily except Sat. & Sun.	NBC	4:00 P.M.	Woman's Radio Review, Claudine MacDonald	NBC
Wednesdays & Fridays	CBS	11:00 A.M.	"Cooking Close-ups" by Mary Ellis Ames	Pillsbury Flour
Fridays	CBS	8:00 P.M.	Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt	Selby Shoes
Fridays	NBC	2:30 P.M.	Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton	General Foods

FOREIGN NEWS

Day	Station	Time*	Language	Megacycles
Daily	London, England GSA	5:00 P.M.	English	6.05
Daily	Madrid, Spain EAQ	5:15 P.M.	English	9.87
Daily	Paris, France FYA	8:00 P.M.	English	11.72
Daily	Berlin, Germany DJC	8:15 P.M.	English	6.02

*Eastern Std. Time. For additional program recommendations, write to The Radio Institute of the Audible Arts, 80 B'way, New York.

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Collier's The National Weekly for April 20, 1935

A Man of Achievement

A romance of the fifth year after the great deluge. It demonstrates how beautifully we're getting along—especially our up-to-date models

By Elmer Davis

IF HER father hadn't read about him in the hometown paper, nothing might ever have happened; or if she hadn't got that letter from New York, just before she went to Boston to another girl's wedding. It lay beside her plate when she came down to breakfast; and Bee Sherwell was thankful that her mother breakfasted in bed, that her father had already lighted his cigar and retired behind the morning paper. (But maybe that was tact; he must have recognized Arthur's handwriting, and he could guess what that letter was about.) She ripped it open, nervously—

"Dear Bee—" (Arthur usually began with "Dearest.")

"If your father feels that way, I don't see what we can do but wait. Four thousand a year isn't a bad salary nowadays, but I suppose he can't realize that. As for his being unable to do anything for us, I don't want you to think for a moment that I counted on that—"

Oh, you didn't? thought Bee, laying down the letter to gulp a swallow of scalding coffee. I did; and if you had any brains— It was reasonable enough to expect C. P. Sherwell, who had got a million or more when he put his mills into that merger in 1929, to do something for his only child who wanted to marry a poor but worthy young man; and she hadn't known till last week that he had been paid in stock that hadn't paid a dividend for years. *Why couldn't Arthur be honest about it?* . . . She read on—

"I'm pretty sure of getting ahead in the firm, though it may be slow work; and in a year and a half you'll be twenty-one, and we can marry whether your father consents or not. The waiting will be hard, I know—"

He went on to tell her how hard the waiting would be, dutifully expressing the proper emotions (you could count on Arthur, always, for the proper emotions); and then he said that he supposed she'd be coming through New York on her way back from the wedding, and that his mother was going to ask her to spend a few days with the family at Montclair.

A year and a half till she could get married—here in Ohio—without her parents' consent. In New Jersey or New York she could get married right now. But Arthur hadn't said anything about getting married right now; and his people would be shocked if she proposed to marry him in their home because she wouldn't be allowed to do it in her own. They always had the proper emotions, too. So there was nothing to do but wait.

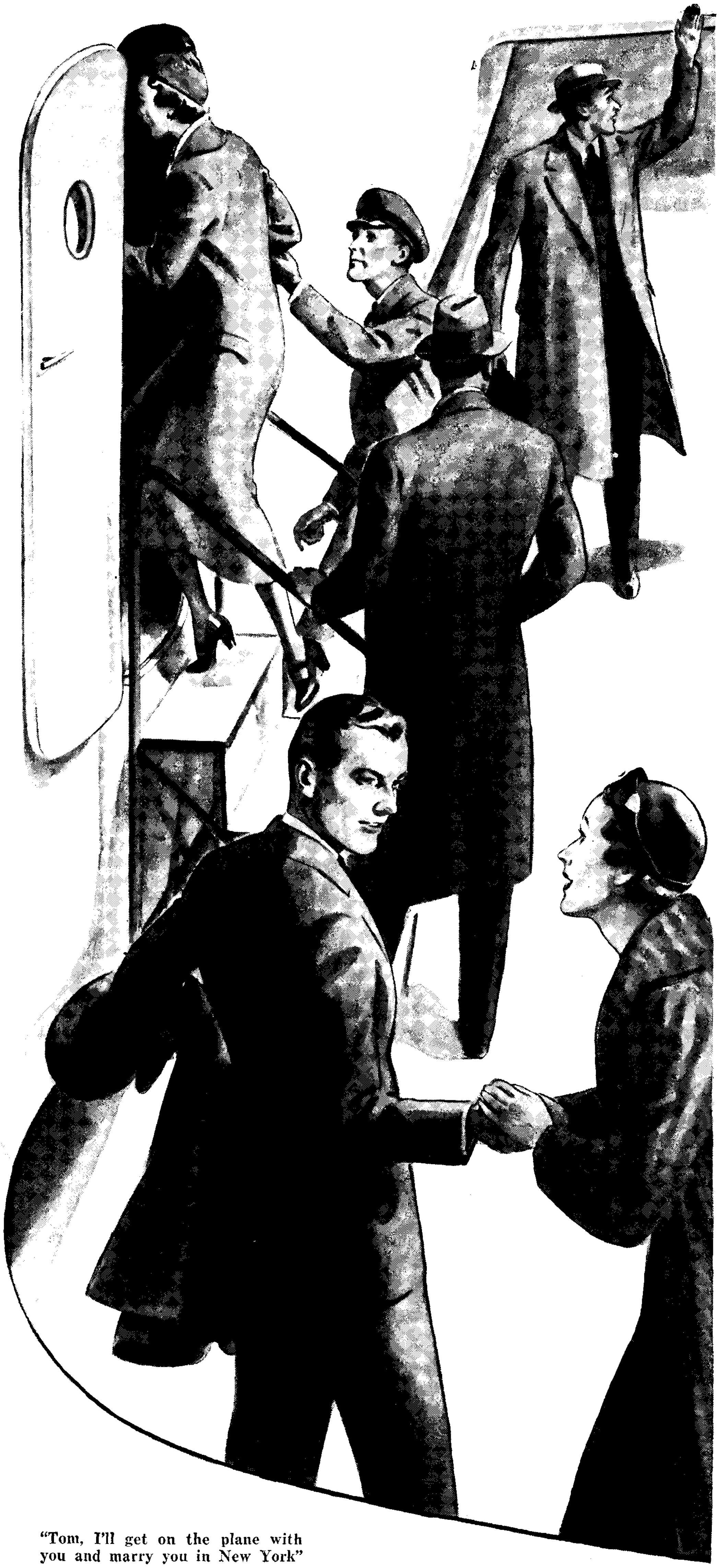
BEE finished her coffee, lit a cigarette; she didn't seem to want anything to eat, this morning. She could wait, of course—and so could Arthur, evidently, no matter what dutiful emotions he expressed. He was worth waiting for; her parents liked him, he was her own kind, a man she could get along with smoothly, with no surprises. Still—

Her father emerged from behind his newspaper, and said she'd better go up and say goodby to her mother if she expected to make that train.

"Have a good time, my child," said Mrs. Sherwell with the smooth good nature that Bee was beginning to suspect was a mask for boredom.

"I'll try to. . . . Often a bridesmaid but never a bride."

"I suppose it's useless," said her mother, "to remind you that you're only nineteen; and that most young people have to wait, in these times." (So they did, Bee reflected; but some girls seemed to get men who could manage to do something about it.)



"Tom, I'll get on the plane with you and marry you in New York"

"I don't see why two people can't live on four thousand a year," she burst out. "I can cook and keep a budget—"

"They don't always remain two people. You want children, don't you?"

"Yes, but plenty of my friends here in Waynesport are raising children on less than four thousand a year."

"New York comes higher—the Jersey suburbs, too. And when you were brought up to have everything you wanted—"

A swell education that turned out to be, thought Bee as she went downstairs. Still, they did teach me something at school.

HER father drove her to the train—they had let the chauffeur go when the dividends stopped. He complained a good deal about having to drive his own car; it was a symptom, he said, of the way things were going in this country. But Bee suspected that he really enjoyed it; he hated golf, so he hadn't much to do, now that he had retired. It was an impressive car (it had cost eight thousand dollars, in 1929); but in the age of streamlining it was beginning to look like an antique. She wished she could persuade him to turn it in for something smaller and more modern; but he was so used to being the big man of Waynesport that he had to have the biggest car in town, even if it was a 1929 model.

And just what did it amount to, Bee wondered, being the big man of a one-horse town? The Sherwell home was the show place of Waynesport; the Sherwell mills dominated local industry. But the Sherwell mills belonged to a New York corporation now, and worked three days a week; and the people who lived in the Sherwell home, about as comfortably as ever, didn't have enough margin to help their daughter start a home of her own.

"Dad," she said abruptly, "I heard from Arthur. He—he's willing to wait." ("Willing," she was afraid, was exactly the word for it.)

"Sensible young fellow," observed C. P. Sherwell, with barely concealed relief. You never could tell about young people; and if Bee had eloped, and lied about her age to get a marriage license, her parents could hardly do anything but accept the accomplished fact. But evidently there was no danger of that, with Arthur. "It won't be long," he assured her, "till he's making enough to support you decently. In the meantime—"

"IN THE meantime," said Bee, "I want a job."

"You haven't a right to have a job. Any job you could get would be a job some other girl needs—a girl who hasn't got a comfortable home to live in. Besides, you're not trained for anything special—"

"I know; I was expected just to sit around till I got married. But they did train me for something special, at school—and a non-competitive job at that; to keep house and be a competent partner for the man I marry. If I can't do that—"

"You can, my dear, when he's established himself; but you weren't trained to be a poor man's wife. What's more," said her father, as the car came up to the railroad station, "you wouldn't be happy with an unsuccessful man. Outside of a few old neighbors around town here, all the older men you know are men of achievement; and achievement is measured in money. But don't worry," he added genially. "If Arthur's got the stuff he'll make money—that is, if the government ever stops all this interference and gives business a chance.... Porter! Get these bags, will you?"

A group of men stood talking on the station platform; two of them detached themselves and came toward the Sherwells—the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and somebody Bee didn't know. A young man, with good clothes that he wore as if he hadn't always been used to good clothes, and eyes that looked as if he generally got what he went after.

"Mr. Sherwell," said the secretary, "I want you to meet an old Waynesport boy who's made good in New York—Tom Clinch. . . . And Miss Sherwell, Mr. Clinch." Bee nodded; her father displayed a sudden interest.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Clinch. I remember you as a boy around town; and of course I read that piece about you in the Evening Star last night. It's quite a while since you've been back in Waynesport, isn't it?"

"Ten years. But my parents are dead, and my job keeps me on the road."

"Your firm sent you here, didn't it, to make an industrial survey of the Waynesport area? How did you happen to miss me?"

"I'd meant to call on you, of course, Mr. Sherwell. But I didn't finish seeing the active men till this morning, and by that time the home office had wired me to take the next train back to New York. I hope to come back some of these days and pay the town a real visit."

HE LIFTED his hat and walked away—barely glancing at Bee, but the look in his eyes gave her a curious feeling that he had seen something he intended to do something about as soon as he could get around to it. . . . Then she glanced at her father; he suddenly looked ten years older, and she could guess why. A few years ago anybody who was making an industrial survey of the Waynesport area would have called on C. P. Sherwell first of all, and it wouldn't have mattered much if he had never called on anybody else. But Tom Clinch, busy with the active men, hadn't had time for the big man of Waynesport, who had retired. Stupid of him not to realize how her father would feel at that reminder of his obsolescence.

"Clinch?" she said. "I don't remember anybody named Clinch."

"You wouldn't. His people were nobody—kept a little candy store in one of the river streets. At that," said her father, "they were one of our old families; they came over the mountains with the Sherwells in the first rush after the Revolution. But the Clinches never amounted to much, till this fellow. He worked his way through college, and now he's field man for a firm of business analysts in New York. Distinctly," he finished, "a man for Waynesport to be proud of."

Bee could have laughed, and cried. Her father was loyal to Waynesport, even in the face of a shock to his self-esteem; if the town was no longer proud of C. P. Sherwell it had to be proud of Tom Clinch. . . . From the Pullman her eyes went back to him, standing beside his big old-fashioned car, looking as if he didn't quite know what to do with himself. . . . Yet he wouldn't let her do anything with herself—not till Arthur had done something impressive, and had made an improbable amount of money. And as the train rolled away she suddenly perceived what was the matter with her father—what summed him up, explained him, excused him. He was a 1929 model, like his car; each of them was still the biggest thing of its kind in Waynesport, but they were both beginning to look out of date.

Presently she went forward to the club car; and there, over a series of cigarettes, she thought about her father, who didn't know what to do with himself; about her mother, who masked boredom with a bland amiability. Bee could remember when her parents had seemed actively in love, but now— If that was what marriage came to, after twenty years, maybe she need be in no hurry about rushing into it.

She loved Arthur, of course; and she didn't doubt that he loved her, even if he didn't have enough initiative to do anything about it. The trouble with Arthur was that he too was a 1929 model—a standardized commodity that the better sort of colleges had produced in quantity just as it was about to become out of date. She had met a hundred men like him, and would meet a hundred more; and no doubt he knew plenty of girls just like her. They were types, both of them, and types that were beginning to look antique. In the days of the bull market Arthur would have made money fast, become a man of achievement; but when the going was tough he couldn't see anything to do but wait. Well, she could wait—for him; but this waiting for a job, just sitting around and feeling useless—

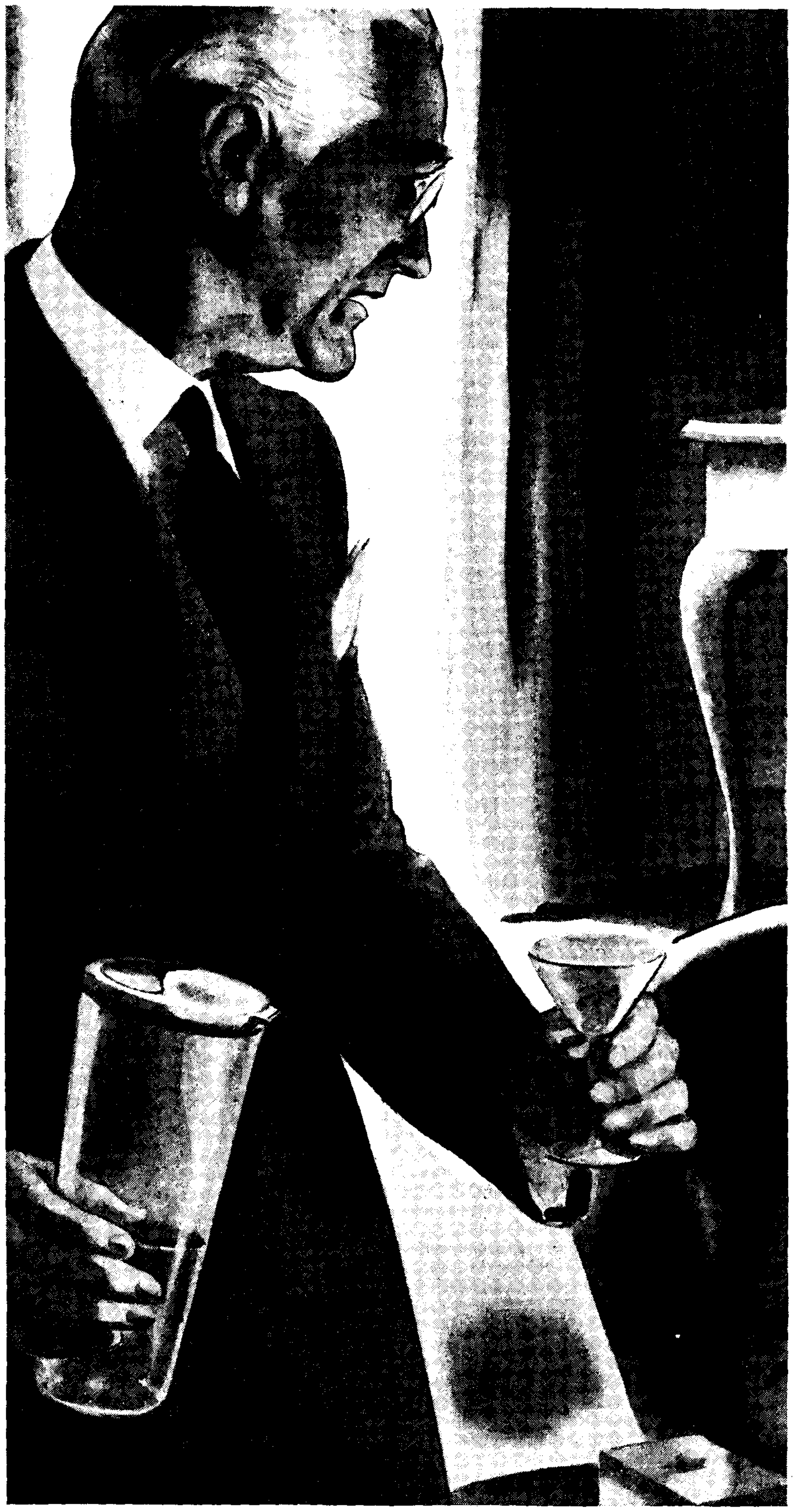
The train had stopped at a station; through the club car came a telegraph messenger. Bee beckoned to him, wrote out a message to Arthur: "Sorry can't see you in New York. Am returning via Albany."

WITH that off her mind she felt better. The train started; she lit another cigarette, and looked up at the intent face, the badly worn good clothes, of Tom Clinch. She meant to ignore him; she was still angry at his tactlessness with her father. But she felt herself smiling at him.

"I was just about to order a cocktail," he said, sitting down beside her. "If you'd join me—"

"A cocktail," Bee decided, "is just about what I need."

"You don't remember it," he said later, "but we're old acquaintances. I used to deliver the Evening Star after school; and the first day I took the



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

route I was all jitters at the idea of walking right into the Sherwell yard and throwing a paper on the Sherwell porch. Like barging into the White House. But you were playing in the yard with a dog—you couldn't have been more than five or six, I suppose; and you smiled at me—exactly the way you smiled at me just now. I felt it was all right, after that."

"BUT of course!" she said delightedly. "I remember Tom the paper boy; I used to see you often. . . . It must give you quite a thrill to come back years later and be written up in that same paper." He grinned.

"Yes, it does. In fact— My job keeps me traveling, but I get vacations; I could have come back years ago. But the Clinches had never amounted to much in Waynesport; I made up my mind that I wasn't coming back till I was somebody they had to notice. I suppose that's childish—"

"I think it's perfectly natural." (And she liked his being so candid and unashamed about it.) A waiter came through, then, with the first call to lunch; and Bee realized that she had had nothing but coffee this morning. "So long as we're old acquaintances," she said, "don't you think we might go on with our reminiscences in the diner?"

So they had lunch together (with separate checks); and they talked all afternoon in the club car, about practically everything. A girl who had always looked at Waynesport and the world from up above had never realized how different it all must look when you were climbing up from below; beside him she felt humble, and very useless. Some of his ideas startled her, some of his viewpoints and reactions seemed crude, beside Arthur's faultless smoothness. But when he asked her to dine with him she assented blithely. And after dinner—

"You're going to Boston?" he said. "Then your car will be switched off at Albany in the middle of the night. But after this wedding I suppose you're going home by way of New York, aren't you?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll be coming down Thursday afternoon."

"My next field trip won't start as soon as that. What about dining with me on Thursday?"

"I'd love to," said Bee. "Call me at the Deerton about six."

ON THURSDAY, coming down from Boston, she remembered that she hadn't told Arthur that she was going to be in New York after all. Of course she ought to see him while she was here, and go out to Montclair to call on his mother. But she had nothing to say to Arthur; he would have nothing to say to her, except that waiting would be hard but there was nothing else to do. Lucky for Arthur that he hadn't had to fight his way up, like Tom Clinch; he'd still be down there. But there were things that men like Arthur knew, and Tom hadn't learned yet; things that she knew by instinct. She could teach him things, help him—

Good heavens, she wondered, what *am* I thinking of? . . . But she knew when he telephoned at six, with appalling news. The office had ordered him to Atlanta; he had to take an eight-o'clock train. That, she reflected, didn't even leave them time for dinner; she was sick with disappointment. But he was going on— "I'm all packed, Bee. Will you meet me at the Pennsylvania station just as soon as you can? We could dine in the station restaurant, if you wouldn't mind an eat-and-run date—"

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes," she promised.

All through dinner he kept glancing at the clock—you could see he wasn't a man who missed trains; but that was better than not seeing him at all. Bee was surprised to find how much they had to say to each other after four days apart; when he had to go to the train she went with him, clear down to the platform.

"And you don't know how long you'll be in the South?" she asked him. "This is a dreadful job, Tom! You can't ever call your time your own."

"I never minded that before; I live in a hotel, and it didn't make much difference to me whether I was here or somewhere else. . . . At that," he said, "it's a pretty good job. Eight thousand a year is good money, at my age; and they're a good outfit to work for."

"But won't they ever give you a job in the home office, or some place where you could stay put a while?"

"Some day. But I seem to have a gift for getting information out of people that makes me worth quite a lot more as a field man than I'd be at a desk, till I'm older." Trainmen up and down the platform began to shout, "All aboard;" his eyes held her. "Bee—I can't tell you how decent it was of you to come over here for this little while." She shrugged that away, with a catch of nervous laughter. "I hope I haven't spoiled your evening," he pursued. "It's still early, if you're going anywhere—"

"I'm going back to Waynesport, by the next train." He stared at her; she flushed, but didn't try to evade his eyes. "There's nobody else in New York that I care about seeing," she said simply.

At that he kissed her, and didn't let her go till the train began to move. Then, leaping into the vestibule—

"I won't say goodby," he told her. "I'm due for a few days off when I finish this Atlanta job; and I'll spend those days in Waynesport."

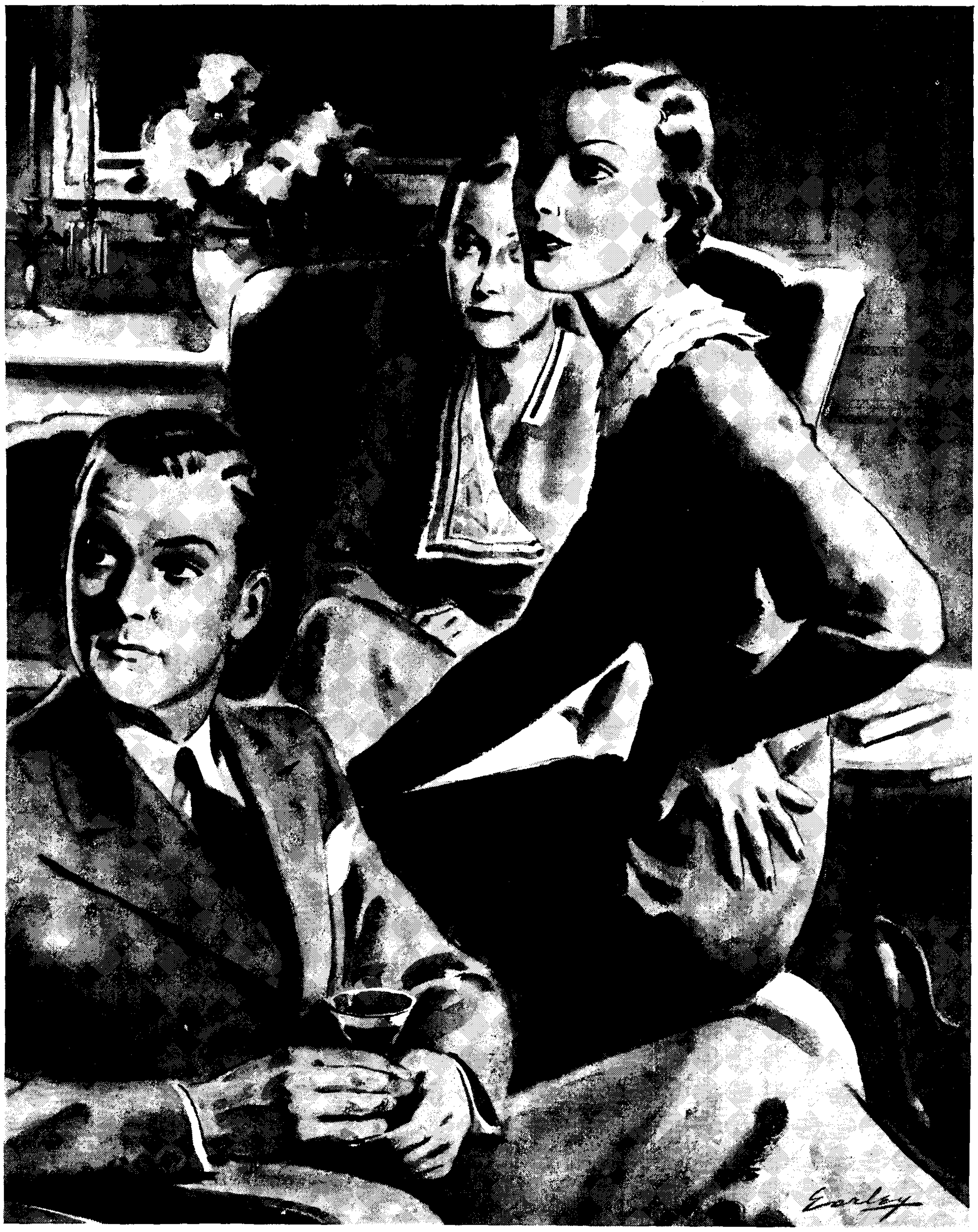
BUT from Atlanta his firm sent him to New Orleans, and then on a tour of the Texas cities. He wrote, often enough; but his letters were brief, constrained; they didn't sound like him at all. And while he was in San Antonio Arthur wrote to her that his aunt had died and left him ten thousand dollars. "I may not get the money for months," he added scrupulously, "but this ought to make a difference to your father."

She thought it over, and then wrote in reply:

"It might make a difference to Father, but I'm afraid it doesn't to me. A man you don't mind waiting for is a man you'd better not wait for. You'll meet plenty of girls who'd suit you as well as I would; and I— Well, I might as well tell you that I'm going to marry another man as soon as he gets around to asking me. I like you a lot, Arthur; but this is different."

More than once, after that letter was in the mail, she regretted her candor. She wasn't sure that she wanted to

(Continued on page 50)

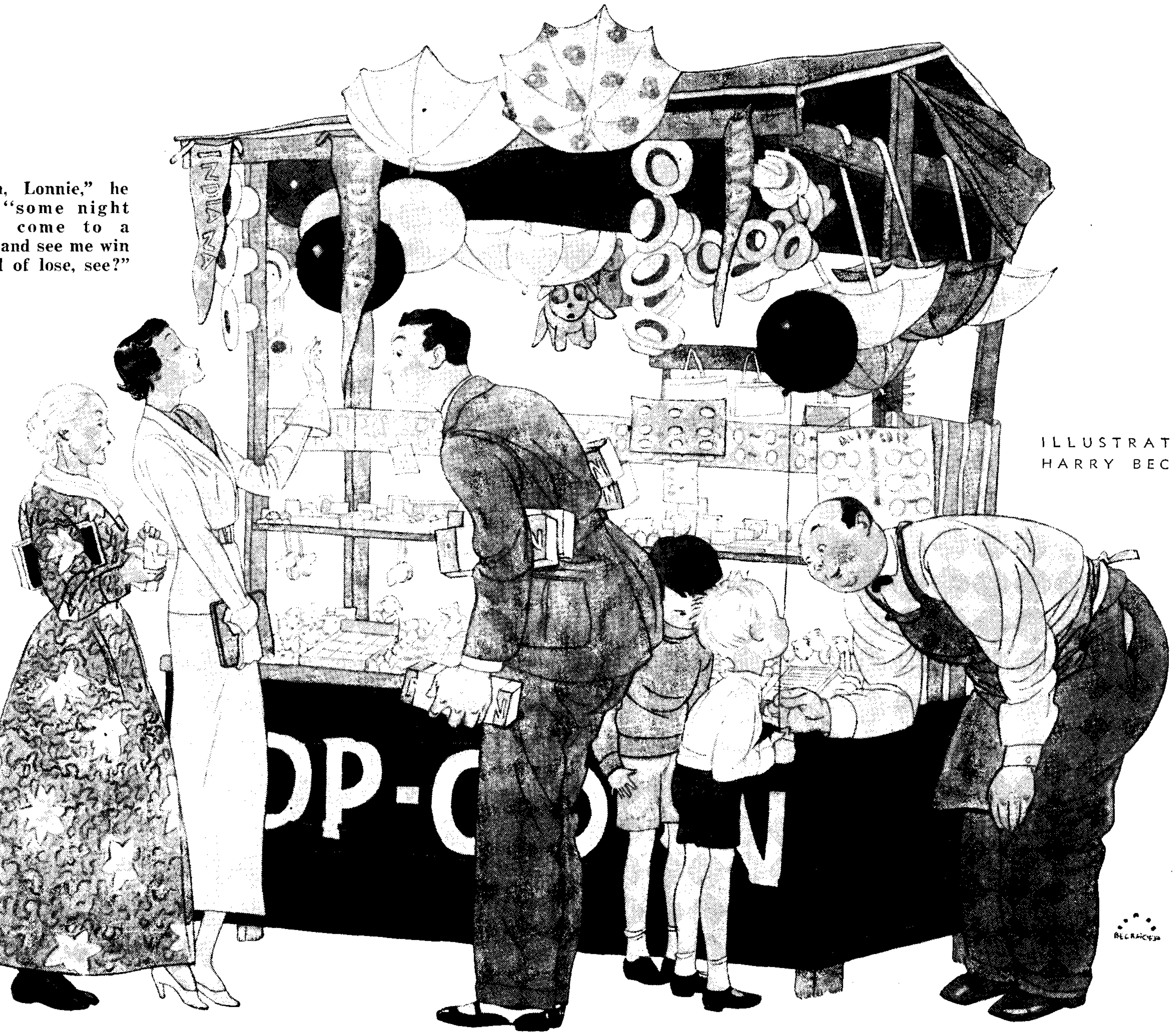


Bee's father exploded at last. "You think you could support her on fifty a week?"

One Fall to a Finish

The hectic romance of Miss Lonnie Croyden, who loved a wrestling marvel—and learned much

By Nancy Pope



"Listen, Lonnie," he said, "some night you'll come to a match and see me win instead of lose, see?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THE first time that Smiling Sam Lovett of Boston set eyes on Lonnie Croyden was at the Sycamore Tree night club, known to those who live in and around San Diego as simply The Tree. Sam was wrestling the next night at the Dixie Stadium, and he had been invited by his friend Prez Preston to run out and see the night club that Prez had started with his wife's money.

When Sam, all done up in soup and fish, and the smile on his pan that's like a trade-mark for him all over the country, stepped inside The Tree, the first thing he heard was singing.

"Say," he said to his friend Prez, "you got a good baritone in there. That guy can sure bust a lung."

"Yeah," agreed Prez, jutting out his chin and grinning like a Chessy cat. "Come in and look him over."

They stepped into the dining-room, which was crowded and full of smoke and talk, and Sam beamed around him. Then he looked across the dance floor to his baritone singer and there he stopped dead in his tracks. For a minute the smile almost faded. But not so with Prez Preston, who was nodding his head and grinning from ear to ear.

"Surprise, Sam!" he said. "Isn't she swell? Isn't she a honey? And does she wow them!"

For there at the end of the dance floor was no man, but a girl, a girl with smooth black hair and great dark eyes, and a long neck and a long body which curved okay under a shimmering black dress. There was a sort of tiara of gold in her hair and a girdle of gold around her waist and golden slippers on her feet. And from her long throat was coming a voice that was pure gold, but if you closed your eyes, you'd lay two to one that it was a man's voice.

Some girls have throaty voices, and some girls have deep, husky voices that can do something to the nerves along your spine. Lonnie Croyden's voice was as clear as her white skin and as deep as her black eyes and as throbbingly warm as the breast that rose and fell under that shimmering gown. Ah, well!

Sam Lovett's good-natured smile had been practically tattooed on his face early in his career by a wise press agent. It may have saved him that night at The Tree. That baritone-singing girl had him in an airplane spin before he'd hardly set eyes on her, and she not knowing beans about wrestling either.

PREZ led him across the floor to a table for two and sat him down where lots of people looked at him and buzzed about him, because his grinning map had been three-sheeted all over San Diego for the last two weeks. Then Prez went out back where he could catch Lonnie as she went off after her number and tell her there was a friend of his sitting out there at a table by himself and lonely. And since he was a friend of Prez's and Prez had always been on the level with her, Lonnie went across the room with him to meet Sam.

"Sit down, sit down, Lonnie," said Prez, chin out and grinning. "This is Smiling Sam Lovett I was telling you about."

He pulled out a chair. She sat down sort of sideways and crossed her long legs.

"Sit down, sit down, Sam," said Prez, putting a firm hand on Sam's broad shoulder. Sam didn't seem to know what he was doing, nor care, but he sat down. Prez left them.

And there they were, face to face across the little table, Smiling Sam Lovett from Boston, and deep-throated Lonnie Croyden from God-knows-where but surely someplace lovely.

"Will you come to see me wrestle tomorrow night at the Stadium if I send you tickets?" asked Sam, leaning eagerly across the table. Somehow he felt that if he could get her to accept something from him, that would cinch it, they'd be pals. And he looked at her as though his life hung on what she'd say to him.

"Sure," she said, and smiled.

Sam sat back relieved. "Well, that's that," he said. "Wanta eat?" He called the waiter.

"Sure," said Lonnie again.

(Continued on page 32)

She Stops the Show

By Kyle Crichton

"The show must go on!" they told her with dramatic fervor. "Not unless I feel like it," Miss Bergner replied, thereby smashing a tradition. And she gets away with it, being equally able to stop the show on or off the stage

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Elisabeth Bergner, whose acting is such that, unable to adapt herself to the theater, the theater adapted itself to Elisabeth Bergner

ELISABETH BERGNER is considered by many critics the finest actress in the world, but what makes her even more extraordinary is that when she gets a pain which makes her feel that acting would be a nuisance, she quits acting for the time being. If this happens in the middle of a successful run, it makes no difference. Bergner goes to bed and the show does not go on.

She has an excellent excuse for this because she happens to be a frail lady who bruises easily; but ancient stage hands can only regard the practice as heresy. The various moving pictures concerned with the stage have been based on the notion that neither death, sinus trouble nor seismic disturbances may be permitted to halt the rise of the curtain. To this Bergner merely replies by locking the door of her room and going to sleep. She operates on the theory that if the show is any good at all, the audience will be there when it reopens. She manages to make her shows very good.

When she arrived to play Margaret Kennedy's Escape Me Never for the Theatre Guild, she was preceded by a reputation that placed her in the class of Bernhardt and Duse. What she turned out to be personally was a thin little creature who looked more like a boy of sixteen than an actress who had dominated the German stage for fifteen years. She is small and undistinguished-looking, with a tiny, sharp face, a thin, boyish figure and a beautiful voice. What is startling about her are her eyes, large and alive and so powerful an outlet for her personality that they seem to eliminate the rest of her.

When seen at her apartment, she is apt to be wearing a mink coat and sitting huddled up in a chair too big for her. This is because of her dislike for central heating. She lives in fear that she may get so hot at home that pneumonia will chase her through the streets until it nabs her. On the street itself she may be seen in a leopard coat, looking into shop windows and generally giving the impression of the waif who is entranced by the restaurant window on Christmas eve. She will not see interviewers but she will stop and talk to you on Madison Avenue so long that the traffic officer on the corner will have notions of breaking it up on the grounds of public morality.

When she appeared in London last year, making her first appearance on the English-speaking stage, the good people of England went quite insane. The verdict of Fleet Street was supported by all of Europe. The Bergner has been the biggest thing theatrically on the Continent since the death of Duse.

As Gemma Jones in Escape Me Never, she is alternately hoydenish, mature, pathetic and brave. But it is impossible—for one who has never seen her before—to imagine that she might play Shakespeare, Strindberg and the great German dramas upon which she founded her tremendous reputation. In this country, she is principally known for her performance with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Catherine the Great. Other films have had a limited showing here and her Ariadne was being displayed no more than a month ago on that honky-tonk street which was formerly known as the heart of theatrical America, West Forty-second, under the title of What Every Virgin Should Know.

Realism in the Wrong Place

About her early life she tells little. She was born in Vienna and hints have been dropped that she was of a well-favored family, but there is equally strong information that she lived until her early stage success in the district across the Donau Canal, which corresponds roughly to the Lower East Side of New York. Regardless of that, there was never any doubt of her talent once she won a scholarship at the State Dramatic School.

One of her first parts was as the sole feminine influence in a play given by the Technical High School of Vienna. The director was taking his life in his hands in placing a girl in a part which had always hitherto been played by the boys of the school, but he was tired of having his sentimental scenes resemble something in a Minsky burlesque. When the rehearsals began, Bergner started to run them. In a scene where, as a peasant girl, she meets her sweetheart, she addresses the young man playing the opposite rôle:

"Listen, now; is that a kiss? Is that the way you show you love me? Come on, now; kiss me!"

It was at this point that the director raised a hand.

"My dear young lady," he protested, "you mustn't. You absolutely mustn't. If the faculty committee sees you doing that, I'll lose my job and you'll be sent back to the conservatory."

Bergner confined herself, therefore, to sitting three feet away from her lover. On the night of the performance, with the faculty committee sitting coldly critical in the front row, Bergner spoke to the boy opposite under her breath.

"You might as well get prepared for

(Continued on page 58)

Little Schoolhouse in the Red

By Walter Davenport

"This great nation," said the Honorable Sockless Jerry Simpson, "was planned, whelped and raised up to be the stuffing in God's footstool by the little red schoolhouse." Now, regrettably, the little red schoolhouse is not what it used to be. It is expensive, wasteful, inefficient and on its way out. We'll send our children, in the future, to schools of another color

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD TALBURT

WHEN the news from Dedham trickled in to Plymouth Colony about 1645, none took it harder than William Bradford, governor of the Puritans. While his unquestioned honesty forced him to admit that he was not surprised, Elder Bradford, speaking to his agitated council, pointed out that what Dedham had done might not be without certain benefits in that it would be a warning to all God-fearing peoples in the New World of what happened to communities that tolerated such dissenters as Baptists, Quakers and Antinomians. Not, however, that he saw much hope in the offing.

It was all very well, perhaps, said he, for parents to pretend to ignore babblings of religious freedom, self-determinism, equality and similar Seed of Satan from the immature lips of their children. But one had but to consider this demoralizing intelligence from Dedham to realize what came of such parental shilly-shally. What this country needed, said he, was a good, durable birch rod wielded by uncompromising hands. It was all very well to teach certain children to read and discourse (certain children, please to observe); nobody denied that it was "one chief project of ye ould deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures"; but Dedham, in the founding of which in 1635 it was well-rumored that the devil had a Machiavellian finger, had clearly gone a bit too far. And now there was no telling what might happen.

It was generally agreed in Plymouth, and even in young Harvard College yonder, that to describe the future as dark was to employ the words of an exceedingly timid weasel. There appeared to be but one vagrant glimmer of hope: A gentleman named Weaver, who seems to have been something of the current Henry P. Fletcher, was plodding hither and yon predicting that an outraged populace would presently arise in wrath and return the country to the safety and sanity of pre-Dedham days.

The news was, if you must know, that Dedham had built a public school wherein any child, be he the offspring of the village drunkard, the minister's heir, the child of a witch or the son of a councilman, would be welcome. Of course the venture was absurd and completely unworkable. Even a miserable Anabaptist or a wandering crank like Roger Williams could see that. Such experiments on the lunatic fringe, of which Dedham, a frontier settlement, was a wry shred, could be thwarted forthwith if met with a righteous and inflexible opposition. If, in the thwarting, Dedham should have to be erased from the face of the earth there might be passing regrets and even small injustices done; but better no Dedham than that a single tiny tongue of hell's all-consuming fire be left to be fanned into conflagration by the ill winds of tolerance.

Even worse, however, was the news that Dedham's new school was to be supported by public taxes. Naturally, the better people, the upper classes, were never going to tolerate any such radicalism. That, of course, was a comforting thought. And yet, as Governor Bradford well knew, the world was filled with unrest. People were listening to new and brazen demagogues. The masses were clamoring against old, tried tradition. And the literate of the earth, as yet a furtive minority, were reading Hobbes, the free thinker; Descartes, the skeptical; Galileo, who had raised the very devil with his discoveries in astronomy, and Samuel Butler, who mocked the Puritans. This trend obviously cut in on the time that might and of a right should be expended upon the Bible and such acceptable, if somewhat sensational, writers as Milton and Jeremy Taylor.

Dangerous Departures

In this new school in Dedham (in the very chimney of which holy ears could discern the hissed glee of Beelzebub) reading, writing and counting were to be taught. Furthermore, it was proposed that female children, later to become popularized under the general heading of Girls, be taken in and instructed not only in the art of the needle, which could be learned less dangerously in any truly Christian home, but taught like any male child to read and write. This, of course, as Governor Bradford pointed out, was the ultimate catastrophe. Here was the damning element in the whole heathenish plot. What further proof of hell's challenge did the world demand? And he was perfectly right in predicting that the colonies were going to be fearfully wrought up about educating females. As much as a hundred and twenty years later the town of Northampton voted "not to be at any expense for schooling girls."

A few weak brethren ventured the opinion that the situation wasn't completely apoplectic, but Mr. Bradford frowned them down. With his native wisdom he was not to be decoyed into the fool's paradise whither, a bit later, Philadelphia sought refuge when consenting to the teaching of physiology. Down in William Penn's town they agreed that the mechanism of the human body might be imparted to its children provided neither in text nor discussion should science venture south of the diaphragm. But High Elder Bradford, a sub-zero realist, was not to be deluded.

"No," said he in effect, "I refuse to view the situation with anything but permanent alarm. This is but the beginning. You have, my friends, seen nothing yet."

And just to show you how right the governor was, in 1647, two years later, the entire colony of Massachusetts Bay went completely worldly. It was decreed that every township of fifty householders should appoint a schoolmaster whose duty it would be to "teach all such children as should resort to him to write and reade." But townships having a hundred or more families were called upon to establish grammar schools wherein the youth of the community might be prepared for Harvard College, the mission of which noble institution was to prepare fellows for the church. You may well imagine the general furor. We do not intend to go into that phase of our subject, choosing rather to give you a sample of what the rest of the Western World thought. When Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia and nobody's Puritan, heard about it he was at the dinner table. His head fell forward so that his beard became ignited from a tallow candle, damaging his whiskers beyond repair. Certain historians will protest, saying it was wine, not disgust, that gave that whisker to the flame. But we know better. Note how splendidly his mind was functioning.

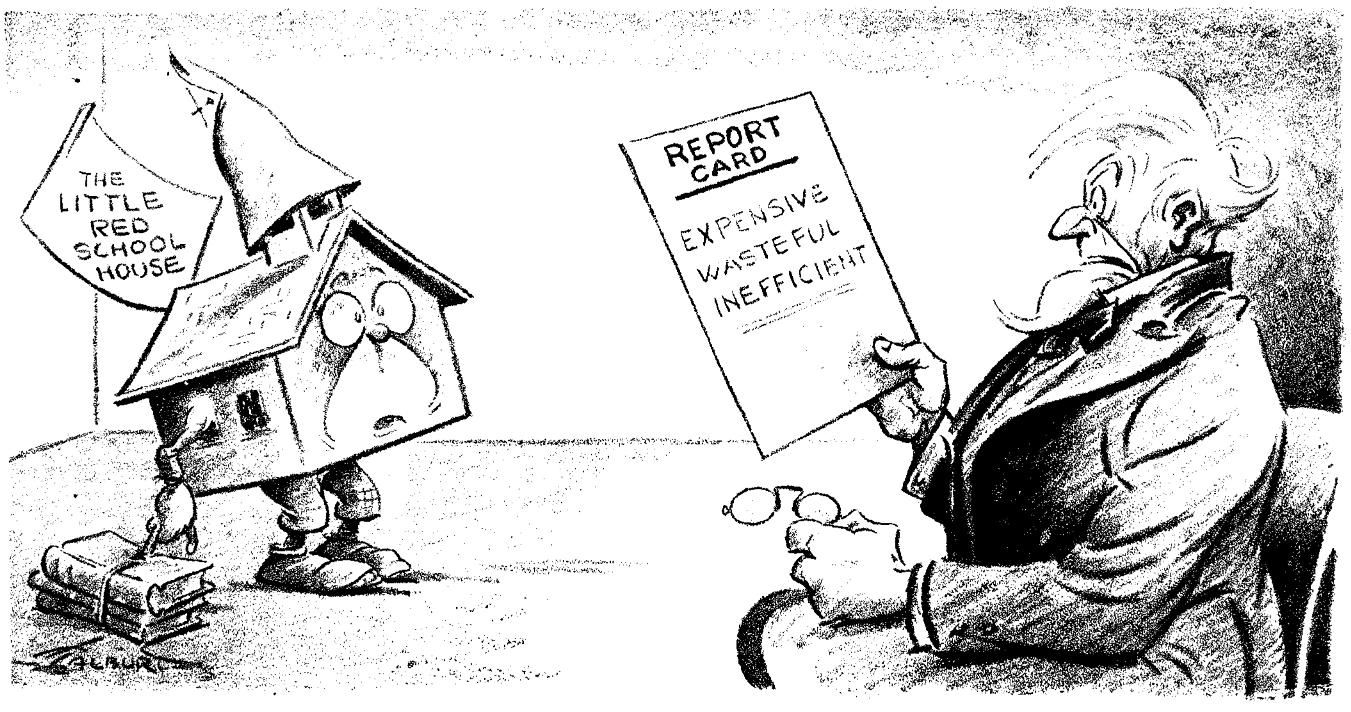
"And Virginia?" inquired the guest who had fetched him the news from Massachusetts.

"Virginia," cried Sir William, rising, a glass of Madeira in one hand and his chin in the other. "I thank God there are no free schools in Virginia and I hope we shall not have any these hundred years; for learning has brought naught but disobedience, heresy and sects, damn them, into the world."

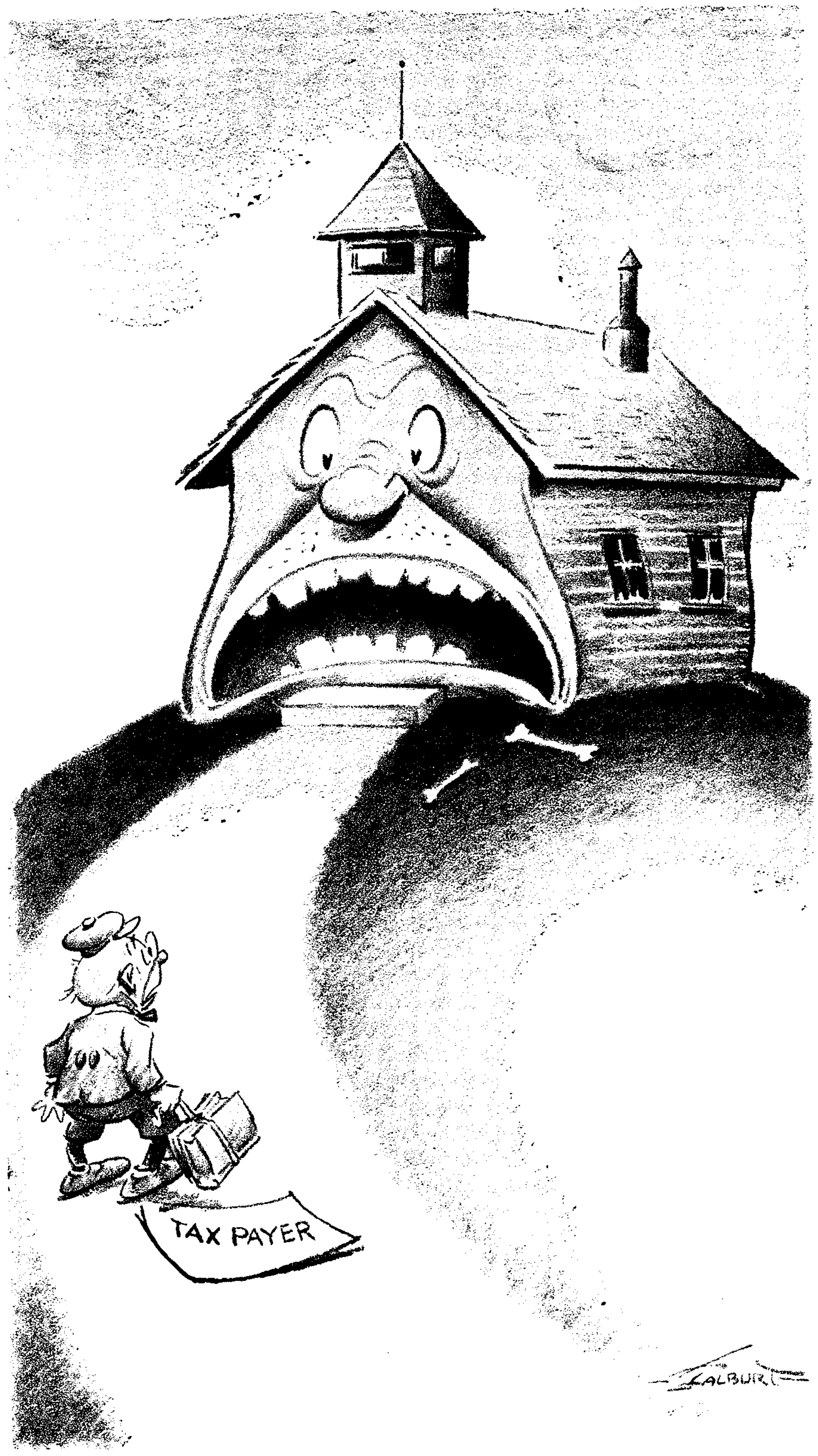
The Father of American Education

Reluctantly, we hasten back to Dedham, where all the trouble started, urging you, however, to look further into the horrid history of those school days. You'll rejoice that you spent the time to learn to read.

It was this school in Dedham, rather than those born of the general law of Massachusetts Bay Colony, that was the father of the most famous of America's educational institutions. What Dedham gave us has since been extolled in ringing rhyme and endless hymnology. For decades it was eulogized by public office-seeking patriots. While general romance flourished it was a subject to wring the hearts and fetch yells of patriotic fervor to the lips of Fourth of July audiences. Not to have spent several years of one's life in its clutches was to suffer handicaps which only giants might overcome. Daniel Webster glorified it. Henry Clay made no bones whatever about it, calling it the palladium of our liberties. William Jennings Bryan confessed he didn't know where we'd be at all if it weren't



Struggle as it may, the little red schoolhouse is doomed



The one-room school is a gluttonous relic regularly failing to justify the cost of its upkeep

for its blessings. And we have it from such unimpeachable authority as the Honorable Sockless Jerry Simpson that "this great nation was planned, whelped and raised up to be the stuffing in God's footstool by that mother, father, aunts, uncles and forty-second cousins of all that's worth having in education—The Little Red Schoolhouse."

The little red schoolhouse! To be meticulously accurate, that Dedham herald of our current public school system was not literally a little red schoolhouse. It was little enough. And it undoubtedly was a schoolhouse. But as far as I can make out it came into this world unpainted and remained so for years. The records lead one to suspect that a certain amount of political skullduggery attended its creation. Moreover, its birth aroused such conflicting passions that its friends thought it best to be satisfied with it as it was and forgo tinting and otherwise enhancing its beauty until things quieted down a bit. Anyway, Dedham had cause to take pride in it, paint or no paint, because in creating it, the first school to be wholly supported by public funds, the town was two hundred years ahead of the country at large. Let's look in before going on to an inspection of its thousands of children.

A Watch-Tower School

It was eighteen feet long and fifteen feet wide, with "two convenient windows in the lower room and one in the chamber." The chamber was above the schoolroom, the apartment of the schoolmaster and the resting place of the Watch. Attached to the schoolhouse was the wooden tower wherein the Watch did sentry duty, on the lookout for Indians on mischief bent. The unadorned truth appears to be that the village was originally much more interested in the erection of the tower than the school. But some of the slicker politicians had taken advantage of the general enthusiasm for the tower to attach to the ordinance a rider which provided for the school. However it was, here were born the spirit and soul of the little red schoolhouse. And while the general Massachusetts school law followed two years later, Dedham's remained for many a year the only school to be supported wholly by taxation.

I don't know, nor have I found any authority, how many little red schoolhouses were born of Dedham's daring experiment. And you must understand that the name, as it is used herein, may be merely generic. There was the time or era when, if they were painted at all, these one-room, one-teacher schools were usually if not always painted red. They were red because the paint was frequently homemade from natural vegetable pigments. And red berries produced the brightest and most enduring dyes.

For our present purposes, then, we shall regard all the one-teacher, one-room schools as little red schoolhouses. Their history defies the statistician, which is no reason for being downcast. As the American frontier pushed slowly westward, they sprang up like campfires. They were our community halls, our churches, our court rooms, the hothouses wherein the seeds of progress produced armed rebellions, fresh inventions of government, new experiments in living. You are told with reverent solemnity that they gave us Titans to build our railroads and universities, Samsons to destroy oppression and slay monstrous evils, and Freedom's Grenadiers to fill the President's chair and our legislative halls. Of course they did; there's no use becoming oratorical about it. For many years they were the only schools we had. And it wasn't until a very recent generation that the aspiring citizen who had dug his education out of any other learning mine did well to keep quiet about it. And they are still with us.

Enrollment Doesn't Count

The Office of Education, Department of Interior, in Washington, informs us that there are about 217,000 rural public schools in the United States. And of these approximately 143,000 are little red schoolhouses—one-room, one-teacher affairs in which the pupil enrollment ranges from a single child to thirty and forty children. They continue to exist for a wide variety of reasons—political, geographical, the maintenance of local real estate values, and, just to demonstrate that the ghost of Plymouth is a hardy perennial, a fierce provincialism.

Seven thousand of our surviving little red schoolhouses cater to the educational wants of five or fewer pupils each. About a thousand of these one-cylinder institutions drone along with one or two pupils. And it ill becomes you who dwell in the condescending East to lift a brow. In the haughty and wealthy state of New York—let's see. Yes, there are twenty-one little red schoolhouses sheltering a solitary and probably completely bewildered child. And there are about 740 of them in which, even of a banner day with speaking and a spelling bee, you'll find no more than five pupils. This may fetch a modicum of comfort to the less pretentious state of, say, Kentucky, with her six thousand little red schoolhouses which have an average enrollment of 37, white and black. And when you learn that Illinois clings fondly to ten thousand little red schoolhouses, Arkansas need not blush when we look with mingled feelings upon her 2,500.

Being all too well acquainted with our own limitations, we do not propose here to hold forth upon the forty-eight varieties of school administration obtaining in the United States. Only eleven states have got anywhere near a physical simplification of the school unit system, the brightest spots being Maryland and North Carolina. Maryland (although she has 1,024 L. R. S.'s) has wiped out the small district and made each county a school unit. North Carolina has gone further. In that state there is but one school administration unit—the state itself. Of course there still are local school boards.

It is practically impossible by any means short of revolution to deprive local bigwigs of the honor of sitting on a school board sometime, somehow, somewhere. And this, whether it be a sincere desire to assist the kids to a livelier level of learning or to see to it that the young ones don't learn too much, or just egotism, accounts for the somewhat depressing fact that in the 127,244 school districts or administrative units in the United States there are more than 424,000 school-board members. That means about one board member to every two teachers.

The Function of Board Members

In thirteen states the board members outnumber the teachers, and it is an unhappy fact that thousands of them spend much of their official time assuring the teacher that they know much more about teaching than the teacher does. And frequently, alas, they're right. Thus, even in our little red schoolhouses we have the immemorial and apparently everlasting struggle between the employer and the employee, with the consumer absorbing all the unhappy consequences.

It is far from our desire to speak unsympathetically of the little red schoolhouse teacher. We grant her high purpose and salute her frequent sacrifices in a noble cause. But the clammy fact remains that in the main she is apt to have somewhat stupefying professional shortcomings. Between five and six thousand of the teachers in these elementary altars of freedom have themselves but one year more than an elementary school education. About four thousand of them quit school after two terms of secondary work and went to teaching. And these figures are limited to a survey of only 61,000 of our little red schoolmarms—male and female.

It is perfectly true that the educational qualifications of these devoted ladies and gentlemen are far better than they were when grampaw wrestled with his Blue Speller and the textbooks of the Messrs. McGuffey, Webster and Quackenbush. We can account for more than fifteen thousand of them who have got almost to college before they turned to teaching. But in the mass they offer our little darlings very little beyond what we, the parents, have. And not the least of the limitations of our schools is directly traceable to the easily proven ignorance of us parents.

If I were able to set forth this dolorous situation more graphically than Mr. Walter H. Gaumnitz, the Federal Government's Senior Specialist in Rural Education Problems, I would hasten to do so. But I can't. Therefore, listen to Mr. Gaumnitz:

"If," says he, "we were to imagine the 153,306 one-room teachers recently reported by the states, standing side by side, one every three feet, their ranks would extend in an unbroken line 87.1 miles long. If they were placed so that the one having the least amount of training stood at one end and the one having the greatest amount at the other, you would find it necessary to travel fourteen and three-quarters miles before coming to a teacher with a training of more than two years of high school. You would have to walk nearly half the entire distance before meeting a teacher with more than a high-school education. You would have to travel

(Continued on page 48)

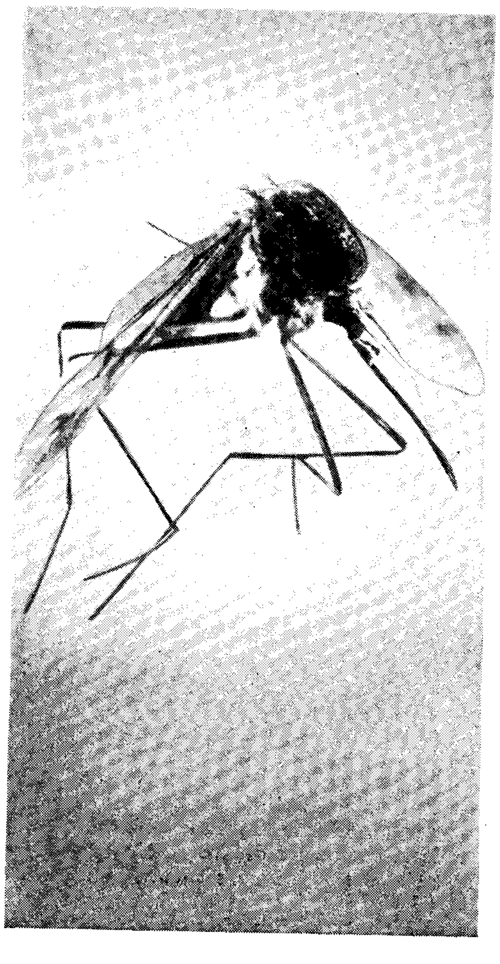
This Year's War

By W. B. Courtney

"Insects will inherit the earth!" Prophets of doom have been shouting that cheerful forecast for some time. It's hard to take them seriously. But it's no trick at all to take seriously the hundreds of millions of dollars' damage done yearly by the chinch bug and his energetic allies. While we are mobilizing for war, meet the enemy—the whole vicious and impressive brood of little villains

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Mournful musician of the night, the katydid, who for his songs exacts a staggering price in destroyed trees and shrubbery. Life size, ½ in.



Left, the mosquito, a tricky enemy with a long history of success in his war on man. Life size, seven thirty-seconds inch

Right, the boll weevil, arch enemy of the cotton planter, who accounts for annual losses as high as $300,000,000, another unbowed foe. Life size, ¼ in.

Below, the coddling moth, a fruit destroyer whose yearly bill in the apple-growing sections is $50,000,000. Life size, ½ in.

THE United States is girding for war; a bitter, vicious, blood strife without armistice and without quarter. The few prisoners granted brief respite will be killed after they have been examined.

Our losses, even in victory, are bound to exceed the cost of education for the year throughout the country and in all our schools and for all our children. Defeat might not only desolate the beauties of our land and mar our buildings and monuments, but grievously hurt prosperity and public health.

We shall have the desultory coöperation of other nations; but against us will move 7,500 allies, more or less, with billions upon billions of fighters, each grimmer and more awe-inspiring than the Assyrian legionnaires of old; each more terrible in aspect than any of the wild Huns of Attila who rode in their skins and beards across the Magyar plains.

There will not be lacking a single feature you have come to expect in modern warfare. There will be plane attacks, barbed-wire entanglements, poison gas, tanks, moppings-up, trenches, flame-throwers, headquarters maps with colored pins; neutral zones and guarded frontiers; spies to organize internal strife among our enemies; munitions makers and—of course—profiteers. It will be a war, not to make the world safe for democracy, but safe for human life.

It is not a new war, but a timeless one. It began when the first man backed up to a jutting rock in the wall of his cave to scratch away the first cootie. For this is the war we shall never win or lose; the war you shall never be finished paying for; the war on insect pests, whose true individual horribleness can only be seen through a magnifying glass, although their ravages are plain for all to observe on the campuses and in the streets and gardens of New England, the grain fields in the Middle

West, the cotton and citrus acres of the South, the orchards of the Pacific Northwest, and woodlands the country over.

At general headquarters in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, and in the various state capitals which are akin to field headquarters, the entomologists—who are the staff officers of this war—are drawing up plans for our spring offensive. On the national map there is no unembattled spot; in the national census there is no unaffected citizen. Every housewife with a spray gun is a soldier. Our leaders have identified chief enemies, and have named sectors and plotted operations accordingly. This year, National Enemy Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, in the plant pest sector, will be the chinch bug.

In average years it costs us fifty million dollars in crop damage and in control expenditures—just to hold off the onslaughts of this fierce enemy. Some years he has taken greater toll: probably close to a hundred million. But the worst and costliest battles against him are yet to be fought. All signs indicate this year the chinch bug may overrun our most valiant defenses, and conceivably bring down upon the Middle West losses of hundreds of millions of dollars; and all that means high prices everywhere, lean stomachs and cheerless firesides.

In the lush grain valleys of the Missouri, the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers bunch grass is one of the favorite wintering homes of the chinch bug; and it forms a yardstick wherewith the menace of its guests may be measured. In normal years only a few hundred will be found in each square foot of it. Last year portents were bad; counts ran as high as 4,000. This year, in Iowa, investigators have found *upwards of 60,000 in a square foot.*

The Fight is On

As in all spring offensives, the weather may be on the side of the righteous. If, when the chinch bugs end their hibernation and lay their eggs, they are overtaken by a brief spell of the sort of weather that is favorable to fungi—a cold, wet spell immediately followed by muggy warmth—a characteristic fungus disease may eat noble inroads into the chinch larvæ. Otherwise, the fight with man is on.

Congress has already fortified the Department of Agriculture with two and one half million dollars for the chinch-bug front. States in the war zone will add considerably to this fund; over and above governmental aids, each of hundreds of thousands of beleaguered farmers must contribute money and labor to hold his part of the line. Nothing—as a Midwestern planter might paraphrase Wellington—is so costly as a battle lost, unless it is a battle won.

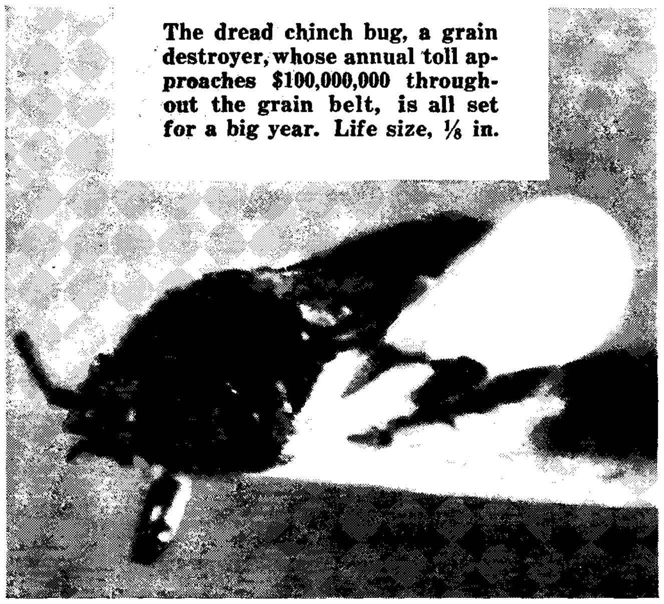
Blissus leucopterus, as we experts know the chinch bug, is a home-country boy. He beat the white man here, and from the very first days has fought his grain plantings. His first important victory was achieved in the outbreak of 1785. Like most of our plant enemies, the chinch bug has a history that is at once bewildering and grim and circuitous. Cultivation of land is a corollary of progress. Yet, because it necessarily arranges intense concentrations of prey crops, it creates conditions which are favorable to predaceous insects partly because the greater supply of food encourages faster multiplication and partly because it disturbs wildwood balance by discouraging many of the natural enemies of the pests—birds and certain parasites, notably.

An innocent and inconsequential little fellow, too, that chinch bug, drat him. In the tropics, chinch bug means a body

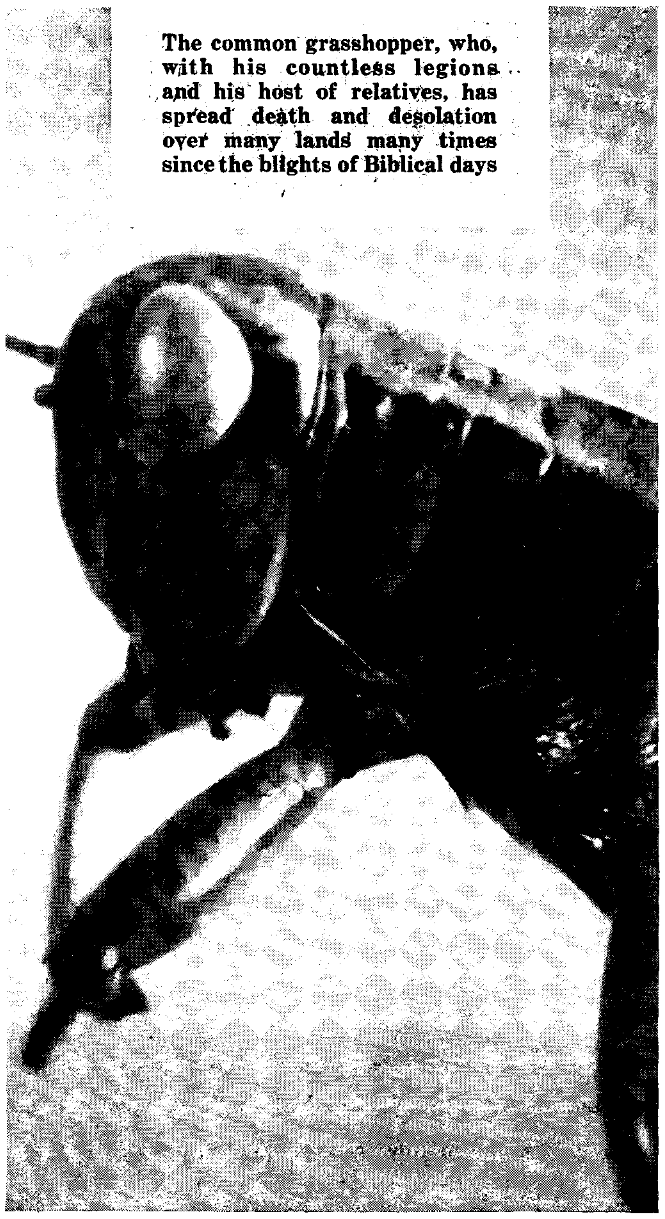
(Continued on page 54)

The Japanese beetle, a hardy hitchhiker, whose appetite for foliage, fruits and grass roots makes him one of the most important of insect pests in the U.S. Life size, three-eighths in.

The elm bark beetle, carrier of the Dutch elm disease, which is bringing our loveliest native tree nearly to extinction. Life size, three-sixteenths inch



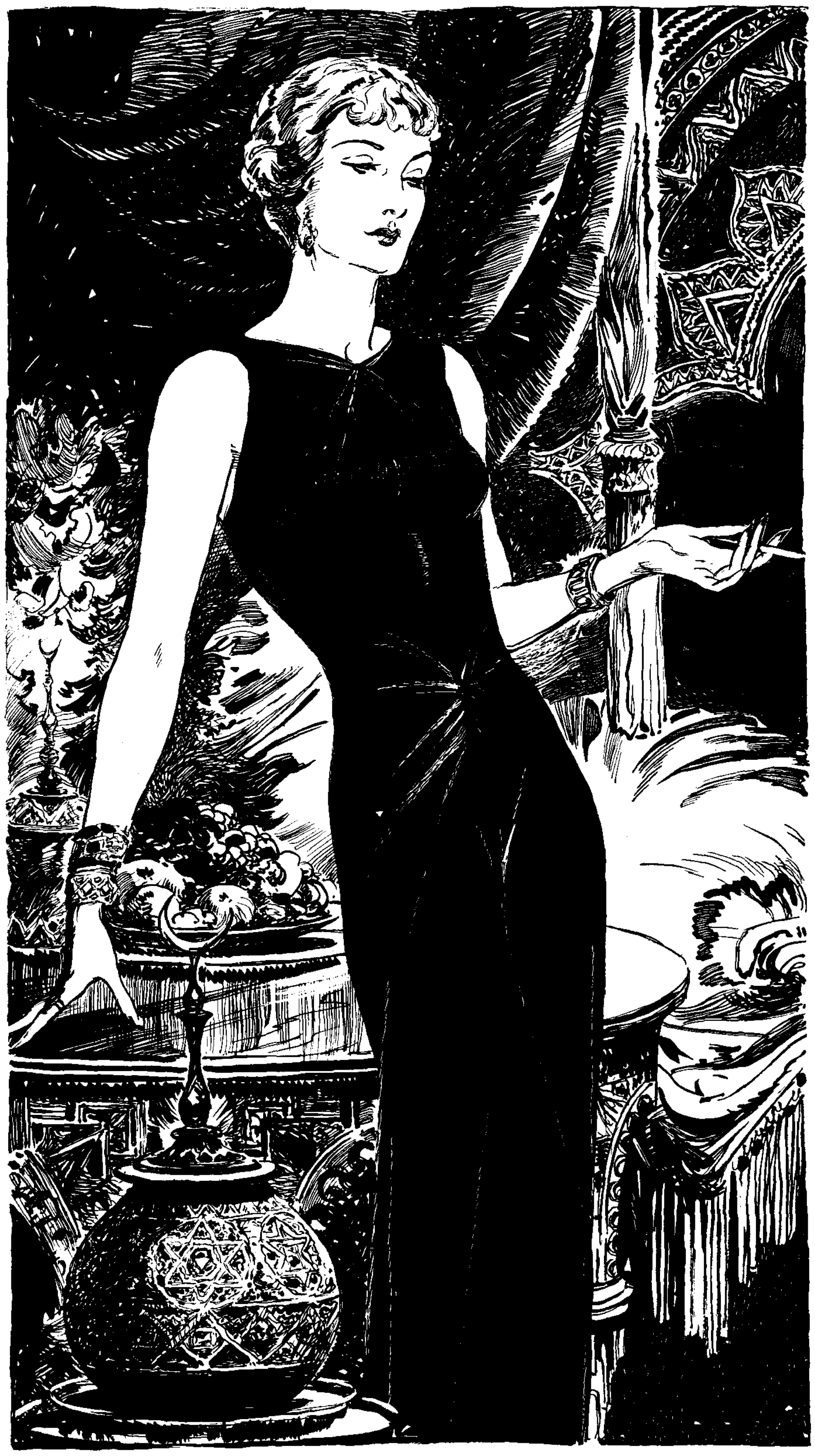
The dread chinch bug, a grain destroyer, whose annual toll approaches $100,000,000 throughout the grain belt, is all set for a big year. Life size, ⅛ in.



The common grasshopper, who, with his countless legions and his host of relatives, has spread death and desolation over many lands many times since the blights of Biblical days

The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

AT a theater, in New York City, Lincoln Hayes, wealthy American Egyptologist and head of a great electrical corporation, sees a gloriously beautiful girl. He tries to meet her, unsuccessfully. But he does meet her uncle, Mohammed Ahmes Bey, a distinguished Egyptian, whom he brings to his home.

The visitor proceeds to inspect Hayes' private museum, under the guidance of Ann Wayland, Hayes' secretary. Captain Paddy Rorke, Hayes' Egyptian agent, and Ulric Stefanson, a brilliant young scientist, arrive. From a steel box, Rorke (just back from Egypt) produces a bit of ancient Egyptian papyrus, whereon, he believes, a wonderful Egyptian lamp, its secret long lost, is minutely described. En route to America, he reports, he has had to combat mysterious conspirators trying to steal the treasure.

A scream interrupts the story. A dazzling light fills the room, *blinds* the three men. Later, their sight regained, the trio find that the papyrus has vanished—and that Ann Wayland is, apparently, dead. Whereupon, two physicians are summoned; also, District Attorney Maguire and Hawley, a detective. Ann is revived. Slim, Hayes' chauffeur, and Lurgan, the butler, are interrogated. But nothing is learned, other than the fact that, in answer to a telephone call, Ahmes Bey had departed without speaking to his host. The police report that he has sailed for Europe.

Ann, able to walk, seems in a hypnotic state. She babbles of some sinister personage whom she refers to as "The Bat.". . . Hawley, exploring the house, learns that the thief had secreted himself, for a time, behind a coffin-lid in the museum. "We want that Egyptian," he announces. After which he forces a strange confession from Lurgan. The butler—to Hayes' amazement—admits that he is in the pay of Simon Lobb, president of a powerful electrical company which is Hayes' leading competitor. He had, he says, promised to telephone Lobb the news of Rorke's arrival with the steel box. And he had kept that promise.

Hawley at once arrests the man. . . . The following day, a lamp—a broken Egyptian lamp, like the one described on the papyrus, which is one of the Metropolitan Museum's greatest treasures—is "accidentally" destroyed by a young Egyptian "student". . . . Ann Wayland regains complete consciousness. She remembers seeing—coming from the museum—an ancient Egyptian god. She remembers her terror, her scream. She remembers seeing burning green eyes flaming into hers. . . .

IV

"THIS is how I should sum up," said District Attorney Maguire, in his deep, booming voice.

Dusk was creeping into the library. Maguire, presidentially, sat behind the big table, a number of notes before him. Rorke leaned upon the mantel, gazing down into the log fire. Stefanson sat in an armchair staring at the speaker, and Lincoln Hayes was standing before one of the heavily draped windows, looking at Ann Wayland half reclining on a settee in front of him.

"The possibilities of this light, in which, personally, I don't believe, struck Simon Lobb a long time ago. His man, Dr. Steiner, according to Stefanson here, made drawings of the lamp in the Hayes Bequest as long as a year ago. Also, there's evidence suggesting he tried to steal it. Both Steiner and Stefanson failed to make any sense of this lamp. . . .

"Then Rorke, here, blundered into a certain papyrus. He secured it. I still await details of this transaction, but he secured it. Murder followed. He set to work on it. There was some leakage on a cable—and Simon Lobb got to know what was afoot. He instructed Donoghue's International Detective Agency to act in the matter. I am guessing Donoghue's, because Lurgan won't say a word. But I think I'm right. Rorke was covered in Cairo. Three attempts to secure the papyrus failed. Months ahead of Rorke's return here, they bought off Parker, your former butler and put Lurgan in—one of their agents. Lurgan sticks to his story—we haven't got a word out of him. But his position in the case is clear enough.

"Owing to precautions taken by Rorke, they failed all along the line till last night, here. Then they succeeded. In case Stefanson had remembered enough of what he had seen to be able to piece the crazy formula together with the aid of the Hayes Lamp . . . they covered Stefanson—and smashed the lamp!—"

"There's absolutely not a scrap of evidence," said Rorke, "that this Egyptain smasher at the museum had ever even heard of Lobb; you can pin nothing on him. His record as a student over here is clean enough. He has been certified an epileptic subject. But although I'm sure that what he did was done deliberately—he wasn't acting for Lobb."

"Agree," came Hayes' cold voice.

Maguire growled contemptuously, and then went on as though he had never been interrupted:

"I say that Simon Lobb has got the papyrus—that's my opinion, and I'm sticking to it."

Ann Wayland looked up at Lincoln Hayes. He bent forward and squeezed her shoulder reassuringly.

"Speaking as a practical man of affairs," he said, "your view has points of interest. But you are shutting your eyes to certain other facts."

"What facts?" Maguire growled.

"The th-things that h-happened last night," Stefanson burst in, "c-couldn't be managed by D-donoghue's Agency, or any n-normal agency. D-detectives aren't m-magicians. S-somebody last night b-burned the atmosphere. D-donoghue's can't do th-that."

"WAIT a minute," Maguire growled, "wait a minute. I've heard everybody's story about what happened last night, and it seems to me it could be explained by a clever man just switching the lights off in three apartments."

"What about the bright light seen by Slim?" Rorke interjected, looking down into the logs.

"It's one man's word—he might have imagined it."

"Ruling out Lurgan's evidence," Rorke went on, "which personally I believe to be true, consider my own. Following a sudden and complete darkness, the light didn't come up again with a jerk; it returned slowly. Also, as I can testify, and so can Lincoln, the lights were never switched off! And you yourself have checked the fact that there was no failure at the main switch."

"That's true," Maguire admitted.

"Then," came Lincoln Hayes' voice, "there is the case of Ann. She has told us what happened and what she thinks she saw. Read it how you like; or merely focus on what we know happened *to her*. You have seen Adderley and you have seen Müller. What's your theory of the condition in which she was found last night?"

"Lurgan might have given her a sniff of some anesthetic."

"Theory doesn't cover facts," said Lincoln Hayes. "Nor does it cover what we found in the museum. Lurgan wasn't hiding behind that sarcophagus lid; he was on duty later. Someone else was hiding there. You wanted to take Mohammed Ahmes Bey off the ship—but I said no. You don't forget that, do you, Maguire?"

"I don't forget it, but I've been thinking it over. I had an idea, as my examination of Slim indicated, that this Egyptian was in the job up to his neck. But further thought has made me wonder if I was right. There's such a thing as the long arm of coincidence. I'm inclined to believe, Hayes, that Lurgan, and perhaps somebody else we haven't met yet, could explain all the mystery of last night."

"N-n-not the li-light, and the s-smell," Stefanson insisted.

"Nor Dr. Adderley's opinion and consequent treatment regarding Ann," said Hayes. "He believes she was subjected to a violent electric shock."

"He may be right and he may be wrong," said Maguire grudgingly, "but he certainly got her on her feet again."

He beamed at the convalescent with an almost ferocious geniality.

"Shall see Lurgan myself," Lincoln Hayes went on. "Then he'll *have* to be set free. There's no charge against him."

"As you say," Maguire growled.

"I've re-recalled enough of the for-formula," Stefanson burst in excitedly, "to sh-show that it's a r-revolutionary s-system. The latter p-part, I hadn't g-g-got to. But there's s-something in it."

"I realized that, Stefanson," said Rorke, turning, "when I first began to work on the papyrus. Unfortunately, I can be of very little use to you, even if my memory served in regard to the facts that you lack."

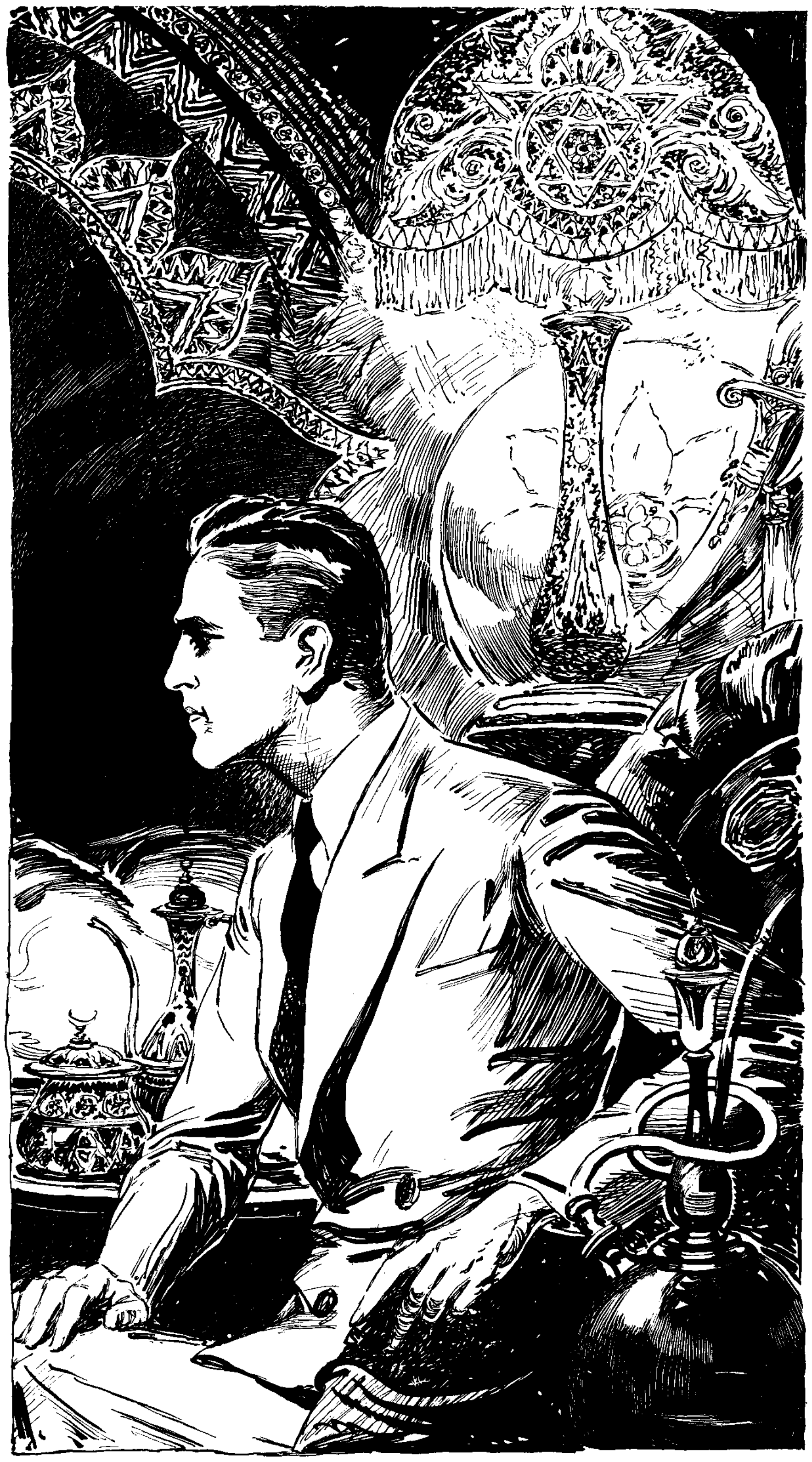
"A p-peep at those fil-filaments in the lamp—might have d-done the trick!"

"So *somebody* evidently knew," Ann murmured in a low voice.

"THE papyrus," said Lincoln Hayes, "and your translation, Paddy, are on their way back to Egypt."

"I agree."

"There's not a darned thing," boomed Maguire, "to show that they are not in



His spirit sprang to arms, warning him that she was beginning to dominate his will

the possession of Simon Lobb! Except that juggling with the light, nothing happened last night, nothing of which we have acceptable evidence, which could not have been worked by a couple of clever agents. As to Rorke's experiences in Egypt, what happened at Shepheard's and what happened on the train, Donoghue's might easily be responsible for the lot."

"Nevertheless," said Lincoln Hayes, "I don't think Donoghue's were: and I am going to ask you, Stefanson, to be ready to sail for England tomorrow, and you, Paddy. You, Ann, had better come along. Going to be useful."

Maguire stood up. He had just put a cigar into his mouth, but now he took it out.

"Do you mean to say," he blurted, "that you're going off to tail this Egyptian, Mohammed Bey? D'you mean to say you think you've got a million-to-one chance of recovering the stuff that way?"

Ann Wayland suddenly stood up.

"Excuse me, Lincoln," she said, and walked out of the library.

Hayes stared hard for a moment, and then, directing his attention to Maguire:

"I have no other chance," he replied, "and it's worth a fight."

"It's worth all the m-money in the B-bank of England," Stefanson interjected.

Maguire growled angrily and lighted his cigar.

Very unobtrusively Captain Rorke strolled out and followed Ann Wayland. She had gone to the telephone room. . . . Without any pricking of conscience, because he had noticed the expression in her eyes as she had left the library, he stood listening at the door.

She was dictating a cable.

"To Peraz, Cairo, Egypt," her clear voice reached him. "Lincoln Hayes leaving for Europe on Saturday. Stop. Proceeding from England to Egypt. Signed Ann Wayland."

LITTLE more than a week later, Lincoln Hayes looked down upon the traffic of Piccadilly.

He knew London well, always came to this hotel, and always occupied the same suite. It was on the second floor, so that from the windows of his sitting-room he could watch the life in the streets below, which fascinated him, while he found the hum of the traffic, so gentle in comparison with that of New York, merely soothing.

He was smoking a cigar and, hands in pockets, staring down at the ever-changing picture, no expression whatever upon his face. Ann Wayland was off on a shopping expedition with Paddy Rorke.

Hayes had noted latterly that, wherever Ann might be, Rorke would not be far away. He knew nothing of the strange episode of the cable to "Peraz, Cairo." Rorke had remained silent, preferring to watch. . . . But "Peraz, Cairo," had never received the message.

Stefanson was at the London offices of Western States Electric, where he had friends. Wintry dusk was descending upon Piccadilly, and lights began to peep from many windows. Shop fronts and illuminated signs sprang to life, reminding Hayes suddenly of New York. Mentally, he lingered there awhile—lingered so long that in spirit he found himself in Mrs. Mornington Dobbs' box at the first night of False Gods. He stared again across the theater at an opposite box, and saw those delicate features which had so strangely bewitched him: the flaming hair, the satin shoulders.

A wisp of smoke arose from the end of his cigar, but no expression crossed the stoic features of the man standing in the darkening room, to indicate that he was struggling to bring his mind back from that too fascinating contemplation—the contemplation of a vision he might never again behold.

Oddly enough, the delusion persisted. He had dismissed the chimera of New York, blotted out the crowded theater. But, magically, *the woman remained!*

The thin-lipped mouth tightened. His hands, plunged in his pockets, were clenched now. Otherwise, he did not stir. Yet he was fighting against what he believed to have become an obsession—fighting for reality, for freedom from this mysterious thrall of a kind which he had never before known.

IN LITTLE more than thirty seconds he had resolved part of the mystery.

A room in the big hotel on the other side of Piccadilly, and on a level with his own, had suddenly been lighted up. He could see a maid moving about there. And a woman was seated at a dressing-table in such a position that it was her reflection in the mirror, and not herself, that he saw. . . .

She wore a light wrap with some kind of fur trimming about the shoulders; otherwise her neck and arms were bare. She was bending slightly forward as he remembered the woman in the box—and, as it seemed to him, looking through the mirror directly into his eyes!

A pendent light turned her hair to flame. She sat there motionless.

Could she possibly have seen him?

Lincoln Hayes' jaw muscles protruded more than usual. He turned his eyes sideways and glanced slightly downward. The hotel floodlights had just been turned on. Standing where he stood, it was quite possible that he was visible from the room over the way.

The maid drew heavy curtains before the window. The vision was lost.

But it was *she*—Hatasu—the companion of Mohammed Ahmes Bey!

Lincoln Hayes was not dressing for dinner. He was to leave London on the following day, and the party had decided to dine informally in the grill-room and to go on to a music hall. He took his cigar from his mouth and placed it in an ash tray. He had bitten right through the end.

He moved quietly to a side table and took up the telephone.

"Get me through to the Ritz Hotel," he directed in his monotonous voice.

He waited, staring in the direction of the window, now a frame for many dancing lights. Presently:

"Ritz Hotel," said a man's voice.

"Reception Office."

A momentary delay, and then:

"Hello, Reception, Ritz Hotel."

"Please put me through to the apartment of Mohammed Ahmes Bey."

A further delay, and then another voice:

"You asked for someone called Mohammed Ahmes Bey?"

"Yes."

"No one of that name is staying here."

"Thank you."

Lincoln Hayes replaced the instrument upon its rest.

Selecting and lighting a fresh cigar, he went out into the lobby and turned the light up. He put on a fur-lined overcoat, for Lincoln Hayes was curiously susceptible to climatic chill in England; and carrying a soft felt hat, very wide in the brim, and of a pattern specially made for him by a firm on Fifth Avenue, he went out to the elevator. These hats were irreverently known by his associates as "Hayes' stacks."

A FEW minutes later the tall figure came through the swing doors of the Ritz Hotel entrance. Hayes knew the place well. He knew a seat from which he could command a view of any resident leaving the building. He dropped down in a big armchair, throwing his coat open; his hat lay on the carpet beside him. A waiter came up.

"Pink gin," said Lincoln Hayes.

The waiter retired and Hayes looked about him.

It was only three minutes after legal "opening time," but there were two or three parties, mostly composed of women, already sipping cocktails at neighboring tables. Hayes' cold stare rested upon every face in turn, but discovered nothing of interest. Every time the elevator descended he glanced sharply in that direction.

Just as the waiter brought him his pink gin, a man came in from the street.

Hayes watched him.

Beneath a dark overcoat he had a glimpse of dinner kit, and by the cut of the collar knew that the man was an American. He carried a soft black hat which he placed upon the carpet beside him as Hayes had done, taking a seat almost facing the latter. The same waiter appeared, but the man shook his head gloomily.

In fact, he was as gloomy-looking a man as Lincoln Hayes remembered ever to have seen; very pale and cadaverous. He was staring miserably about him as if expecting to recognize someone there. His gaze lingered longer on Hayes than on anyone else, and as the latter sipped his pink gin and set the glass down upon a little table before him, the newcomer very diffidently approached.

"EXCUSE me if I'm wrong," he said, and Lincoln Hayes decided that the man came from New York, "but you don't happen to be Mr. McKinley of the American Express Company?"

"I don't."

"Sorry!" said the man sadly. "Excuse me," and went back to his seat.

Lincoln Hayes continued to watch the elevator abstractedly. He was surprised, presently, on glancing aside, to find the pale-faced stranger standing at his elbow.

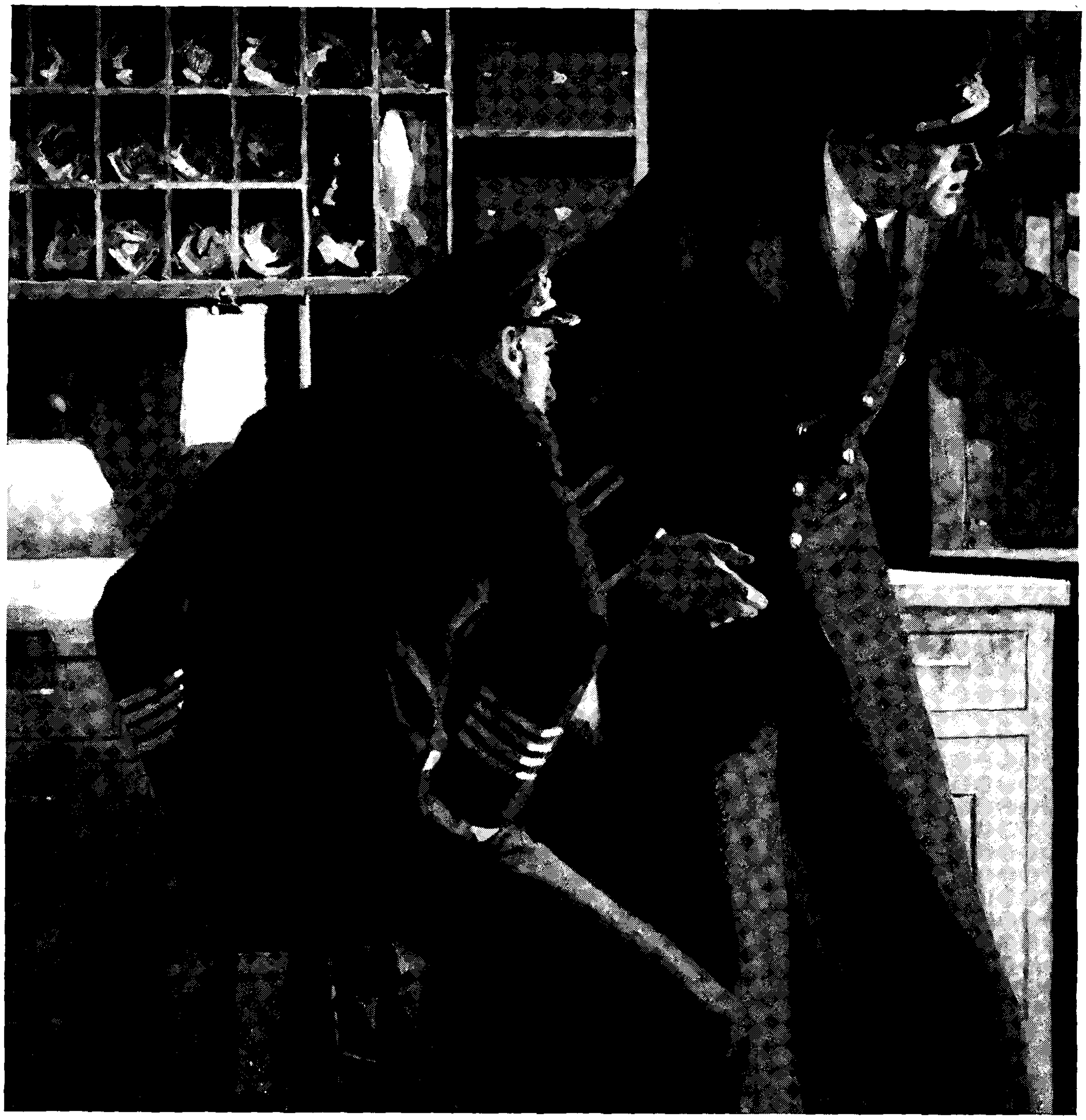
"I thought, maybe," the man said, in his pathetic way, "that I ought to apologize for speaking to you."

(Continued on page 65)

Napoleon of the Sea

By Albert Richard Wetjen

You won't like the hero of this story—but that's because he won't let you. His place is on the bridge. Just leave him alone there



"You think because you're supposed to be a shark at navigation you can tell me what to do," he said angrily

WHEN the mate of the bark Samuel Hands first saw his new apprentice he shook his head and spat expertly over the rail.

"There's *not much* of you," he remarked dubiously. "But maybe you'll fill out."

Brant Harris flushed and made his way into the half-deck, where the three other apprentices were already settled. Ever since he could remember he had been made acutely aware of his smallness. He was sixteen now, a scant four feet ten inches high and perhaps a hundred pounds in weight. In school they had variously named him Runt, Shorty and Little Tich, and bullied him unmercifully. And he knew as soon as he saw the other apprentices that he had the ordeal to go through again. He was not mistaken. Long before the Samuel Hands sailed that night he was dubbed Half-Pint, his gear pawed over and scattered, his mother's carefully packed cakes and preserves confiscated and eaten, and he himself kept trotting back and forth on useless but apparently hilarious errands.

He did not resist. He had long since learned the futility of physical resistance so far as he was concerned. The world belonged to the tall men, the strong men, the men whose build commanded respect. A little man was only a jest, something to be ignored or ordered about. Normally he was good-natured, eager and willing, but already at sixteen he had grown a little bitter, and if outwardly he was a silent, deliberate youth, inwardly there was growing that grim determination, that resentful and furious determination that is nature's recompense to the undersized. He'd show them! In time he'd show them. And he endured.

"If I were you I'd quit the sea," said the mate, not unkindly, at the end of the first voyage. "You're not husky enough for this sort of thing."

"I'll be on board when you sail again, sir," was all Brant Harris said, so the mate shrugged and let the matter drop. He felt sorry for the boy, though. He knew he had had thrust upon him all the dirty jobs no one else wanted and that a boy could handle. He knew the way he was deviled by both apprentices and crew. He was aware also that Harris' weight on a line was negligible, that he was practically useless at the wheel in any sort of a sea when steering took weight and strength. He remembered also that first night in a foreign port when he and the second mate had looked into the half-deck to find Harris reading. Everyone else had gone ashore.

"WHY aren't you with the other kids?" the mate wanted to know. And Harris had looked up with a faint smile, shaking his head.

"They were taking some girls out, sir," he said. "They didn't want me along." Girls didn't care to be seen with half-pints.

"That's tough," said the mate as he turned away. And he added to the second mate as they made for the gangway: "Did you see what he was reading though? Digging into Bowditch's 'Practical Navigator' while the other young devils waste their time. He'll go places if he sticks it out."

"If he sticks," agreed the second mate. "But how are you going to handle a watch if you look like a kid all your life?"

The examiner for second mate's ticket asked himself exactly the same question some four years later as he eyed the sea-tanned little figure that faced him across his desk. He held his pen poised over the passed-slip for a long time, hesitating, but he finally signed it and pushed it over.

"If I were you I'd go in steam," he advised. "You're a little small for sail."

"Thank you, sir," was all Harris said, but his lips tightened and his eyes grew hard. He could not remember ever having met a man who did not comment upon his size. And every comment was a raw wound drawn across his acute self-consciousness; and an added spur. He'd show them!

"One other thing," said the examiner warmly. "I'd like to compliment you on your grasp of navigation. I don't know when I've had a young man so well up in the subject. You must have made it a hobby."

"Something like that, sir," Harris agreed. And he thought bitterly of the long hours when he had nothing to do but read; when in port and with nearly everyone ashore, not wanting him, he had set his teeth and from sheer necessity deliberately forced himself to learn his trade better than all of them. He felt something of a gratified glow as he left the examiner's office. He had at least made that hardened master acknowledge something he had done, and for a little while thereafter he felt broad and tall.

IT TOOK Brant Harris nearly four long months before he could find a berth. Men smiled at him and would not take him seriously. He was so humorously small. He set his jaw and grew more grimly determined inside. He'd show them!

He found a berth at last, by accident. The third mate of the steam freighter Achilles was taken ill and rushed ashore just two hours before sailing time. Brant Harris happened to be in the line's dock office at the moment and the harassed superintendent, who had just rejected him, swore and called him over.

"Can you be on the Achilles within two hours?" he snapped.

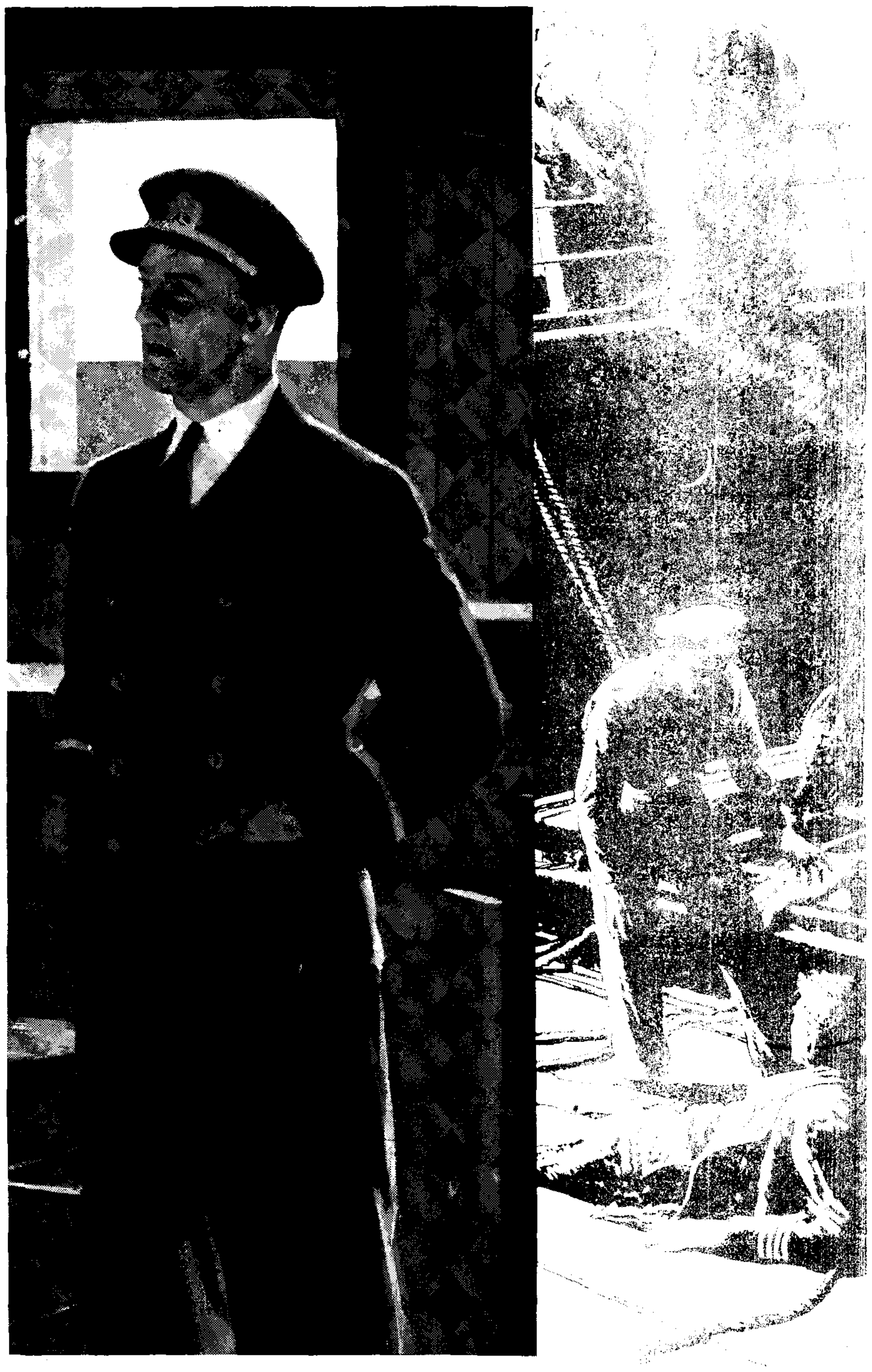
"I can be on board in half an hour," said Harris, and the superintendent scribbled an authorization and thrust it at him, at the same time grunting a goodby. Half an hour later the mate of the Achilles inspected the frail figure coming up the gangway and scowled.

"What do *you* want?" he demanded sourly.

"I'm the new third mate," explained Harris. The mate stared at him with obvious astonishment and then read the superintendent's note.

"Well," he said at last, "it seems like you ought to grow up. I thought you were a deck boy or something looking for a job."

"Yes, sir," agreed Brant Harris, tight-lipped, and he made his way to his quarters with stony, set eyes. The same old thing. He supposed he would be hearing it all his life. As if it were his fault to be born as he had been! Well, he reflected, as he unpacked and pulled on his working uniform, he had one foot on the ladder now, anyway. And he could work and wait. Let them laugh. Some day they would be touching their



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

caps to him, the big men, the strong men! And the laugh would be his.

FOR four years Brant Harris remained as third mate of the Achilles. Three times he saw the ship's personnel change completely. Masters went on to larger ships; mates became masters; second mates became mates. He alone remained. And he understood that too. It never occurred to anyone to transfer him, to recommend him. He saw men with not half his own ability elevated and succeed, but he was too inconspicuous. He attracted no one's eye. He was simply that Harris kid who had somehow squeezed into a third mate's berth and was a silent, sullen little devil anyway; always studying something; seldom going ashore.

But occasionally boss stevedores commented that he knew more about cargo stowage than they did; and several times marine surveyors he had conducted about the ship complimented him for his understanding of their own profession. And then once his shipmates were electrified to hear he had been awarded a medal from some obscure scientific society for a paper on oceanography, specifically dealing with ocean currents.

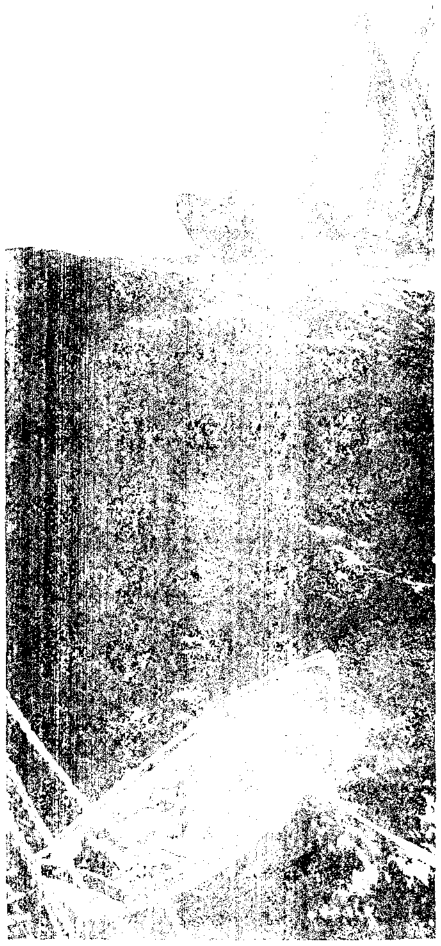
The president of the line received a letter from the society's chairman about this matter, complimenting him on having such a smart young officer in his employ. The president, who had never heard of Brant Harris, inquired of his general manager. And the general manager had to refer to the superintendent, who had to go to the line's records to place the man definitely.

"Been four years with us?" queried the president curiously when he was informed. "And third mate. Why hasn't he had a promotion? Anything wrong with him?"

"Nothing that I know of, sir," answered the superintendent. "He seems to have a good record. No complaints. But he's such a little fellow you can't imagine him in any important berth."

"Well, you might look into it," said the president carelessly and promptly forgot the matter, as did the superintendent. So it happened that Brant Harris had to force himself into promotion as he had all but forced himself into his first berth.

It came about rather curiously. The Achilles had been crawling through a thick fog for two days and she was nearing the coast. Of necessity she had been navigating by dead reckoning and on this particular afternoon, the second day of the fog, it was expected that she would come within range of a lightship's signal horn, if her estimated position was correct. All the officers were about; the captain and second mate in the chartroom, checking the course; the third mate and mate on the bridge.



After a long consultation the second mate called through the chartroom window to the helmsman and gave orders to change the course. Brant Harris said nothing to this at the time, but walked over to the compass, noted the change, and when the captain and mate had emerged from the chartroom went in to inspect things himself. Half an hour later he spoke to the captain.

"I'VE an idea we're a good deal farther eastward than you think, sir," he said. The captain looked down at him, more surprised than anything because his third mate seldom spoke unless first spoken to.

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't believe you've allowed enough for drift, sir. The coast current sets heavily eastward this time of the year and there's a strong tide as well."

"I've checked the second mate's figures," said the captain mildly. "We should have plenty of clearance. If we don't catch the lightship signals by eight bells I'm putting out to sea to wait until it clears away."

"That's all right, sir," agreed the third mate. "But if I'm correct we'll be somewhere on the Anatone Shoals long before that—within two hours, I think."

"Nonsense!" snapped the captain, but he called to the second mate and, taking the third by the arm, hurried the both of them into the chartroom. There was a brief and stormy session. The second mate held that his course was as accurate as possible and that the Achilles was well clear of the shoals in any event. Coldly and quietly Brant Harris explained his reasons for believing otherwise.

"I'm fairly sure I'm right, sir," he appealed to the captain. "It would do no harm to make a better offing anyway. The chances are we'll have clear weather in the morning."

"Who in hell's navigating officer in this ship?" demanded the second mate. "Are you trying to tell me I don't know my job?"

"A lot of good men have lost ships on this coast," said Harris. And he added with some hesitation, "I've made a special study of currents, you know."

The captain hesitated.

"I don't see how we can be that far off the course," he told his third mate at last. "We've allowed for the drift."

Brant Harris was on the point of shrugging and letting the matter drop when the second mate precipitated things and roused him to a cold fury.

"You damned runt," he said angrily. "You think because you're supposed to be a shark at navigation you can tell me what to do. I don't notice you going ahead any."

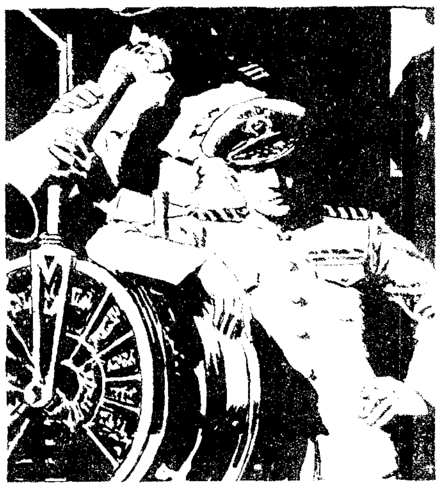
Brant Harris went quite white and then carefully readjusted his peaked cap with a hand that trembled a little.

"Very well, sir," he said to the captain. "But I request you make a note of my objection in the log."

"And make a fool of yourself!" sneered the second mate. The captain frowned, hesitating again, and then as his glance fell on his third mate it came unbidden to him that such an insignificant little man could not be taken seriously. He compromised.

"We'll hold the course," he said. "Have another lookout put on the fo'c's'le-head and put a man in the chains. If we don't raise the lightship by six bells we'll put to sea."

Brant Harris said nothing but went out on the bridge. And at five bells, when they expected to be close to the lightship, the Achilles piled herself neatly upon the Anatone Shoals, which ran steep-to into the water and so gave no warning soundings to a leadsman.



THREE days later, when the Achilles had been pulled off and was being towed into the harbor, the captain and the second mate entered Harris' room. They were both uncomfortable. Harris set aside his book and waited, cold as ice.

"You know what it will mean to us if you stand by your objection to the course?" asked the captain unnecessarily.

"I've an idea," agreed Harris. The second mate licked his lips and rubbed nervous hands together.

"Be a sport and let it go," he urged. "We're in a spot already with an inquiry coming up."

Brant Harris rose to his full four feet ten inches and smiled, one of the few smiles they had ever had from him. He had waited so long for such a moment as this. Waited and waited. He looked at the captain.

"I don't think it will be necessary for me to recall any objection," he said. "The inquiry will probably acquit you. But I think it's time I was a second mate. Your recommendation, sir. . . ."

The captain was not a slow-witted man. He spoke warmly to the superintendent of the line. The superintendent recalled something the president had said when a certain scientific paper had been brought to his notice. And Brant

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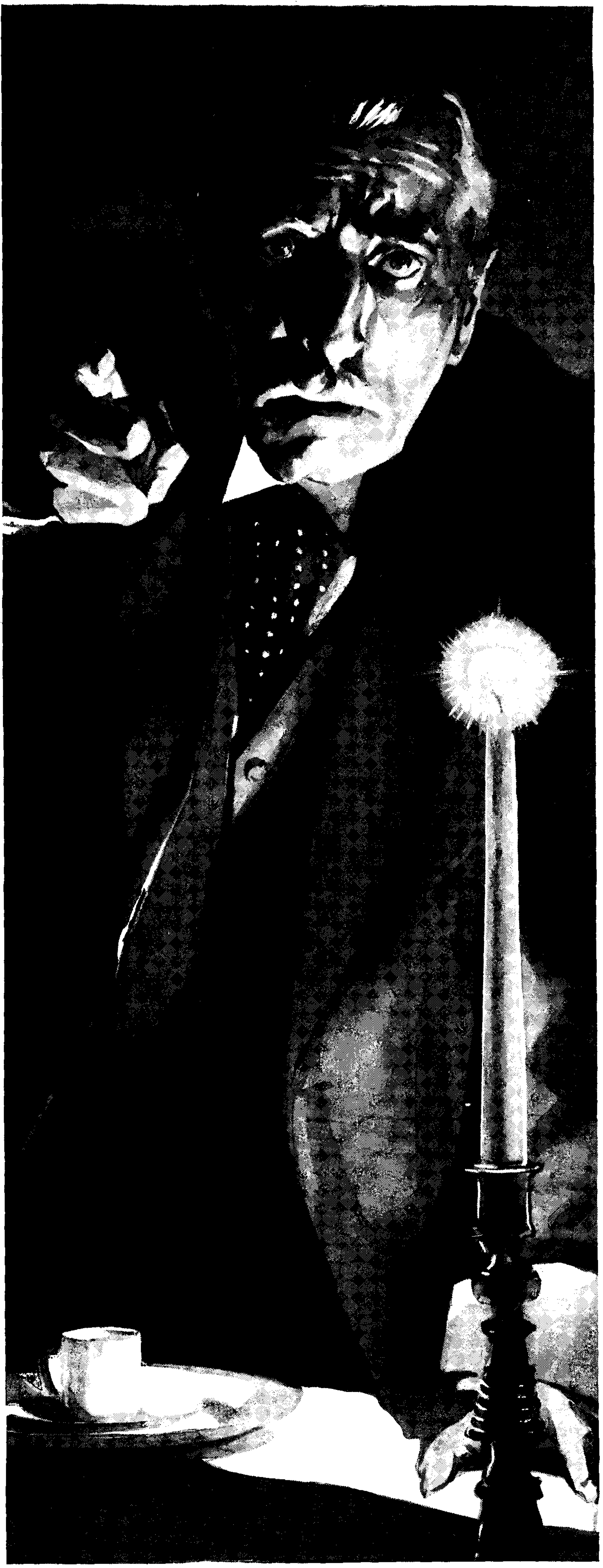

"Gentlemen, do not touch this coffee. It is poisoned"

The Ring of Lovers

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

As Mr. Pond suggests, any number of people can look at the beginning of this story and tell you the end. But you'd better not trust them, if you want to know what really happened

"AS I said before," observed Mr. Pond, toward the end of one of his lucid but rather lengthy speeches, "our friend Gahagan here is a very truthful man and tells wanton and unnecessary lies. But this very truthfulness—"

Captain Gahagan waved a gloved hand as in courteous acknowledgment of anything anybody liked to say; he had an especially flamboyant flower in his coat and looked unusually gay. But Sir Hubert Wotton, the third party at the little conference, sat up.

"Say that again," he said, not without sarcasm.

"Surely that is obvious enough," pleaded Mr. Pond. "A real liar does not tell wanton and unnecessary lies; he tells wise and necessary lies. But Gahagan is not a liar. He tells stories which are, obviously, untrue. And when a thing is obviously untrue, it is obviously not a lie."

"Suppose," said Gahagan abruptly, "suppose I were to tell you a story that really is true."

"I should regard it with great suspicion," said Wotton grimly.

"You mean you would think I was still romancing. But why?"

"Because it would be so very like a romance," retorted Wotton.

"But don't you think," asked the captain thoughtfully, "that real life sometimes is like a romance?"

"I think," replied Wotton, with a certain genuine shrewdness that lay very deep in him, "that I could always really tell the difference."

"You are right," said Pond, "and it seems to me the difference is this: Life is artistic in parts, but not as a whole; it's like broken bits of different works of art. When everything hangs together and it all fits in, we doubt. I might even believe that Gahagan saw those six sea-serpents he told us about; but not that each was larger than the last. If he'd said there was first a large one and then a little one and then a larger one, he might have taken us in. We often say that one social situation is like being in a novel; but it doesn't finish the novel; at least not the same novel."

"Pond," said Gahagan, "I sometimes think you are inspired, or possessed of a devil in a quiet way. It's queer you should say that, because my experience was just like that. With this difference: each familiar melodrama broke off; but only turned to blacker melodrama—or tragedy. Again and again, I thought I was in a magazine story, and then it turned out to be quite another story. Sort of a dissolving view, or a nightmare. Especially a nightmare."

"And why especially?" asked Wotton.

"It's a horrible story," said Gahagan, lowering his voice. "But it's not so horrible now."

"Of course," said Mr. Pond, nodding, "you are happy and wish to tell us a horrible story."

"And what does *that* mean?" demanded Wotton.

"It means," said Gahagan, "that I got engaged to be married this morning."

"The devil you— I beg your pardon," said Wotton, very red in the face. "Congratulations, of course, and all that. But what has it to do with the nightmare?"

"There is a connection," said Gahagan dreamily. "But you want the horrible story and not the happy one. Well, it was a bit of a mystery, at least to me; but I understood it at last."

"And when you've done mystifying us, you will tell us the solution."

"No; Pond will tell you the solution," said Gahagan maliciously. "He's already puffed up because he guessed the kind of story, before he even heard it. If he can't finish the story when he has heard it—" He broke off and then resumed more solidly:

"IT BEGAN with a dinner party, what they call a stag party, given by Lord Crome, following on a cocktail party mostly given by Lady Crome. Lady Crome was a tall and swift and graceful person with a small dark head. Lord Crome was quite the converse; he was in every way, physical and mental, a 'long-headed' person. You've heard of a hatchet-face; his was a hatchet that cut off his own head—or rather his own body; abolishing the slighter and more insignificant figure. He is an economist and he gave one the impression of being distrait and rather bored with all the ladies who swam about in the wake of his wonderful wife, that darting swan; and perhaps that was why he wanted the cooler society of his own sex. Anyhow, he kept some of his male guests for a little dinner after the 'at home' was over. I happened to be one of them; but, in spite of that, it was a select company.

"It was a select company; and yet it hardly seemed to have been selected. They were mostly well-known men; and yet it looked as if Crome had taken their names out of a hat. The first person I ran into was Captain Bland, supposed to be the biggest officer in the British Army, and I should think the stupidest, for any strategic purposes. The man he was put next to was Count Kranz, the Hungarian scientist and social reformer. He speaks twenty-seven languages; including philosophical language. I wonder what language he talked to Captain Bland in. Just beyond the count was another fellow more of Bland's sort; but darker and leaner and livelier; a fellow called Wooster, of some Bengal regiment.

"I sat next, and got on with Wooster pretty well; on the other side of me was Sir Oscar Marvell, the great actor-manager, all very fine and large, with the Olympian curls and the Roman nose.

"THE three remaining men were the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Pitt-Palmer, a very frigid-looking young man like the bust of Augustus Cæsar; one Italian singer, whose name I could not remember; and one Polish diplomat, whose name nobody could remember. And I was saying to myself all the time, 'What a funny collection.' "

"I know this story," said Wotton positively. "A humorous host collects a lot of incompatible people, for the pleasure of hearing them quarrel. Done very well in one of Anthony Berkeley's detective stories."

"No," replied Gahagan, "I think their incompatibility was quite accidental; and I know that Crome didn't use it to make them quarrel. As a matter of fact, he was a most tactful host, and it would be truer to say he prevented them from quarreling. He did it rather cleverly, too, by beginning to talk about heirlooms and family jewels and so on. Different as they were, most of them were well-off, and what is called of a good family; and it was about as close to common ground as they could get. The Pole, who was a baldish but graceful person, with very charming manners, and much the wittiest man at table, was giving an amusing account of the adventures of a medal of Sobieski when it fell into the hands, first of a Jew, and then of a Prussian, and then of a Cossack. In contrast to the Pole, who was hairless and talkative, the Italian beyond him was silent, and rather sulky, under his bush of black hair.

" 'That's an interesting-looking ring you are wearing yourself, Lord Crome,' said the Pole politely. 'Those heavy rings are generally historic. I think I should really like to wear an episcopal ring; or better still, a papal ring. But then there are all those tiresome preliminaries about being made Pope; it involves celibacy; and I—' And he shrugged his shoulders.

" 'VERY annoying no doubt,' said Lord Crome, smiling at him grimly. 'As for this ring here, well, it is rather interesting in a way, in that sort of family way of course. I don't know the details; but it is obviously sixteenth century. Care to look at it?' And he slipped off his finger a heavy ring with a red stone and passed it to the Pole, who was sitting next to him. It proved on examination to be set with a cluster of extremely fine rubies and carved with a central device of a heart inside a rose. I saw it myself, since it was handed round the table; and there was some lettering in old French which meant something like 'From the lover only and only to the beloved.'

" 'A romance in your family history, I suppose,' mused the Hungarian count. 'And about the sixteenth century. But you do not know the story?' 'No,' said Crome, 'but I suppose it was, as you say, a romance in the family.'

"They began talking about sixteenth-century romances, at some length; and at last Crome asked very courteously if everybody had seen the ring."

"Oh," cried Wotton, with a deep breath, rather like a schoolboy at a conjuror's performance, "I know *this* story anyhow. This is a magazine story, if you like! The ring wasn't returned and everybody was searched or somebody refused to be searched; and there was some awfully romantic reason for his refusing to be searched."

"You are right," said Gahagan. "Right, up to a point. The ring was not returned. We were all searched. We all insisted on being searched. Nobody refused to be searched. But the ring was gone."

Gahagan turned rather restlessly and threw an elbow over the back of his chair; after a moment he went on:

"Please don't imagine I didn't feel all you say; that we seemed to have got inside a novel; and not a very novel sort of novel. But the difference was exactly what Pond says: that the novel didn't finish properly, but seemed to go on to something else. We had just reached about the coffee stage of the dinner while this fuss about the first discovery of the loss was being discussed. But all the nonsense about searching was really very swift and simple; and the coffee hadn't even got cold in the interlude, though Crome offered to send for some more. We all said that of course it didn't matter; but Crome summoned the butler who'd been handing it round; and they whispered together in what was obviously a rather agitated conversation. Then, just as Pitt-Palmer was lifting his coffee cup to his lips, Lord Crome sprang up stiff and bristling and called out like the crack of a whip:

" 'Gentlemen, do not touch this coffee. It is poisoned.' "

"BUT dash it all," interrupted Wotton, "that's a different magazine story! I say, Gahagan, are you sure you didn't dream all this? After a surfeit of magazines; after reading through a stack of shilling magazines and mixing up all the results? Of course we know the story about a whole company laid out with poison—"

"The results in this case were rather more extraordinary," said Gahagan calmly. "Most of us naturally sat like stone statues under such a thunderbolt of a threat. But young Pitt-Palmer, with his cold, clean-cut, classical face, rose to his feet with the coffee cup in his hand and said in the coolest way:

" 'Awfully sorry; but I do hate letting my coffee get cold.'

"And he drained his cup; and, as God sees me, his face turned black or a blend of dreadful colors; and, after horrible heavings and inhuman noises, he fell down as in a fit before our eyes.

"Of course we were not certain at first. But the Hungarian scientist had a doctor's degree; and what he reported was confirmed by the local doctor, who was sent for at once. There was no doubt that he was dead."

"You mean," said Wotton, "that the doctors agreed that he was poisoned?"

Gahagan shook his head and repeated: "I said they agreed that he was dead."

"But why should he be dead unless he was poisoned?"

"He was choked," said Gahagan; and for one instant a shudder caught his whole powerful frame.

After a silence that seemed suddenly imposed by his agitation, Wotton said at last:

"I don't understand a word you say. Who poisoned the coffee?"

"Nobody poisoned the coffee; because it wasn't poisoned," answered Gahagan. "The only reason for saying it was, was to make sure that the coffee should remain in the cup, to be analyzed just as it was. Pitt-Palmer had put in a lump of sugar just before; but the sugar would melt. Some things do not melt."

Sir Hubert Wotton stared for some seconds into vacancy; and then his eyes began to glow.

"You mean," he said, "that Pitt-Palmer somehow dropped the ring into

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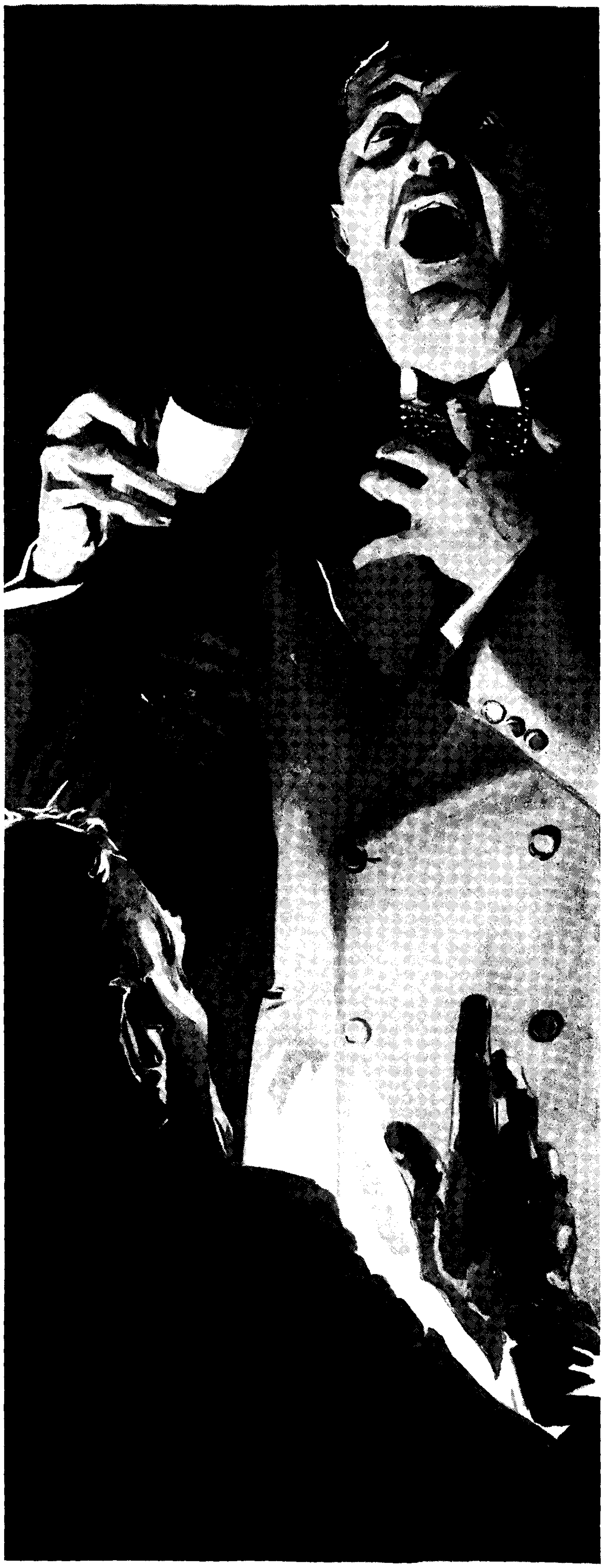


He drained his cup; and his face turned black

The World Series of 1935

By Quentin Reynolds

Uncertainty is bad. We'll just settle this baseball business at once. Here's how the teams are going to finish. The dope comes from sports writers across the country: Ed Bang, Richards Vidmer, Jimmy Wood, Stan Baumgartner, Mark Kelly, Murray Robinson, Ken Smith, Sid Mercer, Tom Meany, Garry Schumacher, Harry Salsinger, Dan Daniel, Bill Corum, Tom Swope, John Keller, Roy Stockton, Frank Graham, Cy Peterman, Tom Laird and Jack Ryder. Seers, all

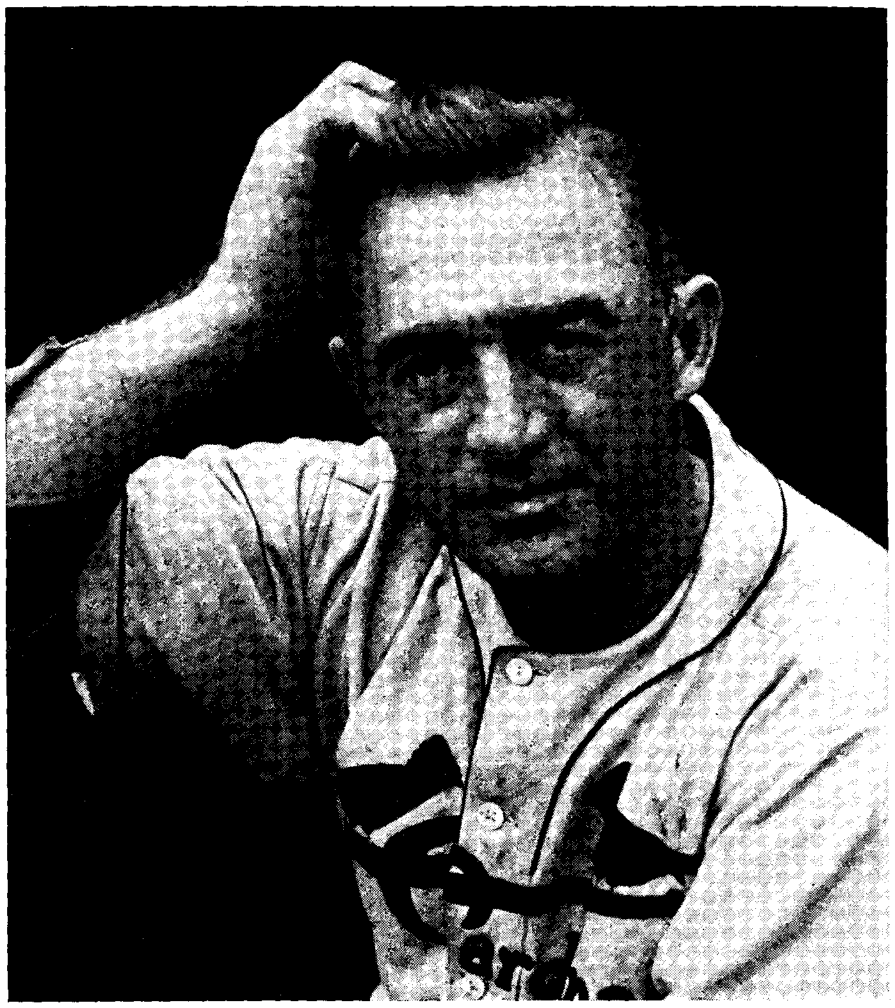
SPORTSMAN'S PARK is jammed and the crowd, coatless and tense, is oblivious to the burning sun which pours its rays down unmercifully. Infield practice is done with; there is a slight pause and then, as though it had been waiting for this opportunity for a year, the crowd lets out a joyous roar as Dizzy Dean walks to the pitcher's box. The heat-laden air is charged with excitement and now Dizzy tosses a few into the big mitt which Bill DeLancey holds up as a target.

They are all familiar faces out there. There is Frisch, plucking a few blades of grass from the infield. There is Leo Durocher, shouting shrill encouragement to Dean. There is—but now Umpire Bill Klem calls "Play ball!" and Willie Kamm walks to the plate swinging two bats. He throws one away and then crouches, looking at Dean out of calm, unworried eyes. Dean looks toward DeLancey, nods his head quickly and then winds up. The ball streaks toward the plate—and the 1935 World Series is on.

It's St. Louis against Cleveland. It's dynamic, colorful Frankie Frisch against quiet, soft-spoken Walter Johnson. It's the roughest, toughest team in modern baseball history against a clever, brainy Cleveland outfit, a team that is loaded with power supplemented by a grand pitching staff.

ACME

Walter Johnson, whose Cleveland Indians will lead (?) the American League



ACME

Manager Frankie Frisch is picked to repeat with his Cardinals

That's the picture which the baseball writers of the country see when they peer into the future. A poll of the leading baseball experts made recently after they had an opportunity of watching the teams in spring training gives St. Louis and Cleveland clear titles to the National and American League crowns. There's not a thing standing in the way of making this prophecy come true—except a mere matter of some 154 games which each team must play before the end of September.

If St. Louis and Cleveland stand up for us throughout the season we will be in a position to say, "I told you so." If they flop I will be the first to remind you that these were the choices of the baseball writers and not of myself. Which is just another way of carrying water on both shoulders, a feat which some say is impossible.

First, the National League race. The writers believe that this one will be strictly a two-horse event with the Cardinals and the Giants again pounding down the home stretch. They believe that those Cards have too much heart for the Giants. You'll recall that the Cards won twenty-six of their last thirty games to wind up the 1934 campaign. When the heat was on, those Cards took off their coats and started swinging from the ground. A swaggering, rough, cocky crew, those Cardinals. Battling Levinsky once said of Jack Dempsey, "He's an easy guy to hit—but a terrible guy to miss." The Cards are like that. You can punch them around for a few innings and then they'll get real mad and knock your ears off. Here's what some of the writers say about them:

"The Dean boys are almost a pitching staff in themselves," Ed Bang of the Cleveland News says. "In addition the Cards will have the confidence born of the success they had in that last terrific drive a year ago. And they'll remember the way they pushed Detroit around in the world series."

In truth, Dizzy and Daffy are almost a pitching staff in themselves. Last year Dizzy won thirty games while Daffy counted nineteen wins, not a bad year's work for a rookie. There is no reason to think that either has lost any effectiveness over the winter. Young Dean, in fact, should be even better.

The Dean boys are the most remarkable phenomena that baseball has

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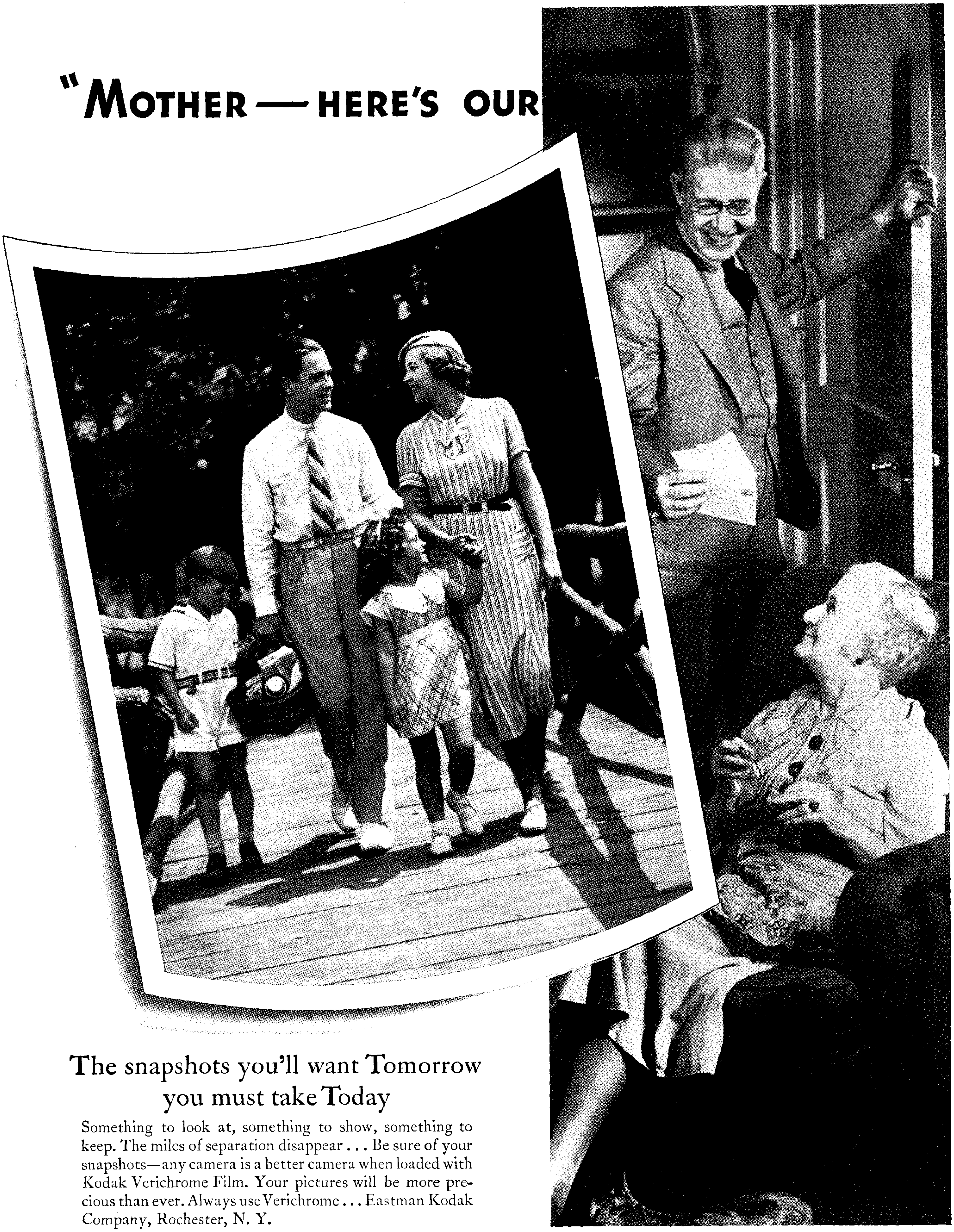
"MOTHER — HERE'S OUR



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow you must take Today

Something to look at, something to show, something to keep. The miles of separation disappear . . . Be sure of your snapshots—any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Your pictures will be more precious than ever. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

All-America Bridge Champions

By Shepard Barclay

The last trick of the 1934-35 official contract bridge tournaments has been won, the scores have been totaled, the trophies have been awarded, and Mr. Barclay, a noncompeting expert, presents the new champions

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

IF YOU want to be a better bridge player, become a father — or a mother, as the case may be. That would seem to be the lesson drawn from the brief but spectacular career of Oswald Jacoby, who now finds himself ranked as the nation's leading player of the season. Conceded by his confreres to be the most brilliant-minded of all the championship-winning masters, he has shown a gradual evolution or development during the last few years toward greater conservatism and soundness, in both his bidding and in his play.

"If Jacoby ever really comes down to earth, plants his feet firmly on the ground, cuts down on the number of fancy bids and leads, tries primarily to be steady and truly gets control of himself, he should lick the whole darned bunch of them," is a kind of remark made frequently by other fine players with whom he competes.

So widely known a few years back for his "psychic" bids that many people began to call an especially spectacular and grotesque call "a Jacoby," he now makes very few of them. The brilliant trains of thought that once carried him toward unusual and bizarre decisions now run on the tracks of soundness, thoroughness and extreme accuracy, and their ultimate destination is more consistent success at the bridge table than he ever enjoyed before.

"What do you think is the chief reason for your abandonment of the sensational style of game in favor of the conservative?" he was asked recently.

"Well," he answered, "you know I'm a father now. If being a husband and father won't steady a fellow down, what will?"

Dependability is the outstanding characteristic of the entire team of which Jacoby is a picturesque member—a team which rolled up an overwhelming record of successes during the last season. Besides Jacoby, the other regular members are David Burnstine, who was the national leader last season; Howard Schenken and Michael T. Gottlieb, all of them New Yorkers and all of them shy of what could be called middle-age. The team is fittingly known as "The Four Aces," though up to his recent resignation from it Richard L. Frey was a sort of fifth member as its regular utility man, ever ready to take the place of any of the others and playing part of the time in all of the team's contests; and it even had a sixth player in an emergency when one of the regulars was ill.

In the calendar of contract championships labeled as national, there are now fourteen very seriously contested events—two of them conducted by the veteran American Whist League, nine by the American Bridge League, two by the young United States Bridge Association, and the independent Vanderbilt Cup. From all of these, the only players who emerged with as many as three victories played with "The Four Aces." Competing as a single entity, they won three of the big team-of-four contests of the season, the Masters' Fours of the American Bridge League, in which only players with championship records could play; the Vanderbilt Cup and the so-called Grand National contest of the U. S. B. A., which brought entries from all parts of the country together in the finals.

Besides these victories, Messrs. Burnstine and Jacoby won the men's pairs of the A. B. L., and Messrs. Schenken and Frey won the masters' pairs of the same organization. That would tie those players for the lead at four victories apiece except that Mr. Burnstine missed one of the team contests through illness, the Grand National teams, which left him just three successes to the others' four each. The tie among them could be broken only by the finishing order in the individual masters' event of the A. B. L., in which Jacoby landed higher than Mr. Schenken and Mr. Frey did not play. This fixes Mr. Jacoby at the top, Mr. Schenken second and Mr. Frey third. The tie for fourth at three victories each between Messrs. Burnstine and Gottlieb also could be broken only by means of the individual masters' contest, in which Mr. Burnstine had the better final position.

Sixth place goes to Sherman Stearns, another young New Yorker, who took the place of the ailing Burnstine for part of the time in the U. S. B. A. final, and who scored another victory in the same organization's pair championship with Merwin D. Maier as his partner. Besides these wins at the absolute close of the season, he was on the second-place teams in both the open challenge team and the regular open team events of the A. B. L. Thus, with two firsts and two seconds, he gets the edge over two other fine players who each had a brace of successes. These were Samuel Fry, Jr., and Louis H. Watson, who shared the unprecedented feat of winning for the second successive year both the team and pair events of the American Whist League. Mr. Fry is set just above Mr. Watson in seventh place because he also earned a second place, in the men's pairs of the A. B. L.

It is impossible, the way the yearly schedule now runs, ever to leave out of the list the winner of the most important single event of all, from the standpoint of how it bears upon an individual's rank. That is the individual masters' championship conducted by the A. B. L.

(Continued on page 62)

Miss Elinor Murdoch, the A. B. L. individual masters' champion

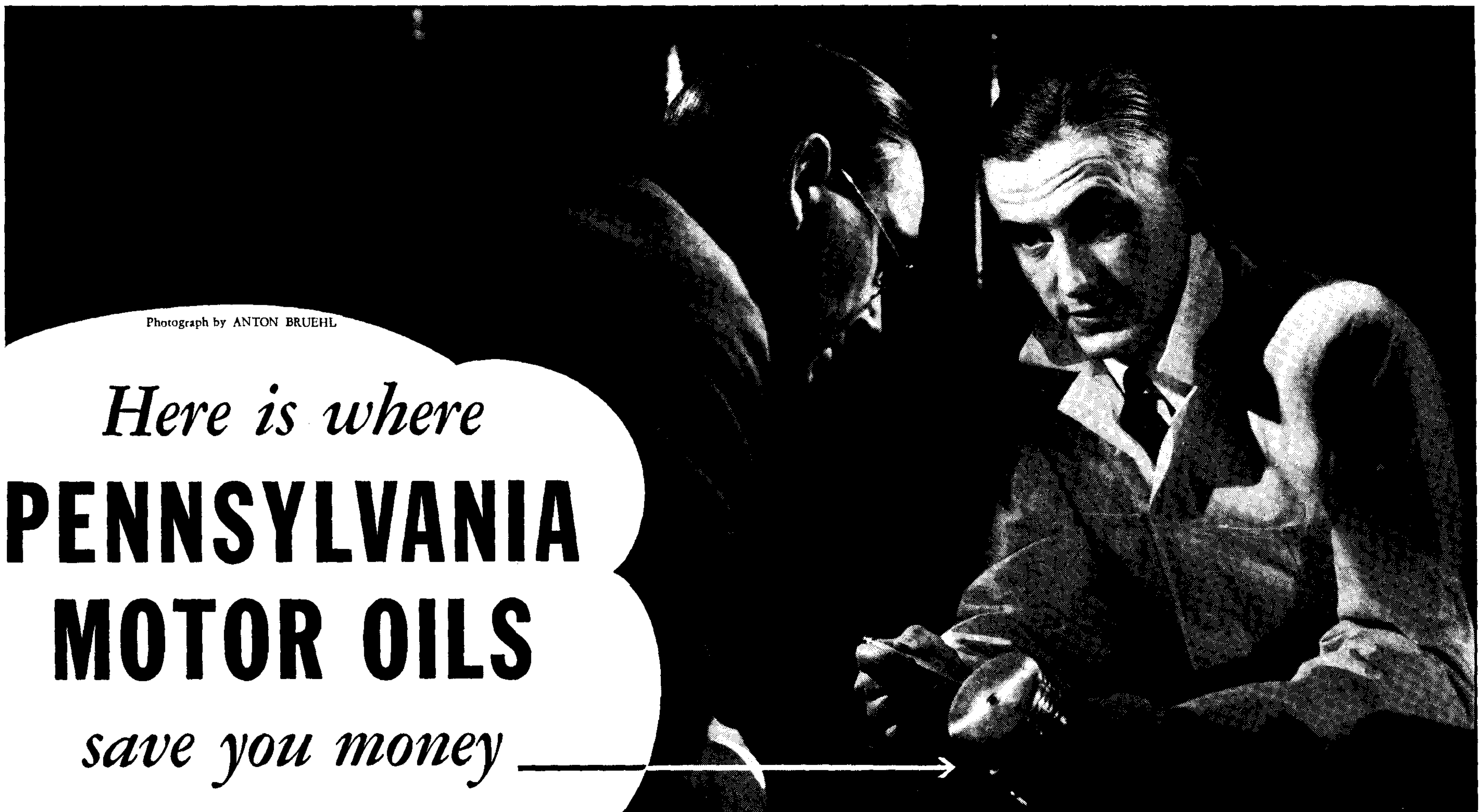
"The Four Aces" and the author. Left to right: David Burnstine, Michael T. Gottlieb, Oswald Jacoby, Shepard Barclay and Howard Schenken

The First Ten

1. Oswald Jacoby
2. Howard Schenken
3. Richard L. Frey
4. David Burnstine
5. Michael T. Gottlieb
6. Sherman Stearns
7. Samuel Fry, Jr.
8. Louis H. Watson
9. Elinor Murdoch
10. Jeff Glick / Aaron Frank

Oswald Jacoby, the nation's leading player of the 1934-35 season, with Mrs. Jacoby and Oswald Jacoby, III

Richard L. Frey, third-place winner in the year's selections



Photograph by ANTON BRUEHL

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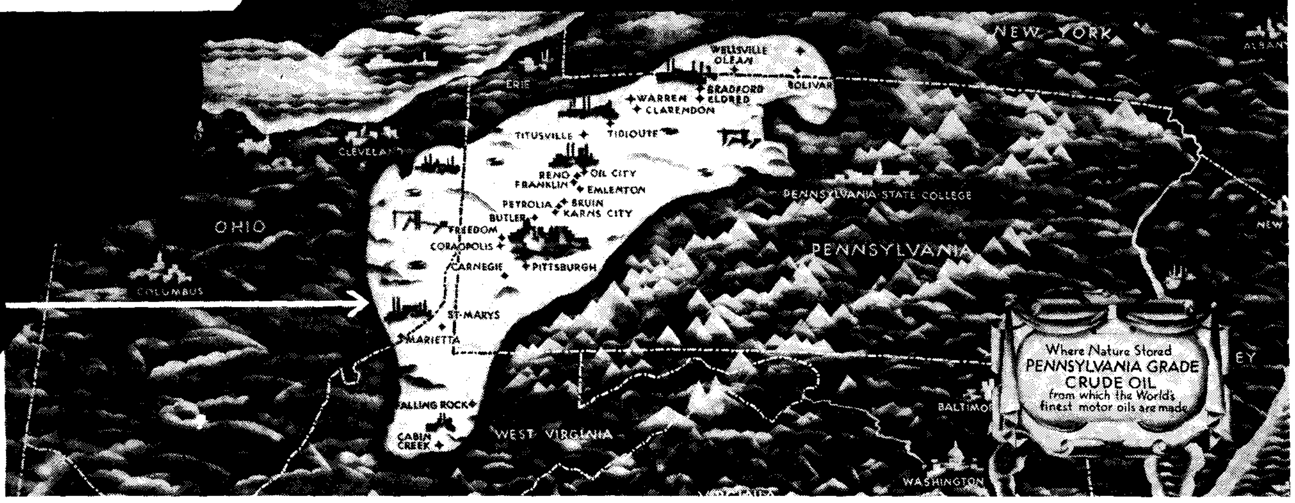
AND HERE IS WHERE THEY COME FROM!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ALBANY
ERIE
WELLSVILLE
OLEAN
BRADFORD
ELDRED
BOLIVAR
WARREN
CLARENDON
TITUSVILLE
TIDIOUTE
CLEVELAND
RENO
OIL CITY
FRANKLIN
EMLENTON
PETROLIA
BRUIN
KARNS CITY
BUTLER
FREEDOM
CORAOPOLIS
CARNEGIE
PITTSBURGH
OHIO
COLUMBUS
PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW
ST. MARYS
MARIETTA
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CRUDE OIL
from which the World's finest motor oils are made

YOU may not recognize the object the engineers are examining in the picture. Yet your car contains from six to sixteen of them! It is a piston — a vital part in every motor. The better these inner working parts are lubricated, the less it costs you to run your car.

The map shows a place that is vital to proper lubrication of your car . . . the spot where Nature stored her finest lubricant — Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The *first* oil produced in America, it is *still* first in quality. From this special crude are refined all the motor oils sold under the insignia of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. They are *better oils from the ground up.*

Every year, "new oils" made by new processes are offered to you — claiming to be "equal to Pennsylvania". Of course the art of refining motor oils is constantly being improved. But any process, to produce the finest result, must employ the best raw material. No matter what method or treatment the refiner uses, he gets a better finished motor oil from Pennsylvania Grade Crude. That's why, especially for modern motors, wise motorists insist on *genuine* Pennsylvania oils!

You can identify these superior motor oils by the emblem shown below. It has been adopted by the leading producers, refiners and marketers of Pennsylvania oils, to protect you. The emblem is not a brand, nor does it guarantee equal quality among brands which use it. Each brand is the individual maker's guarantee of quality. The Association emblem is his badge of membership.

The next time you need oil — buy an emblem-protected Pennsylvania motor oil — save money!

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Oil City, Pa.

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6 ways Pennsylvania Motor Oils save time and money

YOU GET . . .	BECAUSE . . .
1. More power for quicker pickup.	Pennsylvania oils have rich "body", sealing maximum power above the piston rings.
2. Less strain on the battery.	With Pennsylvania oils, there is less "drag" at the start.
3. A "sweeter" motor, less friction and repairs.	Their film is thicker, stronger. Less affected by heat and cold.
4. Fewer extra quarts needed between oil changes.	Pennsylvania oils have more ability to stay on the job.
5. Better protection, for your motor, against heat.	They do not thin out so much under fierce heat of engine.
6. Less sludge.	Pennsylvania oils are naturally pure. The chemical structure is stable.

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1. No adulteration — the oil is made 100% from Pennsylvania Grade Crude.
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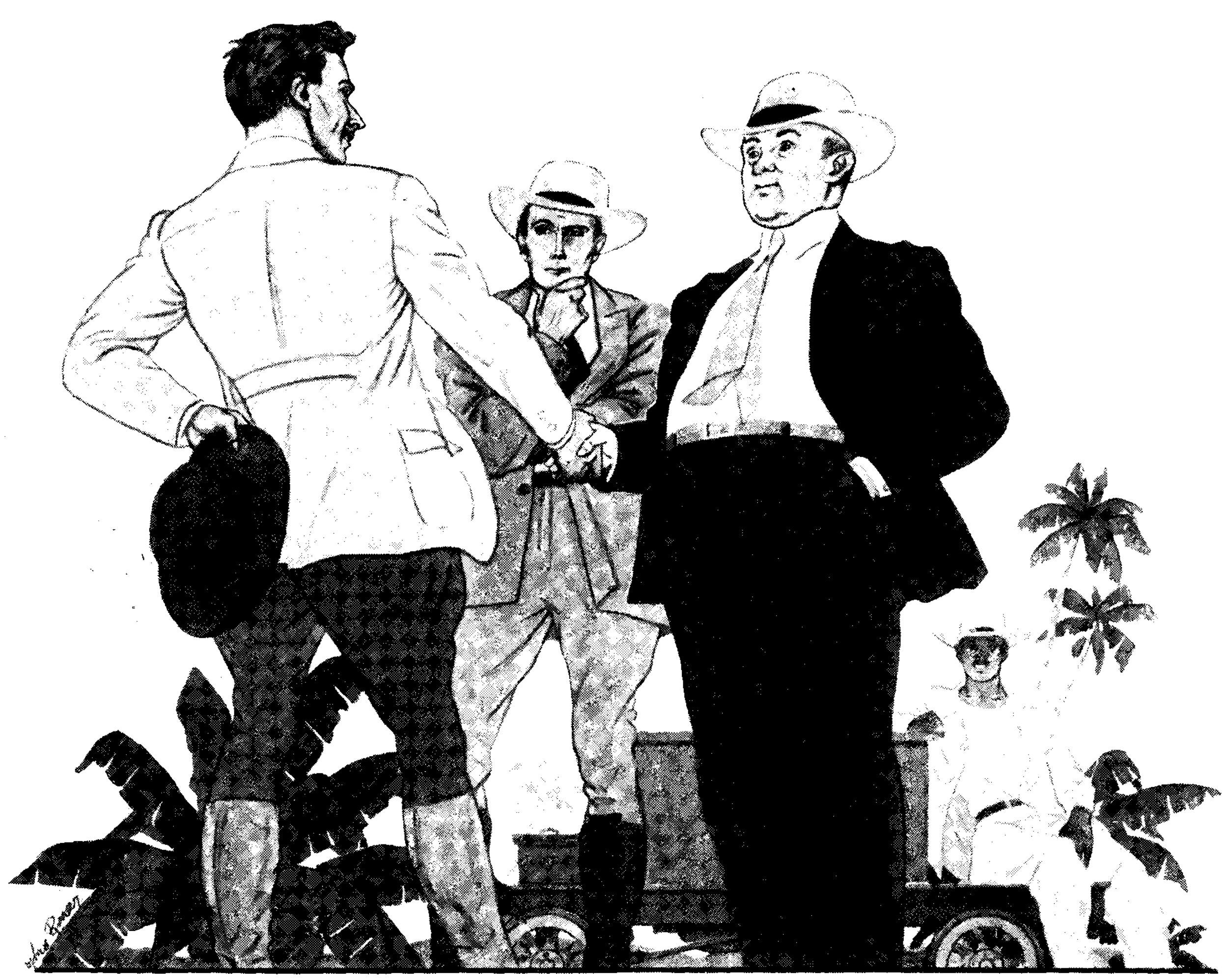
Success Story

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By James Gould Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY MILBURN ROSSER



"Very interesting, indeed, Mr. Richards," he said. "Goodby and thank you"

I MET Richards ten years or more ago when I first went down to Cuba. He was a short, sharp-faced, agreeable chap, then about twenty-two. He introduced himself to me on the boat and I was surprised to find that Panamerica Steel & Structure was sending us both to the same job.

Richards was from some not very good state university engineering school. Being the same age myself, and just out of tech, I was prepared to patronize him if I needed to; but I soon saw I didn't need to. There was really not the faintest possibility of anyone supposing that Richards was as smart as I was. In fact, I couldn't then imagine how he had managed to get his job. I have an idea now. It came to me when I happened to read a few weeks ago that Richards had been made a vice president and director of Panamerica Steel when the Prossert interests bought the old firm.

Richards was naturally likable, and I liked him a lot, once I was sure that he wasn't going to outshine me. The firm had a contract for the construction of a private railroad, about seventeen miles of it, to give United Sugar a sea terminal at a small deep-water Caribbean port. For Richards and me it was mostly an easy job of inspections and routine paper work. At least it was easy for me. It was harder for Richards, because he didn't appear ever to have mastered the use of a slide rule. When he asked me to check his figures I found it was no mere formality. "Boy," I was at last obliged to say, "you are undoubtedly the dumbest white man in Santa Clara province. If you don't buck up, Farrell will see you never get another job down here."

Richards grinned and said, "I never want another one. Not a job like this, anyway. I'm the executive type."

"Oh, you are!"

"Sure, I am. And what do I care what Farrell thinks? What can he do for me?"

"Plenty. If he thinks you're any good, he can see you get something that pays money."

"He doesn't know anything that pays money, my son."

"He knows things that would pay enough for me," I answered, annoyed.

"Oh," said Richards, "if that's all you want, when Farrell's working for me I'll make him give you a job. A good one."

"Go to the devil!" I said. I was still checking his trial figures for an extra concrete pouring at the Nombre de Dios viaduct. "Look, stupid," I said, "didn't you ever take arithmetic? How much are seven times thirteen?"

"Work that out," Richards said, "and let me have a report tomorrow."

When I had time, I continued to check his figures for him, and Farrell only caught him in a bad mistake about twice; but Farrell was the best man Panamerica Steel had. He'd been managing construction jobs both in Cuba and Mexico for twenty years. After the first month or so he simply let Richards alone and devoted himself to giving me the whole benefit of his usually sharp and scornful criticism. He was at me every minute he could spare, telling me to forget this or that and use my head, showing me little tricks of figuring and method. He said it would be a good plan to take some Spanish lessons from a clerk he named in the sugar company's office.

"SPANISH?" said Richards, when I told him he'd better join the class. "Not for me! Say, it took me twenty-two years to learn English. People who want to talk to me have to know it, or they'd better bring an interpreter with them."

"All right," I said. "I don't mind telling you the idea is Farrell's. He spoke to me about it."

"Well, he didn't speak to me," said Richards. "I guess he thinks I'm perfect the way I am. And now, if you'll excuse me, I have a date with a beer bottle."

I could easily see that he was coming to no good end.

In January several directors of the United Sugar Company came down on their annual jaunt—nominally business, but mostly pleasure; a good excuse to get south on a vacation. They came on a yacht.

The yacht belonged to Mr. Joseph Prossert, who was, I think, chairman of United Sugar's board then. It was the first time I'd ever seen at close quarters one of these really rich and powerful financial figures whose name everyone knows. He was an inconspicuous, rather stout man, with little hair on his head and a fussy, ponderous way of speaking. He dressed in some dark thin cloth that looked like alpaca. His interest in sugar and in Cuba was purely financial—he didn't know anything about it from the practical standpoint. I really saw him at close quarters, too, for he was delayed on his boat when the directors went up to Santa Inez and Farrell left Richards and me and two or three armed guards to come up that afternoon.

Mr. Prossert was very affable. He asked me a number of questions. I knew the job well enough and could have answered almost any intelligent question—I mean, the sort that a trained engineer would be likely to ask. As it was, I suppose I'd said for perhaps the third time, "I'm afraid I wouldn't know, sir. We haven't any calculations on that," getting a glance of mildly surprised disbelief, when Richards suddenly spoke up. "I think, about nine million cubic feet, sir," he said. He looked boyishly embarrassed. "I just happened to be working it out last night. Just for my own interest, that is. Not officially." He blushed.

"Oh," said Mr. Prossert, turning in his seat and giving him a sharp look. "That's very interesting, Mr.—er—Richards, isn't it? Well, now, maybe you could tell me about—"

Richards could. He knew everything. He knew to the last car the capacity of every switch and yard; he knew the load limits of every bridge and culvert; he knew the average rainfall for the last twenty years; he knew the population of the various straggling villages we passed through; he knew the heights of the distant blue peaks to the west. He had made himself familiar with local labor costs and wage scales. He had the statistics on accidents and unavoidable delays. He had figured out the costs of moving a cubic yard of earth at practically every cut and fill. All the way up Mr. Prossert fired questions at him and he fired answers right back.

When we reached the rail head, a motor was waiting to take Mr. Prossert on. Getting out of the gas car, he nodded absentmindedly to me, shook hands with Richards. "Very interesting indeed," he said. "Very interesting indeed, Mr. Richards. Goodby and thank you."

"Not at all, sir," Richards said. "Glad if I could be of service to you."

As soon as the motor moved off, I exploded. "Of all the asinine tricks! A little honest bluff doesn't hurt; but some of your so-called figures—"

"I aim to please," Richards said, grinning. "If a man like Prossert wants to know something, who am I to hold out on him?"

"I suppose you think you're smart," I told him. "What's he going to think when he looks up the figures or asks somebody who does know?"

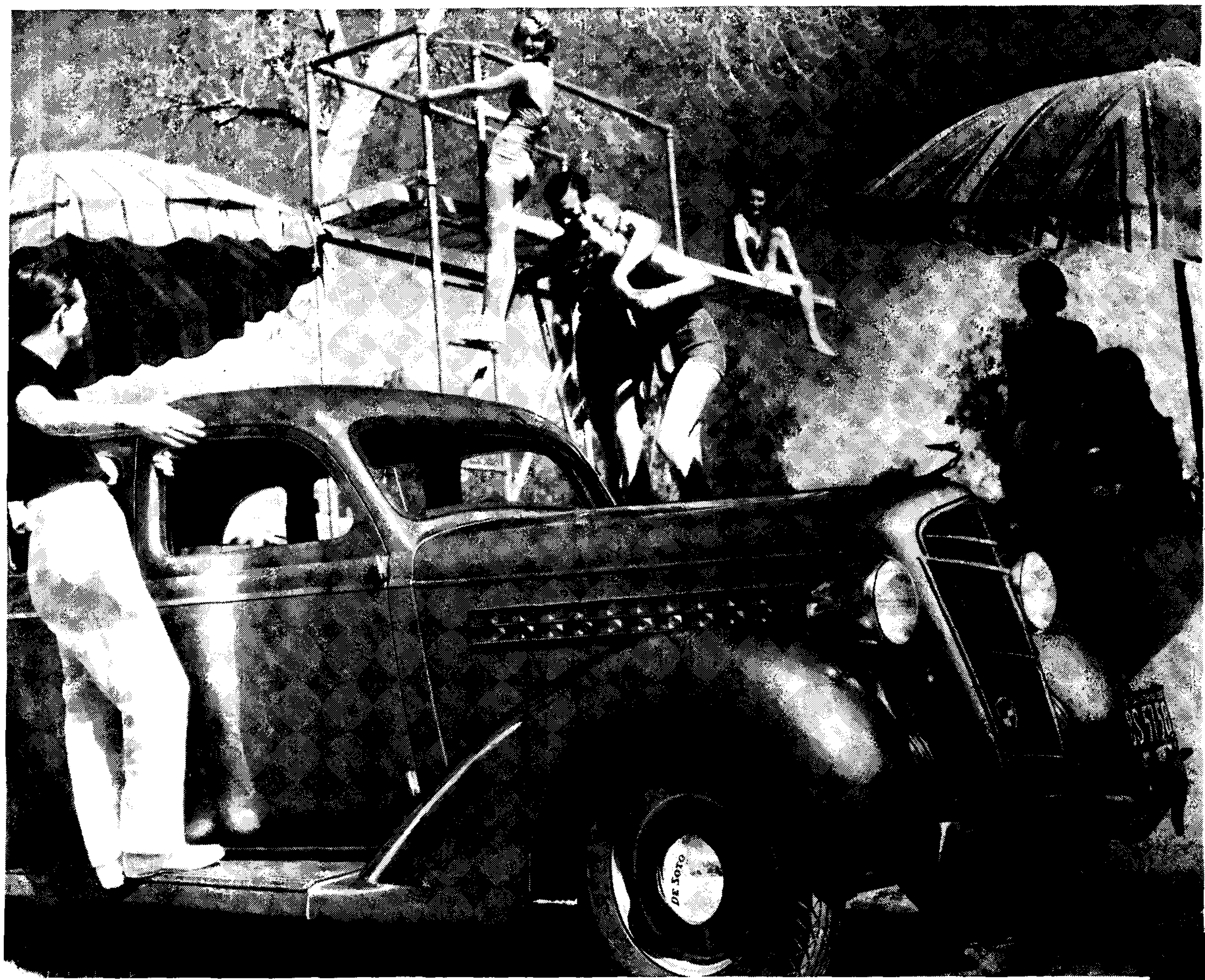
"LISTEN, my son," said Richards kindly. "He wasn't asking for any information he was going to use. He doesn't want to know those figures. If he ever does, he has plenty of people to get him the right ones. He won't remember these. I don't even remember them myself. What he is going to remember is you and me."

"Oh, yes?"

"Oh, yes," said Richards firmly. "He's going to remember that Panamerica Steel & Structure has a bright young man named Richards who could tell him everything he wanted to know when he wanted to know it—just the sort of chap he can use; not like that other fellow who took no interest in his job, couldn't answer the simplest question, and who's going to be doing small-time contracting in Cuba all his life."

"Oh, yeah?" I said. But it is true that I am still in Cuba, still doing a little work in the construction line.

DE SOTO IS BACK IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD



(*Above*) It's hard to believe this big De Soto four-door sedan costs so little . . . Only $795 (f. o. b. factory, Detroit).
(*At right*) Feed the baby . . . read the paper . . . sleep . . . at any speed . . . because of De Soto's famous "Floating Ride."

Now only

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AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY
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New Airstream costs only a few dollars more than the Lowest priced Cars!

Take a second look at that headline! In the matter of dollars and cents, there's very little difference between this Airstream De Soto and the lowest-priced cars on the market.

But in everything else there's the biggest gap that ever existed in automotive history!

You can see it at once. This Airstream De Soto is longer, roomier, smarter. In its beautifully upholstered interior, it's got the flair, finish and luxury that belong to the exclusive few.

You get performance that makes you undisputed champion of the road . . . a big 93-horsepower engine that holds 25 world speed records—and a transcontinental economy record, to boot!

You *glide* over roads that send other cars pitching. For you have the "Floating Ride" introduced by the sensational Airflow. You have hydraulic brakes that stop quicker . . . an all-steel body that's stronger . . . and a car that drives with finger-tip ease.

But above all this you have De Soto's *extra value* . . . a wealth of features that will always *keep* you as enthusiastic about the Airstream as the first time you drive it. See your De Soto dealer about the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

Individual Foot-Rests...another De Soto extra value.

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In addition to Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, the Airstream De Soto gives you other extra value features • Ninety-three Horsepower Engine • Safety-Steel Body • Weight Re-Distribution • Floating Power Engine Mountings • Finger-tip Steering.

SOMETHING NEW...

SOMETHING AMAZING

has happened to tooth brush bristle

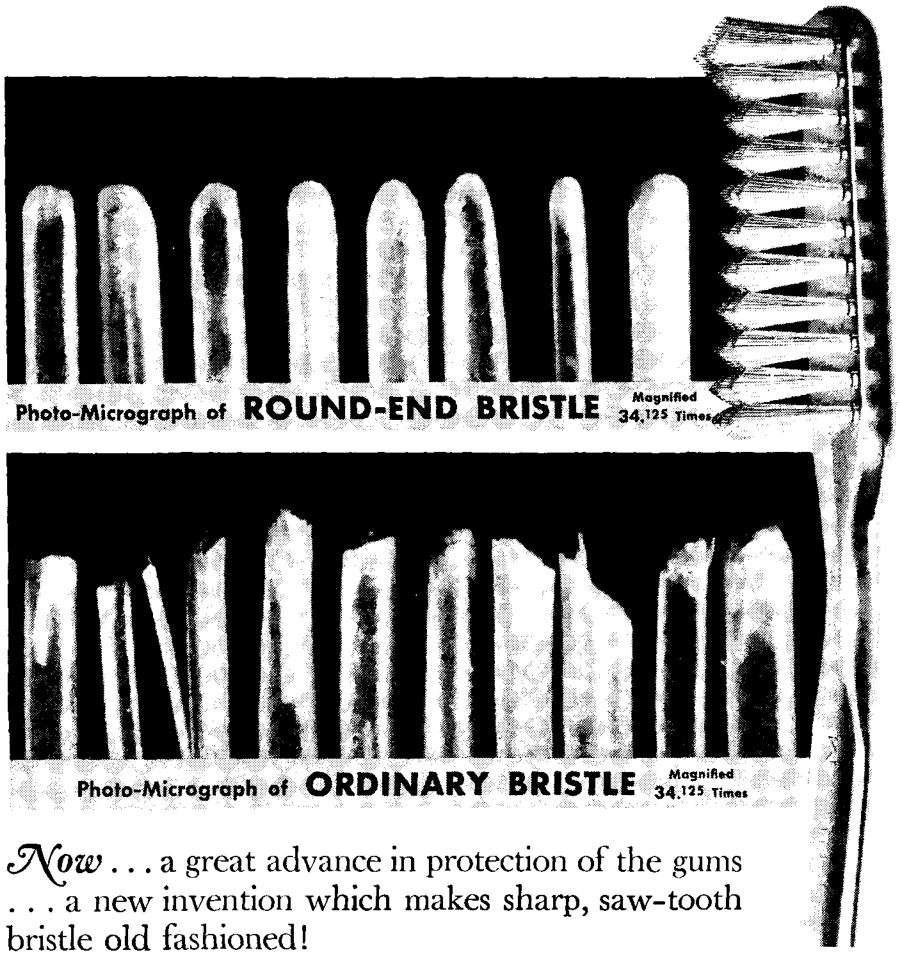


Photo-Micrograph of ROUND-END BRISTLE Magnified 34,125 Times
Photo-Micrograph of ORDINARY BRISTLE Magnified 34,125 Times

Now . . . a great advance in protection of the gums . . . a new invention which makes sharp, saw-tooth bristle old fashioned!

The startling difference between old and new is proved by the unretouched photo-micrographs, above. One picture is of a well known tooth brush purchased in the open market. The other is of the new Pro-phy-lac-tic.

All other tooth brushes have sharp, jagged, spear-like bristles; because Round-End bristle is exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic. So is Perma-Grip, our invention which ended loose bristles by "welding" them into the handle. Pro-phy-lac-tic also gives you that famous tuft on the end of the brush, which enables thorough cleaning of the back teeth.

There are four sizes of the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic, with Round-End bristle of finer quality, full of life and resistant to moisture. *Regular Adult* and *Small-type for Adults, 50¢. Youth's, 35¢. Child's, 25¢.* All in the familiar yellow and red box; guaranteed to satisfy you or your money refunded. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic

SURVEYS INDICATE 64% of all Tooth Brushes sold in the United States are TUFTED type

Napoleon of the Sea

Continued from page 19

Harris became second mate of the Aristides.

He was older now and he had learned many things. He was confident in his own ability, and a certain contempt for other men was his, necessary for the salving of his own hurt ego. He saw very clearly the path he had to tread, and he planned his future as deliberately as a great general entering upon a long campaign.

He retained his old habit of invariably staying on board when the Aristides was in port, so that in time agents and stevedores came to comment on the fact that he was always to be found when needed, even if the other officers could not be. He so thoroughly familiarized himself with his ship, its gear and condition, that it became a byword to ask Harris when any particular information was required. When men worked under him he drove them remorselessly, and labored harder than any of them, so it became understood that he could accomplish more in a given time than any other officer in the whole line. Sneeringly he became known as a company's man. The crews hated him and he knew it, but that could not be helped.

And he knew other officers despised him for showing them up, their easy-going ways, their half-familiarity with tasks they supervised. He took his mate's ticket, and then his master's before he was twenty-nine. And the examiners did not fail to comment on occasion as to his smartness. A few such comments trickled through to the right ears, more often than not to be offset by intriguing rumors and the openly sneering remarks of his shipmates. He understood all this very clearly but he did not care. He became a little wasp of a man, incisive, confident, accepting the fact that he stood alone. And he remained a second mate for six years.

There were times when he despaired. In another five or perhaps ten years, he knew, he would probably reach to a first mate's berth by virtue of a length of service which even the superintendent could not overlook. And there he might very possibly cease, as so many middle-aged men ceased. But Brant Harris didn't want that. He wanted the top, he had to have the top, to prove himself to himself, to calm his bitter spirit and repay him for all he had envied and missed. And the chance came.

STEAMING south through a calm but steel-hued Atlantic, under a flat gray sky, the Themistocles, on which he was serving at the time, sighted an abandoned ship rolling aimlessly to the swells. She sat low in the water, her rigging forlorn and broken, and her rudder clattering back and forth.

"A three-masted barkentine," said the captain of the Themistocles, lowering his glasses. "We'll take a look at her anyway."

He sent the mate over with the work boat and when the mate returned, an hour or so later, his report was brief and to the point:

"She's the Charlotsburg, American, out of Lisbon for Santos. Machinery and cased goods, so far as I had a chance to examine the cargo. Half full of water, but I imagine most of it came through the hatches; there's two broken. Her hull must be sound because there's a letter on the captain's desk, dated October 10th. He must have been writing it when they had to abandon."

"This is the 27th," agreed the captain. "So she'd have foundered long ago if she was leaking. The crew probably thought she was done for and cleared out. Well, there's a chance for someone to salvage her."

The mate bit his lip.

"I know nothing about sail," he confessed, and Brant Harris laughed, very softly.

"But I do," he said. "I served my time in sail."

The captain eyed him doubtfully, even with hostility, and gave a half-contemptuous grunt. The smart guy again.

"You don't think you could get her in, do you?"

"If her hull's sound and she's got canvas on board her I'll get her in," Harris told him. The captain hesitated. He looked at the mate and the mate gave an almost imperceptible nod. Get rid of Harris.

"Well, go take a look," said the captain at last, sourly. "I'll send over any supplies you need. How many men?"

"Six should be enough, sir."

"Pick them out and get going. I don't want to hang around all day."

FIVE hours later he put the Themistocles on her course again and saw the barkentine Charlotsburg sink into the horizon astern of him.

"Well," he said, "that gets rid of Harris."

"Thank God," added the mate.

"He'll get a nice piece of change if he gets in," observed the captain regretfully. "Oh, well, we should worry. We'll have some peace on the ship now."

He filed his report at Buenos Aires so all the shipping world knew the derelict Charlotsburg was under sail again and might be expected in. But she did not materialize for many weeks, not until she had been given up for lost again and had so been slated. And then one day she crept into Pernambuco, jury-rigged on two masts, one of her men missing, another laid up with a broken leg, her rudder gone and the only compass that had been on board her ruined by a breaking sea. It was a mild local sensation, aided by the amusing figure of her savior, which happened to take the public fancy. Lloyd's wrote a pleasant letter to Brant Harris' line and the superintendent reacted quite favorably. It was good to please the underwriters. He cabled Pernambuco: "Good work. Proceed home with men on first available ship. Appointing you first officer the Pericles. Our Pernambuco agents will handle salvage claims."

Brant Harris folded the cable slip and carefully put it away.

"One more," he told himself. "Just one more step and I can tell them all to go to hell!". . .

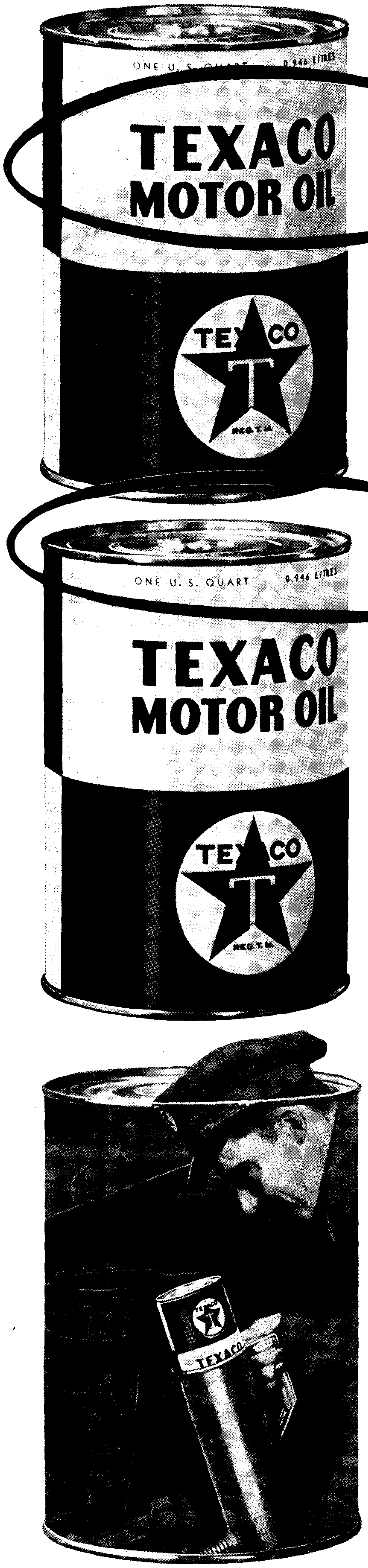
He did not expect another miracle to discover him right away. He anticipated another long wait, just as he had at times expected having to wait for sheer seniority to give him his mate's berth. But the sea, as if deciding to settle his case once and for all, suddenly became prodigal.

Brant Harris was making his second voyage as first officer of the Pericles when it happened. A cryptic and somewhat vague message came over the air from a shore station far to the north: "Bay City reports unknown steamer drifting ashore apparently out of control. Advise vessels in vicinity investigate."

The captain of the Pericles frowned and stuck the message on the chartroom file.

"No one nearer than us?" he inquired. "Well, we'll go take a look."

(Continued on page 30)


ONE U. S. QUART
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by Texaco . . . a name that makes the United States *united* in its coast-to-coast demand.

Sealed

in these bright new red and white cans which faithfully guard its refinery-quality against dirt, water . . . anything or anybody.

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A QUART FOR A QUARTER

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

"SMOKEY JOE" MARTIN, Famous Ex-Chief, New York Fire Department

A 60-foot fall through roaring flames—just one of dozens of close shaves in this smoke-eater's daring career.

"I never had a close shave I wanted to repeat—until I tried the smooth and easy kind you get with Colgate's small bubble lather!" "SMOKEY JOE" MARTIN

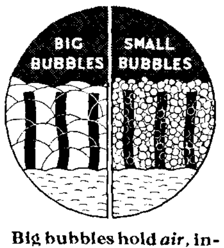
These Close Shaves are a Real Pleasure

No pain, no pull—when you use Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream!

AFRAID to shave close? No wonder—if you use the usual run of shaving creams! Such creams aren't "built for comfort" and close shaves, too.

Most lathers are made of big bubbles, full of air. They soften beards only part way down. So razors pull.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream makes a unique lather of *small* bubbles, fairly dripping with moisture. They get clear down to the very base of the beard—*strip off the oily coat that makes whiskers tough*—wilt each bristle clear down to the skin-line.

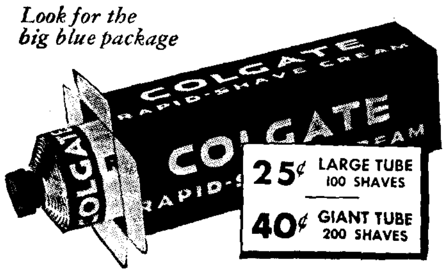


Big bubbles hold *air*, instead of water, against the beard. Small bubbles, full of moisture, soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.

Blades cut easier, work closer. No pull, because every whisker is soaked through! Shaves last hours longer, but the tenderest skin feels no after-shave discomfort.

The diagrams show why small bubbles soften beards better. Get a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream and try it out tomorrow.

Look for the big blue package



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Napoleon of the Sea

Continued from page 28

He bent over the chart and ran off the course while Brant Harris looked up Bay City in the Pilot.

"It's a fashionable summer colony," he reported after a while. "Fixed white light on Point Tanner south of it. Bad anchorage and exposed in all weathers. I suppose Bay City must have wired or phoned the information north, about the drifting steamer, I mean."

"Funny she didn't wireless herself," grumbled the captain. "That is, if she's got a wireless."

"Well, we're not far off. An hour or so ought to bring us close," Harris commented, and went out on the bridge to get the glasses. The captain jammed his pipe in his mouth and scowled at the chart.

"I suppose that damned squirt thinks he's going to land another fat salvage job," he muttered sourly. "He's too blasted smart."

THEY sighted the drifting steamer a little over an hour later. She was a small craft, the Maria of Callao, according to the flags flapping from her halyards, and from the way she yawed back and forth she was obviously out of control. She was about two miles off a broad, white beach, drifting parallel to it but edging slowly in towards a wide cove fringed with hotels and bungalows. From her foredeck a wavering column of smoke arose and Brant Harris swore when he saw it and noticed at the same time a solitary flag floating alone above her bridge. A red flag, forked. The powder flag.

"On fire and carrying explosives," he said shortly. "And it looks like she's abandoned."

"Explosives?" jerked the captain. "Then we're not going closer. Let her blow up and be damned!"

His first officer faced him, cold and incisive.

"It's not as simple as that, sir. She's drifting ashore with the wind and tide. And you'll notice the beach is black with people. I suppose none of them can read the flags."

"Well, what the hell can we do?" demanded the captain. "We'll be blown clear of the water if we try anything. How long's she been afire? If her crew's cleared out the chances are she's due to bust any minute."

"We've got to chance that, sir. We've got to get a line on her and tow her clear so the ebb will take her to sea. Otherwise that whole colony's going to be flattened."

The captain of the Pericles swore thickly and jammed the ship's telegraph to STOP.

"It's suicide to tow her," he insisted. "I'll wireless the shore station and they can get in touch with Bay City and chase the fools back into the hills or somewhere."

Brant Harris tightened his lips and adjusted his glasses again.

"There's someone left on board," he said suddenly. "Waving from the main deck. Looks like he's injured." He turned with sudden decision. "Let me take a boat and get a line on her, sir. We've got to get that man off anyway."

"Who in hell's going to take a boat alongside a floating mine?" demanded the captain. "None of the men'll take a chance."

Brant Harris set his lips tight and stared the other down.

"I'll manage it alone with the work boat, sir. Have the men lower her and step the mast. I can make the run all right with this wind and you can haul the Maria's towing wire back."

"And if she goes up while we're towing?"

"That's a chance. But if you don't try something there'll be a lot of funny things said later."

The captain checked an oath and thought. Yes, there would be a lot of funny things said if the colony went up, and women and children were killed, and a man was left on board the drifting steamer to die also, while the Pericles stood idle. He wiped cold sweat from his forehead and made a savage gesture.

"All right. If you want to commit suicide, go ahead."

Half an hour later, with a line stretching astern of him, Brant Harris eased alongside the Maria of Callao and made fast to the pilot ladder he found dangling from the rail. He went on board with the quick coolness of a man who knows he is treading on death, and he almost fell over a haggard figure in uniform, raised on one elbow on the main deck, his legs dragging and limp.

"You going to get her to sea?" he gasped. "There's six hundred tons of munitions on board, high explosives. She's been on fire, for'ard since last night. No wireless. Crew abandoned as soon as they heard. I'm Captain Auliff, American. Got two legs broken in the scramble. Should have shipped a decent crew instead of a lot of Lisbon dock rats. Not much choice, though. Running contraband. It took me all morning to get the red flag and the others up as a warning. I don't know how she's lasted so long."

"We'll talk later," snapped Brant Harris and went aft with his line to the towing wire. He ripped it off its drum, made one end fast to the bitts and slid the other through the fair-leads. The Pericles, all her crew frantic to get under cover, hauled away as soon as he had signaled. He waited until the great wire was tight and the Maria beginning to move seaward, and then he went back to the injured master on the main deck. He lowered him to his waiting boat, a terrific task with his limited strength already sapped by the heavy wire, and then, working frantically, he opened the sea cocks.

"All we can do is to pray," he said grimly. "But if she lasts until the ebb tide she'll be half under and clear." He dropped to his boat, cut free, hoisted the sail again and headed for the distant beach. "Someone's got to warn those idiots standing gaping there," he explained. "Take it easy, Captain. I'll have a doctor for you in half an hour."

THERE was, as it happened, ample time for everything, for the Maria did not blow up at all. She foundered quietly and discreetly well out at sea. But the possibility had been there and the affair caused a mild international sensation. For one thing, the government of the country to which the contraband munitions had been consigned became aware through the accident of an internal plot, and in gratitude decorated Brant Harris with the Order of the Crimson Serpent. The residents of Bay City, appalled at what might have been, raised a substantial purse and obtained for the undersized hero the Carnegie Medal. The French ambassador, whose wife and daughter had been among the onlookers at Bay City, obtained from his government the Ribbon of the Legion; Brant Harris' own government proffered the Gold Medal of the Institute for Bravery at Sea, and Lloyd's, suddenly remembering the salving of the barkentine Charlotsburg, presented him with their own famous award. It was front-page stuff and a nine-day wonder.

In his office the president of Brant Harris' line thumped on his desk and laid down the law.

"We'll give him the Demosthenes," he roared. "He's a sensation!"

"But the Demosthenes, sir," protested the superintendent. "That's our newest and biggest ship. Passenger ship, sir. We can't put a little runt like that in command. Besides, he's only thirty-three. We've always made it a policy to choose big, reassuring men. Genial men. Mature men. The sort passengers feel safe with. It's a matter of psychology. Harris will be a laughingstock."

"A laughingstock?" the president howled. "Are you mad? With all that publicity? He's an international hero! They're digging up things about him you and I have never even heard of. Did you know he's an authority on ocean currents and magnetic variations . . . whatever those are? A laughingstock! You can't laugh at a man with a dozen ribbons on his chest and a record like that. The women will be crazy about him. We'll advertise him as the most expert seaman of the century; the safest sailor of his day. The Demosthenes will be packed every voyage. You get hold of him and arrange a dinner. I'll have the mayor there and half the admiralty. *And you'd better make his* salary look like something decent before he sees those telegrams. Get going!"

THREE weeks later, on the bridge of the Demosthenes, the pilot who was taking her out of the harbor looked down at the little man beside him and gave a short, bitter laugh. His son was first officer of the vessel, *senior first* of the whole line, and he had expected him to get the command.

"Well," he said, "you certainly got the breaks."

Brant Harris nodded a little and narrowed his eyes.

"The thing is," he said dryly, "to be ready for the breaks when they come, and to know how to handle them."

The pilot muttered something under his breath, turned to give an order to the wheel, and swung back again.

"Anyway," he said maliciously, "I guess you haven't had an easy time, an undersized man like you. How tall are you, anyway?"

Brant Harris looked along his wide bridge where half a dozen fine-built, gold-braided officers waited, deferential, to serve him, most of them older than he, some with longer service. He listened a moment to the band on the dockside, playing farewell to his fifteen hundred passengers. He thought of the five rooms of his magnificent suite, of his personal stewards, of the Line's gift of old silver plate, and he was conscious of the groups of whispering and admiring women on the boat deck, looking at him, at the golden oak leaves of rank on his peaked cap, and at the row of significant ribbons that spanned his left breast.

And with it all he remembered again everything that had been, all that he had suffered and winced beneath; and the day when the mate of the Samuel Hands had advised him to quit the sea, for he was so small. And he laughed, as he could always laugh now. The world was his. Master at thirty-three, one of the youngest in the service.

"How tall am I?" he said gently. "Four feet ten, I believe. And that, if I may say, is exactly the reason I am captain."

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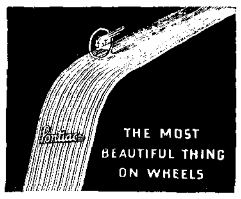
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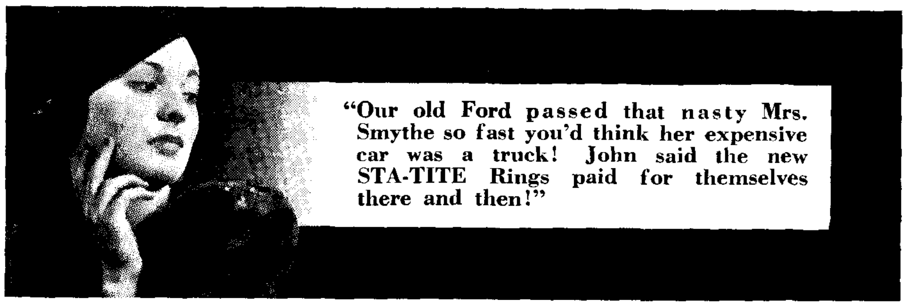

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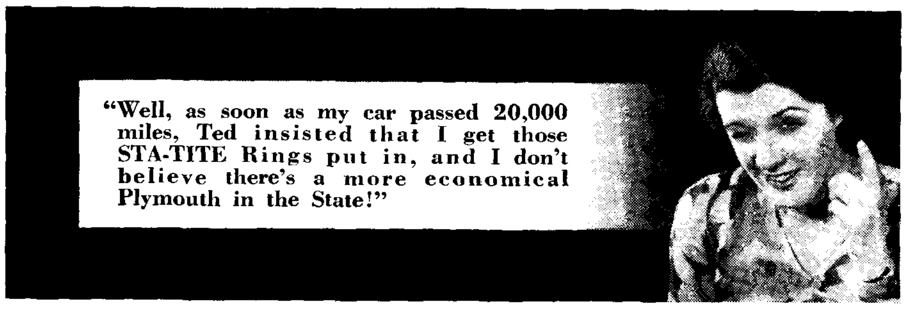
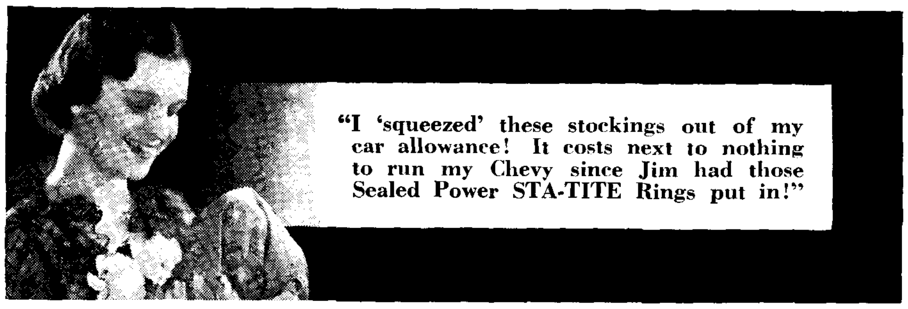
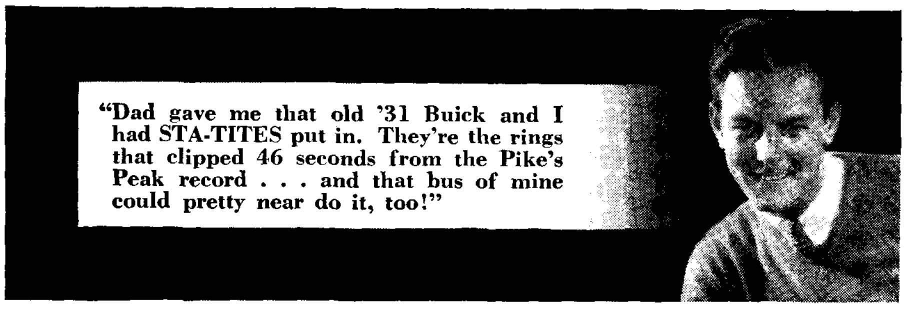


"Well, as soon as my car passed 20,000 miles, Ted insisted that I get those STA-TITE Rings put in, and I don't believe there's a more economical Plymouth in the State!"



"I 'squeezed' these stockings out of my car allowance! It costs next to nothing to run my Chevy since Jim had those Sealed Power STA-TITE Rings put in!"



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One Fall to a Finish

Continued from page 10

Her eyes were amused, but interested, too, for she was looking at a swell guy with a big, honest face and a good smile, and his head was set well on his shoulders, not hunched down in, like a lot of the mat mastodons you've seen. Of course, Sam had been some of the way through college and that makes a difference. And coming from Boston and all, he had the front all right.

Not that front ever meant a thing to Lonnie. She had a way of looking underneath and sizing people up from what she found out on her own. She didn't take anyone's word for anyone until she herself had given him the double O. And it was a lucky thing for Sam that he had what it takes.

SO THE next night found the Stadium jammed to the rafters. Sam was paired off with a home-town boy known as San Diego's Leaping Tuna. Lonnie Croyden in a sea-green suit and white gloves sat in a ringside seat. She had gardenias from her shoulder to her waist that Sam had sent her to her hotel. And she was alone. Sam's chest nearly busted wide open when he saw her. He would have liked to pick up the great dumb bunny who was his partner in the act and break every bone in his body. Maybe he could have, too, only he had his orders.

Everything had been rehearsed that afternoon just as it was supposed to go that night. Three falls to a finish, so many of this grip, so many of that grip, a certain amount of groaning and suffering, and a final drop-kick to Sam's chin that was to lay him out cold on the canvas and send the fans home feeling they'd had their money's worth. Those were the orders and they had to be carried out or there was no silver crossing the palm after the tangle.

Well, the effect of it all on Lonnie in her ringside seat must have been stunning. Here was she, who had always prided herself on judging character to a dotted *i*, watching a winner that she had picked deliberately throw the race. Lonnie had never seen a wrestling fray, but even to her untutored eye there was plenty wrong when a husky like Smiling Sam moaned and writhed with pain in a grip that was nearly falling off him.

Before the first fall, the other guy had taken a spectacular toe-hold on Smiling Sam that had the paying customers whistling and cat-calling and yelling "Fake!" all over the Stadium. And after the second fall, when the guy took the identical same hold on identically the same spot on the mat while Smiling Sam lay there with identically the same look of anguish on his face, Lonnie gathered up her gloves and her gardenias, stood up in her long, sea-green suit, said pleasantly to the stranger sitting next to her:

"Excuse me, this is where I came in."

And out she went, missing, of course, the swell drop-kick to the jaw which was to give her friend Sam the K. O. for the third and final fall.

Naturally Sam was surprised, and for a minute he forgot to look anguished while he watched her tall straight back going up the alley and out of the Stadium. And when she didn't show up for the supper he had promised to buy her after the match, Sam was more puzzled than ever and could hardly wait till the next day to ask her what was the big idea. He honestly didn't know.

At her hotel the next morning Sam was turned down flat, told that she was out. At The Tree, where he went in a burst of speed, he got another slap in the face. No, she was not there, but he might find her at the Indiana State picnic in Pioneer Park. She had promised to sing there. And there he found her, around about two o'clock, sitting on the speakers' platform. She had on a crisp linen suit and no hat covering her black hair, and Sam's heart did a couple of nip-ups when he caught sight of her.

He guessed that she had sung before, because when a boy announced that she would sing for her last number The Banks of the Wabash, the crowd seemed to know her and burst into applause and cheering. And after she had finished, it seemed as though they would never let her go.

Lonnie herself did a bit of quick breathing when she caught sight of Sam's broad shoulders pushing their way through the crowd. And she did some quick thinking, too, as to how she could get out of talking to him alone. While she was on the platform, she was okay, but once she stepped off the bottom step and set herself adrift in that mob, he would collar her, she knew, to ask her for the dope she dreaded dishing out.

But salvation was at hand. Just as she started down the wooden steps, a tiny white-haired woman stopped her. Sam stood back.

"Miss Lonnie," she said in a voice that came out surprisingly strong, "you brought tears to my eyes, and there aren't many people who have done that to me in all my eighty-three years."

"Thank you," said Lonnie, very gracious and smiling.

Sam stepped forward. "Can I speak to you for just a moment, Lonnie?"

"Hello, Sam," said Lonnie. "This is Mr. Lovett, Mrs.—?"

"Miss," corrected the old lady, "Miss Tooke."

"How do you do? Can I speak to you, Lonnie?" Sam was an engineer with a one-track mind.

"Well, I promised the delegation from Sullivan County that I'd come over and sing them a song. They're at the northwest end of the park. Miss Tooke is coming with me, aren't you, Miss Tooke?"

Miss Tooke had to say she was, since Lonnie had her by the arm and was trotting her along.

"Don't leave me, please, Miss Tooke," she whispered.

THE old lady looked up at Lonnie in surprise and then over her shoulder at Sam, who was right on their heels.

"Has he a weapon?" she asked.

"I don't think he'd shoot me right here at the picnic."

"If he does," said Miss Tooke with a twinkle in her eye which Lonnie missed, "I hope he's a good shot. I don't mind being murdered if it's coming to me, but I hate to be shot for someone else."

Lonnie, taken by surprise, laughed spontaneously, and felt better after it.

They had a wonderful time with the Sullivan County people, Miss Tooke and Lonnie. They drank beer and ate potato chips, and Lonnie sat on the ground and sang funny little songs until the Noble County people, hearing all the laughs, sent a delegation over to invite Lonnie to join them for a while.

"Where I go Miss Tooke goes," replied Lonnie. And the little old lady, feeling chipper on half a glass of beer which filled her up to the gills, stepped out like a colt.

"Haven't had so much fun since the last G. A. R. parade," she confided.

All through the afternoon they popped about from one county delegation to another, spreading cheer. Sam was a good sport. He trailed along with them, adding his bit to the general fun. He knew he was sticking his neck out, but he was so gone on that girl that he didn't care.

"Please, Lonnie," he said over and over again. And his eyes pleaded with her every time she looked in his direction.

Lonnie knew a few of the rules of square-shooting. In fact, she probably knew them all. So at last she let him have it, straight from the shoulder. Yeah, and right from the heart, too. There was no use pretending she wasn't interested in him, because she was.

"I haven't any time for jockeys that throw races," she told him.

"But, gee, kid," he objected, "wrestling's not a sport. It's just a way of making money."

Later on, when he was buying popcorn for them, he got another idea.

"Listen, Lonnie," he said, kind of hopeful, "some night you'll come to a match and see me win instead of lose, see? It all evens up. I get my innings, too."

"And I never cared for dealers that slid them off the bottom of the pack, or could cut aces when they wanted them," Lonnie answered.

All this shouldn't have made much sense to the white-haired, eighty-three-year-old Miss Tooke. But somehow she seemed to know what was going on. And once when Lonnie said something that made Sam wince, which wasn't like Lonnie, Miss Tooke nearly knocked them both cold by coming out with:

"I understood that strangle-holds were barred these days."

"I'm sorry, Sam," said Lonnie quickly in a low voice, which only made it tougher on Sam, who couldn't speak because his heart thumped so right then.

When they came along to Miss Tooke's county, Sam stumbled onto the fact that her eighty-three years made her the oldest woman there, so he lifted her up on a picnic table and proposed a toast. And Miss Tooke surprised them all by singing a little song called Prairie Child, which she said her mother sang to her and her brothers and sisters coming to California in a prairie schooner. It was sort of quavery, but it got a great hand, and a few tears, too.

"My dear," she said to Lonnie afterward, "it's that half glass of beer I drank. I've never had such a good time in my life."

They drove her home in Sam's little roadster. Just before she got out, she patted Lonnie on the hand and said, right out of the blue:

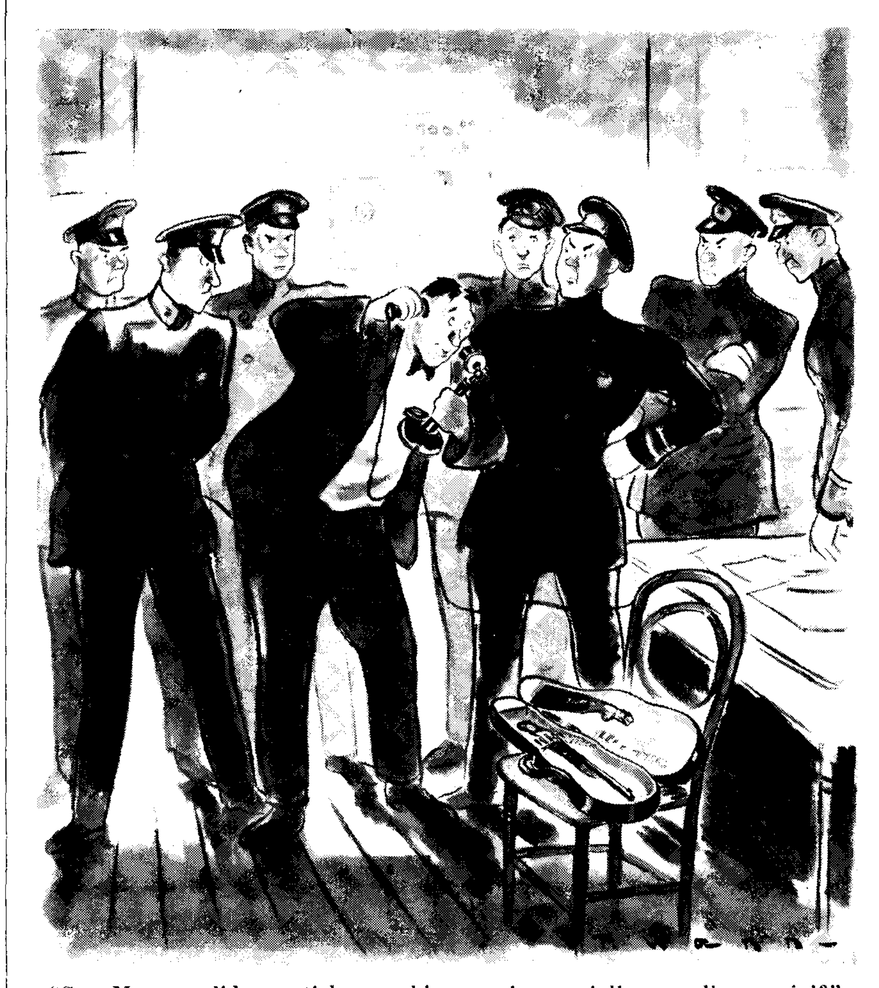
"Reserve judgment, my dear. Reserve judgment."

Sam looked puzzled. But Lonnie smiled and nodded her head thoughtfully. Evidently she knew what Miss Tooke meant even if Sam didn't.

WELL, that's a woman for you. Miss Tooke must have known it would have been better for everyone if Lonnie had pulled out right then and there. Lonnie must have known, too. Sam didn't get her point about faked wrestling at all, or wouldn't get it. But instead of dropping him cold that night as she should have, Lonnie let things slide along. Women are like that. They fret and fuss about what they ought to do, and then go right ahead and do what they want to do. Then pretty soon they're in so deep that they're floundering, and it takes all the heart out of them to pull out of it. A thing like love gets deep so quick, too.

Anyhow, every time she was with Sam, Lonnie dinged and hammered away at him for not being an up-and-up fighter. First he just laughed it off. Then it began to get under his skin, because the more she meant to him the more it hurt, what she said to him. Then one afternoon when everything had started out swell and ended up in a scrap like their afternoons usually did, Sam took his head in his hands, and

(Continued on page 34)



"Say, Mamma, did you stick a machine gun in my violin case dis mornin'?"

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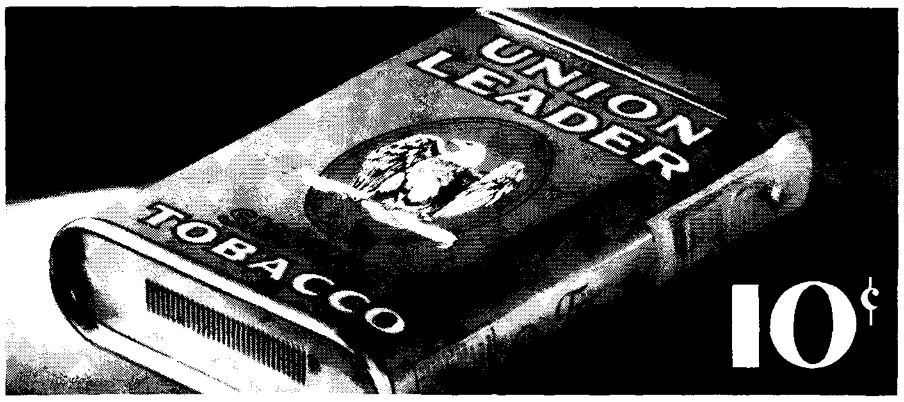

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(*Continued from page* 33)

there was real pain in his face, no faking.

"Oh, God," he cried, "I wish I'd never stepped foot in a ring."

Lonnie was shocked. "No, no, Sam!" she said. "Oh, what have I done? You don't understand me, Sam!"

She put her long arms around him and held him close, but he didn't seem to notice. He was like a little boy with hurt feelings.

"Well," he said, "I guess you and I could never hit it off, baby."

Lonnie took her arms away slowly. "I guess not, Sam," she answered in a low voice.

"Well, that's that," Sam said, which proved how wrong he could be. That was far from being that.

Talk about ghosts and such! From then on Sam lived in a world run jointly by Conan Doyle and Emperor Jones. Everywhere he turned, there was Lonnie standing up in front of him, tall and slim and appealing, her head thrown back so that he could see all of her long white throat, which nearly drove him wild with longing. Every time he heard music, even just walking by the outside of a radio store, it was some song that Lonnie sang. It was enough to send a man off his nut.

MEANWHILE, there was Lonnie still packing them in at The Tree. You wouldn't have seen much difference in her unless maybe you looked close and noticed that her eyes seemed a little deeper in her head, unless once in a while you caught a huskiness in a voice that used to be always so clear. But the paying customers, they weren't looking for things like that. The kind of songs Lonnie sang went over better if her eyes were a little bit bigger and darker and her voice a little bit husky. Did they eat it up and ask for more? Like Popeye eats spinach and loves it! Why, Prez Preston even raised her pay for fear she'd get high-hat and go somewhere else for more money.

Prez needn't have worried. Lonnie wasn't going anyplace where Smiling Sam Lovett might not be able to find her in case he wanted her. Once a week or so she used to go out to gab a while with little Miss Tooke, though Miss Tooke did most of the gabbing. Lonnie just sat and listened, and sometimes didn't even listen.

Then one night at The Tree it came, the message she was waiting for, the note from Sam. Funny sort of love letter when she opened it. Just two tickets to the wrestling matches at the Stadium the next night, and a slip of paper with "Please come" written on it. But it seemed to be okay with Lonnie.

The next morning she made a beeline for Miss Tooke's with the two tickets.

"You've got to come with me, Miss Tooke," she said.

"It's none of my business," said the old lady, "and my mother always told me I was better off if I minded my own business. But"—her eyes twinkled—"I've never seen a wrestling fight."

"Then it's settled," said Lonnie. "I'll call for you."

Funny thing, Lonnie thought to herself on the way home, that Lonnie Croyden, after all her years of batting round alone, should suddenly feel the need of a chaperon! Funny thing, for the tall, strong Lonnie to be depending upon a tiny, white-haired old lady, an old maid, too.

Anyway, there was Miss Tooke the next night sitting in a ringside seat, looking as though she belonged there about as much as a canary belongs at a crows' convention. And next to her was Lonnie, taking up the program in fingers that trembled. Remember, it had been three weeks since she had seen Sam or heard from him. Besides, she was in the dark as to why she was there at the ringside. All she knew was that he had sent for her and she had come. No, she knew more than that. She knew that wherever he was, whenever he sent for her, she would always come. That probably was what made her hands act like they had the palsy.

"'Smiling Sam Lovett of Boston,'" Miss Tooke read from the program, "'*vs.* Louis Hesnick, the Kansas Boll Weevil.' I'm not quite sure I know what '*vs.*' means, Lonnie."

All that Lonnie knew was that she would have to sit through three matches before she saw Sam. . . .

When Sam stepped through the ropes, he had a broad smile on his face. But Sam's smile didn't mean very much. Just part of his front, like the braid on a uniform. And when he looked around him and caught sight of Lonnie down below him, his smile faded. He swallowed hard, and his eyes looked into hers as though they were drinking down all the beauty of her in one gulp. He'd been needing that drink, too. For three weeks he'd been needing it.

It seems, though Lonnie didn't know it at the time, that Sam had tipped off the Kansas Boll Weevil that this fight was to be on the level, every man for himself. This was all right with the Weevil. He was one of those let's-you-and-me-have-a-fight kind of guys. He figured he could win anyway and there was more fun with the barriers let down.

The first the fans knew of it was when Sam won the first fall. It set the house upon its ear. About half of them knew that Sam was supposed to lose the first fall and win the second so that everyone would be all ga-ga for the last one. And the other half that didn't know it guessed that something was wrong by the surprised expression on the Boll Weevil's face.

From then on it was a sweet street brawl. Fans who were in the Stadium that night still talk about it. Say, those two pit bulls raised so much sand that a couple of impromptu fights started in the bleachers and the cops had to come in and quietly sit down on them. There were rabbit punches, knee jolts, clubbing and kicking, all the man-killing tactics known to the wrestling ring.

After the second fall, which Kansas Louis won, leaving Smiling Sam quite some groggy, the massacre began in earnest. Sam got the most thoroughly scientific going-over that any man has ever gotten. He didn't seem to know half what he was doing, and a couple of times the Weevil pulled him off the mat to his feet to keep the battle going a little longer.

DOWN in the ringside seats when the slaughter first began, Miss Tooke dropped one of her gloves.

"Lonnie," she said, and Lonnie obligingly went down out of sight to retrieve it. Then, surprisingly, Miss Tooke dropped the other glove. And after Lonnie had found them, which took some time, Miss Tooke dropped her bag, and after that, one of the gloves again. So Lonnie most of the time was under the seat looking for things, which most likely pleased her better than being on top looking at things. But they were game, both those women. They stayed right through until the time when Sam's chin had to be unhooked from the ropes so that his neck could be pulled through, and the body was carried, limp and gory, to its dressing-room.

Lonnie went back to Miss Tooke's with mixed feelings of fright and pride. So that was why he had wanted her at that fight! That much was plain. But what now? It was half-past ten, but in spite of Miss Tooke's broad hints about the amount of sleep a woman of her age needed, Lonnie wouldn't go home. She knew that Sam would go straight to her hotel. He might not think of coming here for her; and if he did, at least she would have the strength of Miss Tooke's presence.

"It's not late," said Lonnie.

"A woman of my age—" began the old lady again.

"Please, Miss Tooke, talk to me," Lonnie begged.

So Miss Tooke told about the silk banner that the ladies of the state society were making, about the children in the day nursery, and about the surprise party being planned for the minister next Thursday. And eventually, about eleven o'clock, Sam arrived.

"Don't let him in, Miss Tooke," said Lonnie in panic.

The old lady wouldn't catch on, but went out into the hall where Lonnie heard her say:

"Why, Mr. Lovett, you're a terrible sight. I almost wouldn't have known you except that I'm not expecting any other man here tonight."

"Then she's here?" asked Sam, all eager. And Lonnie felt herself go weak.

"In the front parlor."

"Miss Tooke!" Lonnie's deep voice pleaded.

Then Miss Tooke did something you'd never expect from her. She turned traitor, deserted a friend in need. She came to the parlor door and spoke her piece:

"I'm tired of being a prop for you, Lonnie Croyden. You're big enough and ugly enough to stand on your own feet. I'm tired of being wanted by only half the company." She nodded her head determined-like as she started to go upstairs. "And besides, a woman of my age—" Her voice trailed off up the stairs.

THERE they were again, face to face, and no table between them either.

"You do look awful," said Lonnie nervously.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, I didn't mean—"

They fell silent again.

"Lonnie," said Sam, "if I had won that match tonight, I wouldn't have gotten a cent for it."

"I know."

"Lonnie, I tried to win tonight. As far as I was concerned, the match was on the up-and-up, strictly on the level."

"And the other guy?" There was a hint of laughter in her voice. She always loved teasing him.

He waved that off. "Oh, he thought of a lot of good ideas before I thought of them, is all."

He was very close to her, so close that she dared not lift her head.

"This means I'll have to be looking for a job," he said casually, and added confidently, "I guess I'll get one all right."

She didn't say a thing, but continued to look down.

"Tell me, Lonnie, does it make any difference to you that I tried to win?"

That was what she had been waiting for. She looked up at him then from those dark eyes which burned so deep in her head, and all her fears, all her panic seemed to drop away from her.

"It makes all the difference in the world," she said. The tone of her voice was pure gold.

He took her slim body into his arms and hid his face in that white throat whose image had tantalized him so for the last three weeks.

"Then that's that," he declared, sighing. "I can take a beating from anyone but you, Lonnie. I don't know why I tried to thrash around. I was pinned to the mat for the count the first time I saw you."

She put her long arms around his neck in something like a strangle-hold. And that was that, just as Sam said.

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 36

I'd go see him. First place, I wanted to ask him about the kids as I wasn't satisfied with Ginder. Second place, I wanted to shake hands with him. And of course, after you busted out in print that way, I was pretty sure you wouldn't mind if I brought him out to see you."

"Sure. He's one of the boys now," said Red, sinking back. "The kids going to pull through, Bob?"

"I don't know. Doc here says typhoid is a mighty serious thing."

Red turned to Cardwell.

"Serious, eh? I hear they got some cases over at the settlement." He turned. "Hey, snap up that coffee."

There was a short silence. The uproar had died down now. The bandits had retired to their chairs and cots, leaving Red, Cardwell and Catlett to their conversation. Muggsey came with the coffeepot and while she was pouring out a cup for Cardwell, she patted his face and leaned against him.

"Hey," said Red, "ain't you carrying your hospitality too far?"

"What do you care? You're getting yourself a new girl. Maybe I can get myself a new man."

"You picked the wrong one. Try Bob. Doc don't like floosies."

"Oh, I don't know," said Muggsey, tossing her head and putting down the coffeepot. "He's living with one."

Cardwell paled but said nothing. Catlett looked apprehensively about him; then he took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Muggsey," said Red, "you're going to go too far some day and they're going to find you with your hands folded."

"I don't care if they do," said Muggsey, then she burst out crying.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Bob.

"Aw, I give her the gate. She bores me," said Red. "Say, Doc, what about Jo Gray? Is she out too?"

"Yes. They let us both out."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

Red jumped up.

"Say!"

"She went home when I did. But when I left with Bob, she was gone."

"Say, you got to find her. I was going to tell you you could stay here now. But, look, Doc, you got to find that girl." Red was very much excited and kept moving about.

"She's gone," laughed Muggsey. "Oh, ain't that a hot one?"

CARDWELL saw Red's chest swell, saw the muscles of his arms tighten, heard him gritting his teeth; he was pretty sure that Red was going to hit the girl, so he said sharply:

"Red!"

Red turned, his eyes flashing.

"Yeah?"

"Sit down here a minute. Let me get a good look at you."

Cardwell spoke in such a peremptory way that Catlett started, then glanced at Red, who was staring at Cardwell with his mouth open.

"What's the idea, Doc?" Red sat down.

Cardwell moved the lamp closer and carefully studied Red's face, then without speaking, he rose and, holding up the lamp, said:

"Let me see your tongue, Red."

Red grimaced and grumbled and muttered: "What the hell, Doc?" but after a long hesitation he put out his tongue.

"All right," said Cardwell, then he put down the lamp and sat shaking his head.

"How do you feel, Red?"

"Why, all right, I guess. Why, Doc?"

Cardwell ignored the question.

"Any sickness around here?"

"Why, no. Wait a minute. Yes. Three of the boys are off their feed, but that don't prove nothing. We had a big party last night and everybody got so boiled they couldn't tell their right hand from their left."

"No, that doesn't prove anything. Oh, well. It doesn't matter. I might be wrong." Catlett sat looking at Cardwell with his mouth open. "Listen, Red, didn't you say something about my staying here? Well, I couldn't do that. If I disappeared they'd start combing the county for me. It wouldn't do."

"Yeah," said Red, his face a yard long, "maybe you're right. But, listen, you got to find that girl for me, Doc. When we pull out I want her along. Get me?"

"I'll do what I can."

THERE was a long silence. Cardwell poured himself another cup of coffee, which he drank leisurely, glancing at Red from time to time. Finally he said:

"You know that typhoid is a terrible thing. I've seen men, big strong men, drop over like that. Just die. They didn't know how sick they were. It perforates the bowels, you know. A man hasn't got a chance."

"It what?" said Red, staring.

"It makes holes in your intestines. You just die, that's all. There's a good deal of a scare in Big Bend."

"Yeah?"

"It comes from tainted water. The water gets polluted, you drink it and you've got typhoid. The water may look as clear as a crystal, but it's worse than drinking poison." Cardwell sighed. "It looks to me like the beginning of an epidemic in this county. I've seen them before. I was talking with a health officer the day before I was arrested. He said they'd find the source of infection in Skintown. They get their water from Cold Springs Creek, don't they, Catlett?"

Catlett gulped.

"Y—yes."

"What!" cried Red. "Why, Bob, say, ain't that where we get our water from?"

"Yes."

There was dead silence.

Catlett cleared his throat.

"To tell you the truth, Doc, I don't feel none too good myself."

Cardwell almost dropped his cigarette. He stared at Catlett. The man was serious!

"How does it take you?" asked Red.

"Headache. Pains in the back. Coated tongue. General feeling of not being up to par."

Red got up and stood staring. "Say, Doc, you better come take a look at Cinq Laval. He looks pretty bad to me. Course he was boiled to the ears last night, but all the same . . ."

At a look from Cardwell, Catlett got up and they followed Red across the ballroom and into a big room at the far end in which there were an enormous old-fashioned bed and two cots. One of the cots was unoccupied; on the other a big man in a blue silk shirt and jean pants was lying; he was pale and did not even look up when they came in. But Cinq raised up on one elbow and smiled feebly at them.

"Hello, Doc," he said. "You sure come at the right time. Got anything for a pile-driver headache?"

"I think so," said Cardwell, then he

(Continued on page 40)

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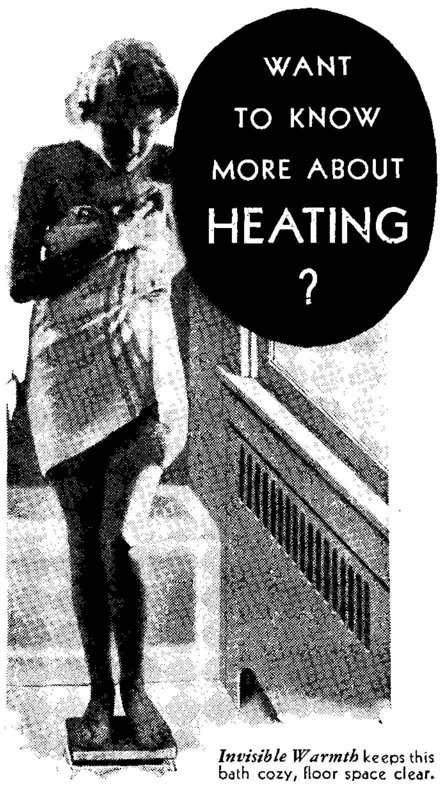

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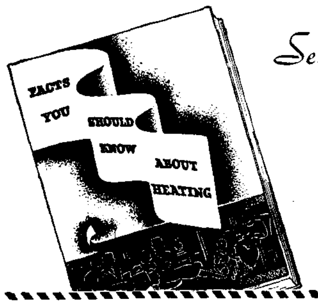

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(Continued from page 39)

sat down on the bed and put his hand on the man's head.

"H'm, a little fever."

"Yeah?" said Red.

"No wonder," laughed Cinq. "That stuff I was drinking would take the paint off a battleship."

Cardwell said nothing, looking very grave. He took a small black-leather medicine case out of his coat pocket, and opening it, extracted a thermometer.

"All right, Cinq," he said. "We'll just see how much fever you've got."

And while Cinq held the thermometer in his mouth, Cardwell took out his watch and counted Cinq's pulse rate. Red and Catlett stood staring.

"A little fast," said Cardwell as if to himself, then he took out the thermometer, which he studied for a long time, holding it up carefully to the light. Finally, he turned and got up.

"Think I'll live?" laughed Cinq.

But Red said:

"Don't laugh too soon, son." Then he turned to stare at Cardwell, who was pacing up and down.

"Well, Doc."

"Oh, nothing to worry about. Nothing to worry about. Cinq, I'd stay in bed tomorrow if I were you. Just rest up, understand? You've got some fever. Come on, Bob, I've got to be getting back to Big Bend."

Cardwell went out the door before Catlett could get ahead of him. Red followed quickly and took Cardwell by the arm.

"Say, Doc, has this guy got . . . ?"

But Cardwell motioned for him to be quiet and said: "Shut that door."

Red pushed the door to, then he turned.

"Now don't kid me, Doc. Has this guy got that disease you was talking about?"

"I wouldn't want to say positively. I don't want to worry you. But he may have."

"Good Lord! Say, Doc, is that disease what you call . . . well . . . is it . . .?"

"Contagious? Yes; very."

"You mean you can catch it by just being around them?"

"Yes. That's why I'm getting back to Big Bend. I can't afford to get sick out here. I've got to get home."

"Say, does it hit you that quick?"

"Sometimes."

"You know, Doc, I haven't been feeling any too good myself." Red passed his hand slowly over his face and stood staring off across the room. "Boy, what a mess if we'd get that disease now," he said. "Why, we was aiming to head for Oklahoma tomorrow or next day. Bugs has got a big one for us to work on. Big money; biggest yet. Why, say, wouldn't we be easy meat for them G men they got running all over the country?"

CARDWELL started to go, then he hesitated.

"Bob, I'll tell you," he said. "I think we better take a shot. It's safer that way."

In the gloom of the ballroom Catlett's eyes seemed to be all whites.

"Shot? What kind of a shot? Liquor?"

But Red wasn't paying attention. He turned suddenly and began to walk among the cots.

"Doc says there's going to be a—" he turned. "What was that there was going to be, Doc?"

"An epidemic. In a big epidemic half the town may come down with the disease."

"Good Lord," said Catlett, staring at Cardwell. "No fooling. I didn't know it was that bad."

Cardwell turned slightly and winked at Catlett, who started, then hung his head. Cardwell saw that Catlett's hands were shaking and regretted having enlightened him. But he was afraid that if Catlett continued to think that he was in dead earnest he might give the show away by some blunder.

"Yeah," said Red. "An epidemic. Typhoid. It makes holes in your stomach. You just drop over. It comes from the water right out of that creek over there."

There was a dead silence. Somebody gulped, then Muggsey said:

"Horsefeathers!"

But nobody laughed.

Cardwell ignored them. Turning, he sat down at Red's table and taking out a small hypodermic syringe, he began to roll back his coat sleeve. Catlett looked on with his mouth open. Red turned, stared, then came swiftly across the room, and stood with his hands on his hips, watching Cardwell, who turned back his shirt cuff and shot some fluid into his arm.

"All right, Bob," he said. "You're next."

CATLETT stepped up, his face the picture of anxiety.

"Now, Doc, are you sure . . . dead sure . . . ?"

Cardwell said nothing. He turned back Catlett's sleeve and applied the needle.

"Ouch!" said Catlett, jumping.

Gradually the rest of the mob left their cots and chairs and began to crowd around Cardwell, who snapped his medicine case shut, slipped it into his pocket and got up.

"Say, Doc," said Red, "what was you doing there? What was that thing for? Dope?"

"No. I just took a little shot of serum."

"Serum? What's that?"

"It's something they use to stop a disease. Now I've got to go."

"Well, look," said Red, "how come you give Bob here a shot?"

"He was exposed, wasn't he? If Cinq's got it, we were all exposed."

Red put his hand on Cardwell's arm.

"Now wait. I'm kind of slow on this kind of stuff. I was in there, wasn't I, just the same as Bob?"

Cardwell laughed shortly.

"Yes. But Bob has to drive me back to town; you don't."

"You mean . . ." Red's eyes got big and he shook Cardwell roughly by the shoulder. "You mean you fixed Bob up, eh? You mean I can just go hang as far as you're concerned, eh? Say, Doc, that's a hell of a way to do."

"Well, if you want a shot I've got some left. But I can't be all night about it."

Red looked doubtful. Somebody hissed:

"Did you hear what he said? Cinq Laval! Why, Cinq's been sick all day."

"Say, Red," called Al, "why don't you let us in on this? Has the frog got this here disease?"

"Doc thinks so. He won't say so. But I know. He took a shot, didn't he?"

"Yeah," said somebody, "we used to take them shots in the army. I took a shot for everything and I never caught nothing."

Red turned, his eyes flashing.

"How much of that stuff you got, Doc?"

"Not much."

"Well, how much?"

"Enough for a dozen people or so, I guess. But I'd like to keep most of it. I may need it in town."

"In town?" Red shouted. "He needs it in town. Say, Doc, you get busy. I can't have this bunch getting sick on my hands. Line up, you guys. Anybody that don't want it, don't have to take it, but if any of you wise birds get sick, you'll stay right here and the G men can cart you to the hospital."

TURNING, Cardwell saw the state Catlett was in. He was shaking like a leaf.

"Bob," he said sharply, "you've got to help me."

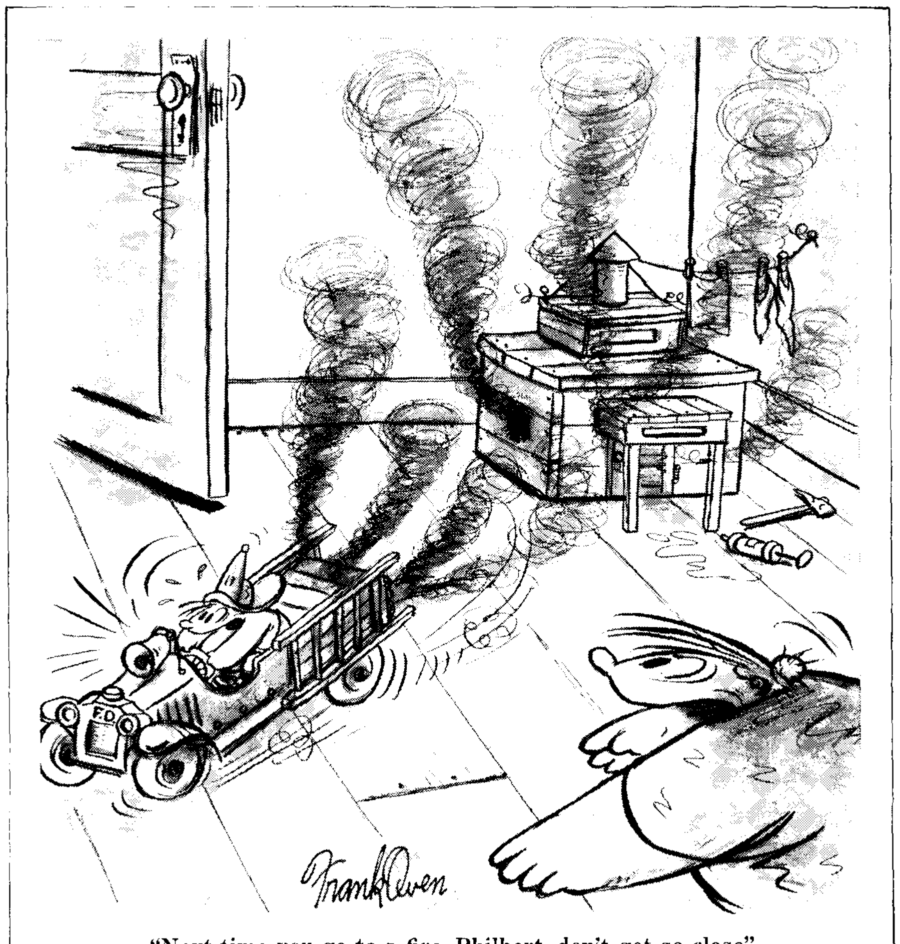
"All . . . all right. What do I do?"

"Here's some iodine. When I use the needle I'll pass them on to you and you take this cotton and put some iodine on the puncture. All set? Well, here we go. I hope this stuff holds out."

Red came first, exposing an arm like a circus strong man's.

"Ha," he said, after it was over, "now I feel better."

(Continued on page 42)



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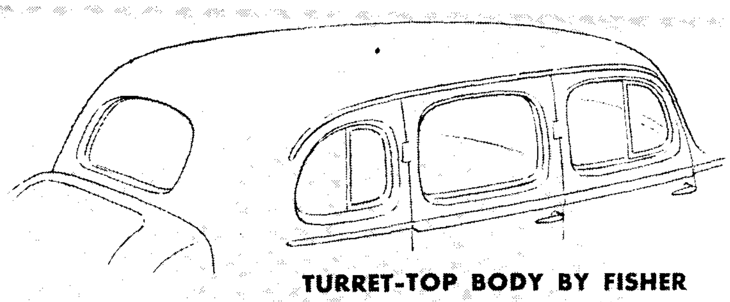

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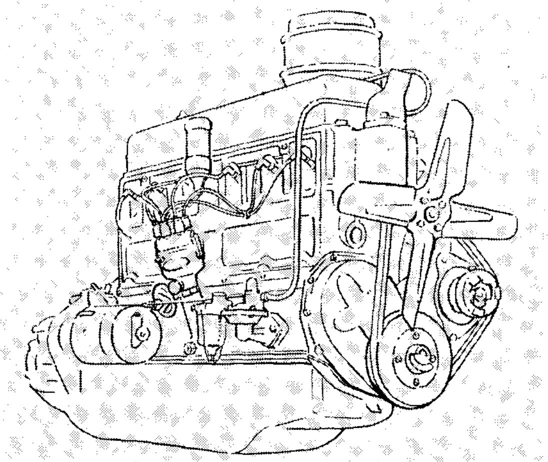

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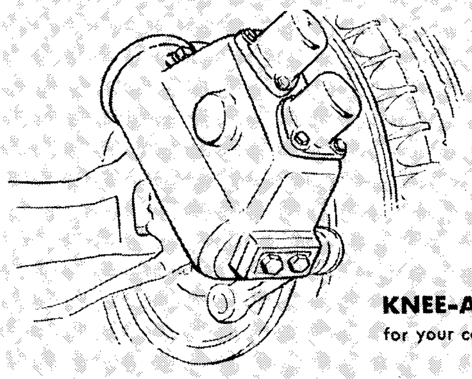

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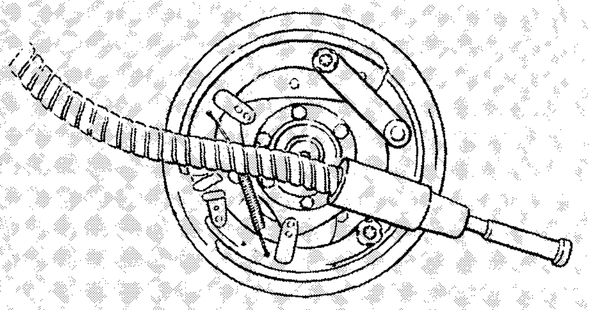

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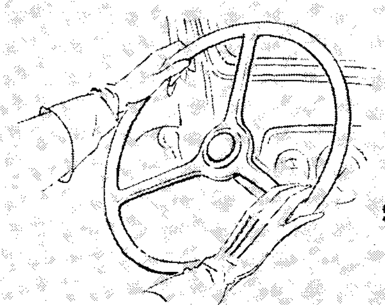

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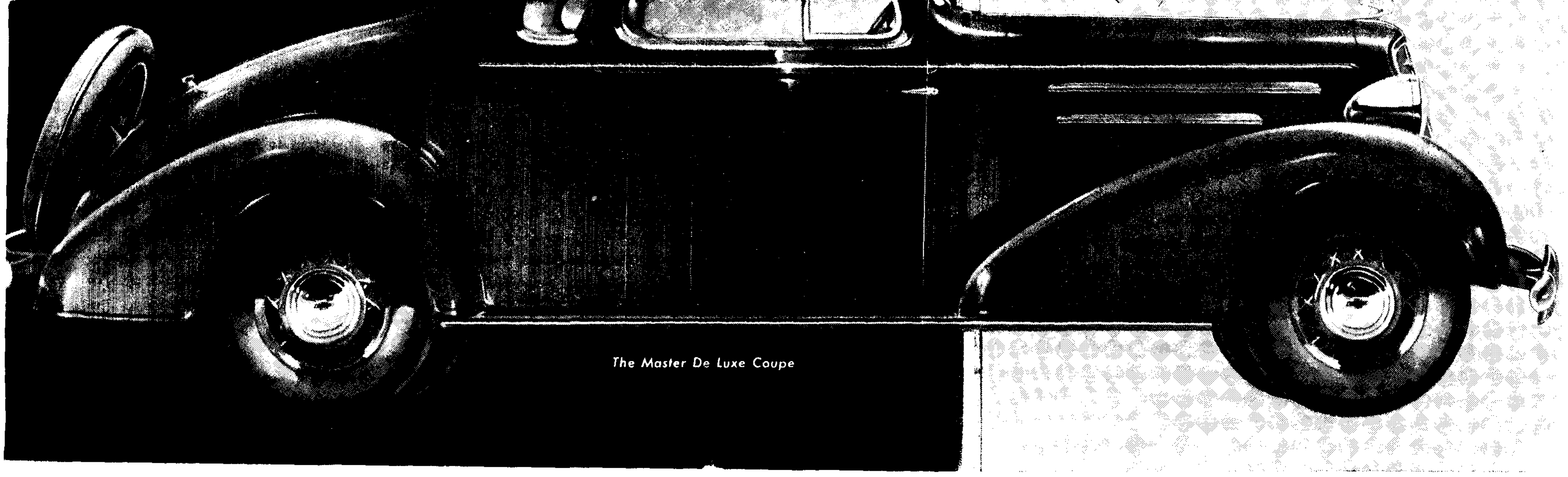

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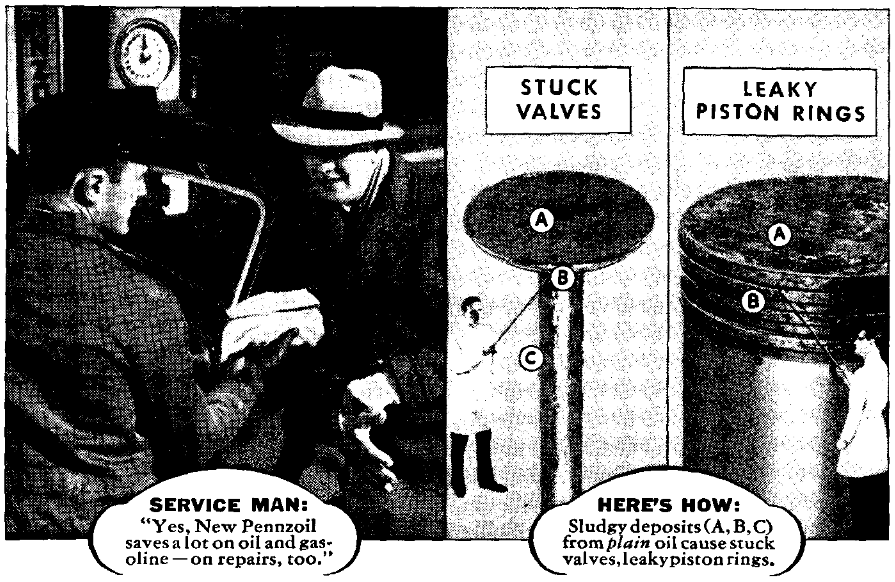
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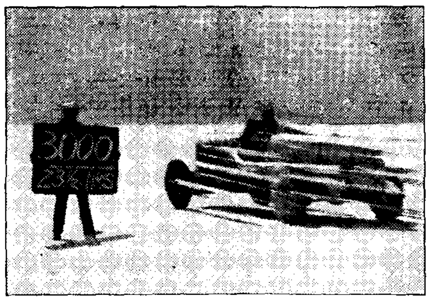

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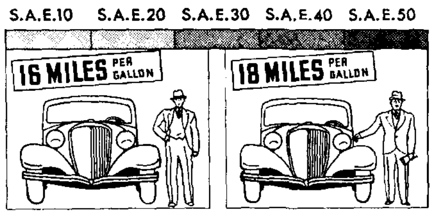

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Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 40

He swaggered over to a chair and sat down.

"You know," he said, talking as Cardwell worked, "it's a great thing to go to school and get an education. Just think, these guys thinking up all these things. Look at that stuff Doc's using. Why, a guy like me would never think of that in a million years."

"Or anything else," said Muggsey.

"Are you in again?"

"Yeah. I'll tell you what I think. I think this is all a lot of baloney."

"All right," said Cardwell sharply, "get out of line, then. I haven't got any too much of this stuff, anyway."

"There you are, wise gal. You got your bluff called."

"I'll just stay in line in case there is something in this. Wouldn't you love it, brick-top, if I come down with leprosy or St. Vitus' Dance!"

Somebody laughed.

"Getting short here, Red," said Cardwell. "Maybe I'll make it and maybe I won't."

"Well, do the best you can. I've got mine."

WHEN he had finished, Cardwell snapped his case shut, slipped it into his pockets and picked up his hat.

"All right, Bob."

Catlett turned docilely.

"Well," said Red, "much obliged, Doc. Maybe you pulled us out of a bad hole."

"You'll know shortly, because that stuff doesn't work for everybody."

"Huh?"

"It immunizes some people only. Some people it doesn't help at all."

"Well, here's hoping mine works."

"I'll be out tomorrow morning if I can get away without being watched."

"Attaboy, Doc. And see if you can scare up that girl. I'm going to send a couple of the boys in tomorrow just to see what they can find out. Maybe they can get a line on her. I ain't moving for Tulsa till I find that dame."

"She's yours as far as I'm concerned."

"Oh, different tune. Tired of her, Doc, or couldn't you get to first base?"

"Yes and no."

Red stared, then laughed.

Cardwell urged Catlett gently toward the door without appearing to do so. Cardwell had got through this ordeal in good shape, with a minimum of thinking, but now the reaction was setting in; he had an all-gone feeling in the pit of his stomach and his hands had begun to shake.

"We'll get out, Red," he said quickly. "Don't bother with lights."

"O. K., Doc. See you in the funny papers."

The door closed. They were in the pitch-black hallway. Catlett was staggering like a drunken man.

"Good Lord, Doc," he whispered, "what did you shoot in my arm? I feel mighty funny."

"Distilled water. Now snap it up. Your imagination's working overtime."

"What did you give them other fellows?"

"As Red would say, the works!"

"If Red ever finds out . . . oh, I hate to think about it."

They groped their way down to the second landing; then Cardwell suddenly took hold of Catlett's arm.

"Listen."

Far off there was the brief rattle of gun fire.

"Somebody slipped up. Come on, we've got to get out of here."

They started down the second flight, hurrying as fast as they could in the darkness. They were nearly to the bottom when they heard a man running. He was going at a terrific rate of speed, his feet beating a loud tattoo. They heard him fall and roll and get up cursing, then he burst up the front steps and made a dash for the stairs.

"Red! Red!" he shouted, leaping past them, then he hesitated, sensing their presence. His light flashed.

"Bob! Doc! Oh, my gosh, the woods is lousy with G men. I think they got Spot and Billy. You better get back upstairs."

"We'll make a run for it."

"I'm telling you . . . say, you guys get upstairs. I always did think it was funny, you being here. I . . ."

Cardwell swung; there was a loud, meaty smack; the man lost his balance and fell backwards down two steps, lying still for a moment. His flashlight went out. Cardwell and Catlett ran past him and almost fell over each other, getting down the front steps.

Catlett ran for the car but Cardwell cried:

"Too late for that. The fun will start in a minute. Let's run. Greer's probably closing in now on account of the shooting."

"We may step into one."

"We'll have to take a chance."

There were two crackling reports and two jets of yellow flames from the doorway, but Cardwell and Catlett kept running, dodging among the trees. They heard the man yelling, "Red! Red!" the yells diminishing in volume as he ran up the stairs.

"Which is north?" cried Cardwell, panting. "I'm all mixed up."

Catlett grabbed him by the arm and swung him around:

"Follow your nose."

They ran without speaking. Cardwell saw the pond still reflecting the moonlight, heard the frogs plucking bass strings along the bank, heard the light spring wind blowing through the treetops high overhead. In a confused way, he was surprised. It seemed to him that he had been in Red's hideaway for weeks, and yet here outside was the same tranquil evening.

THEY heard voices behind them. Shutters were banged and a long, powerful beam of light began to play among the trees.

"Red's got a big automobile spotlight rigged up," panted Catlett. "But I think we got the jump on him."

Machine guns began to blast from the big porch above the entryway. But the two men did not slacken their speed; they ran, stumbling and frantically flinging themselves forward, trying to keep a line of trees between them and the chattering machine guns.

"We ought to be pretty nearly out of range now," said Cardwell.

But in a moment they heard bullets tapping at the leaves above them and they stopped and got behind a huge oak tree. The firing ceased. The spotlight was switched off.

"Now," cried Cardwell.

But just as they were starting forward, the spotlight was switched on again and three rifles cracked. They heard the bullets whine over them and saw, in the pale white light from above, a huge piece of bark ripped from a tree.

"They must see us," said Cardwell, and they hid again, but in a moment the beam of the spotlight was turned at right angles to their course and they saw the sharp, yellow flashes spitting from the machine guns.

"Red said he'd spray the woods if the

(Continued on page 44)

THREE
will be safer

don't let the FOURTH *be yours*

● Conservative forecasts of 1935 automotive sales show that about 75 per cent of the new cars delivered this year will have Safety Glass ALL-AROUND.

● Three out of four families, riding in back, will enjoy greater protection against the ugly cuts and tragic scars that come from broken, flying glass.

● The fourth will be the *forgotten family*, forgotten because Safety Glass ALL-AROUND is now so inexpensive and so easy to obtain that *forgetfulness* is the only excuse a car buyer can offer for not having it in his new car.

● What other excuse *can* there be, when so many car manufacturers provide Safety Glass ALL-AROUND as standard equipment: when all others make it available at such a very low price; and when all progressive dealers have cars on their floor, ready for immediate delivery, with Safety Glass in all the windows?

● THINK OF YOUR FAMILY when you buy your new car and don't forget to say to the dealer "Be sure there is Safety Glass IN THE WINDOWS when you make delivery." Under severe impact even Safety Glass will crack, may even break; but the likelihood of injury is *greatly* reduced.

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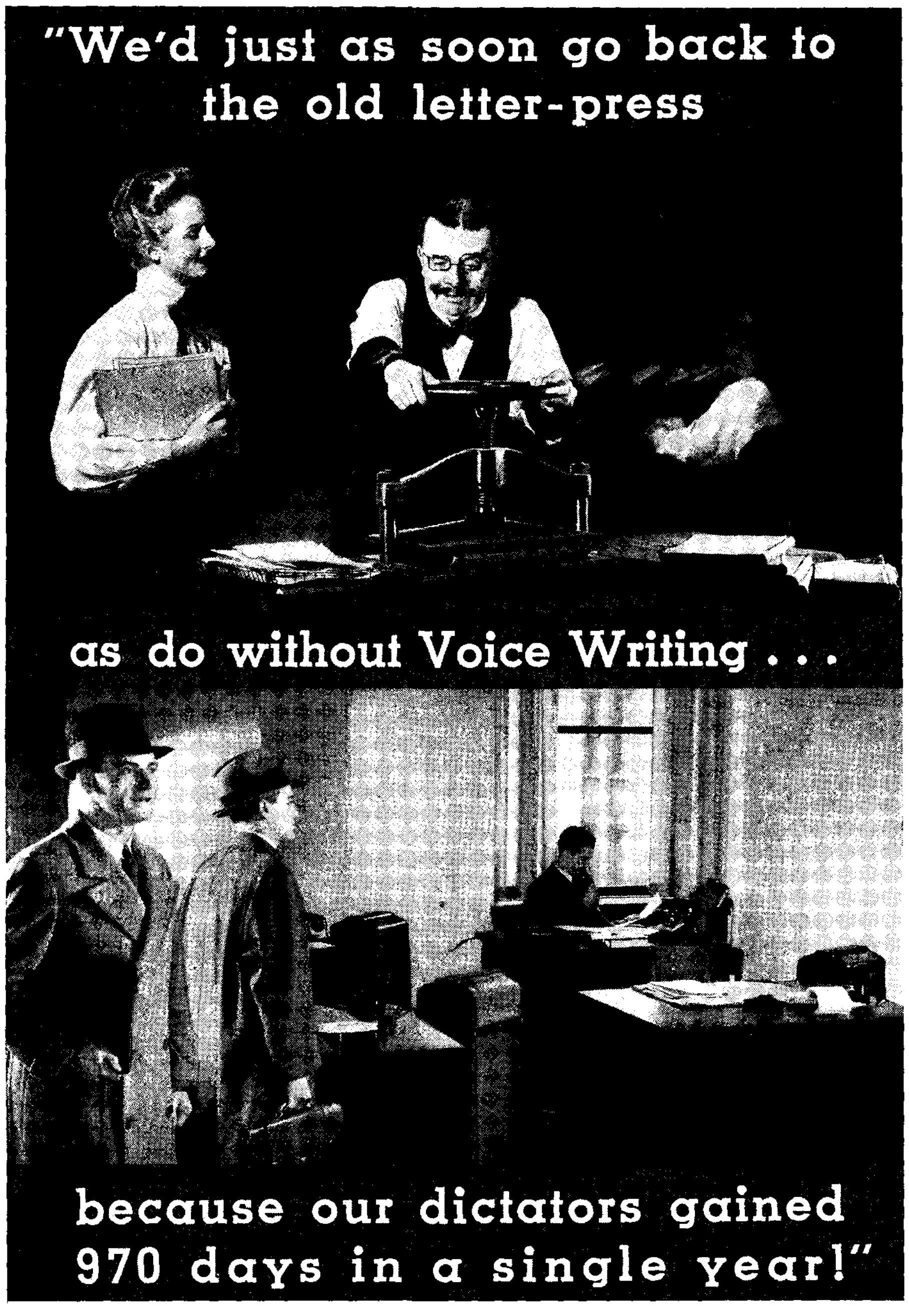
"We'd just as soon go back to the old letter-press
as do without Voice Writing . . .
because our dictators gained 970 days in a single year!"

(FROM EDISON RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S BUSINESS)

After Pro-technic Ediphones had been installed in this company's Claim Department, the 14 *Dictators* (investigators, who usually work outside the office) each gained 1⅓ days a week. 970 days a year . . . a 24% increase in business capacity!

These men are now able to dictate at *any* hour, without assistance. Slowing up of reports—through use of long-hand, or because of overworked stenographers—no longer exists. The Edison principle of "think once... write once . . . at once" guides all Dictation service. And it has accounted for a 33⅓% increase in Stenographic business capacity because time is no longer wasted in writing everything twice—once in a notebook, and again on a typewriter.

According to a company official, Voice Writing is valuable in small offices, too. Where men are out, selling, Ediphones allow them to dictate before 9, after 5, or at *any* hour.

Everywhere, Pro-technic Ediphones are helping large *and* small organizations increase their business capacity! TELEPHONE THE EDIPHONE, YOUR CITY, for further information.

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Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
ORANGE, N. J. U. S. A.

THE COMPLETELY ENCLOSED DICTATING MACHINE

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 42

G men ever showed up and he's sure doing it," said Catlett. "Boy, that was a close one. We just got out in time."

"They won't last long," said Cardwell. "All this excitement isn't doing them any good."

They started off, walking rapidly in the direction of the Drury Post Road toward the point where they were to meet Greer.

"I got to hand it to you, Doc," said Catlett. "You put it on so well you fooled me."

Cardwell laughed. His nervousness had all disappeared. He felt young and strong.

"Well," he said, "Red fights with machine guns and I fight with my head. I had Red at a disadvantage all along."

"You sure did, Doc, you sure did. I wish I'd gone to school like my old lady wanted me to, but no, I had to go messing with horses. Oh, well, I'm too old to worry about that now. But I did my part, didn't I, Doc?"

"You did. Greer will take care of you. If I've got anything to say about it you'll never serve a day."

"Thanks, Doc."

JUST as they were crossing a level meadow and could see ahead of them the wide Drury Post Road, which was white under the moon, a spotlight was snapped on and its big beam picked them up. They dove to one side, trying to escape it, and Cardwell reached frantically for his gun, but a voice cried:

"It's Cardwell. Hi, Doc."

"Hey, it's Cardwell. Doc, we never expected to see you again."

"Oh, man!" cried Catlett. "I thought my heart had stopped."

A bunch of men crowded round them. The spotlight was switched off.

"Well," said somebody, "the big push is on."

"It's only a matter of minutes," said Cardwell.

Far behind them the machine guns blasted at the empty woods, then one by one they ceased firing.

"Where's Mr. Greer?" asked Cardwell.

A man stepped up.

"Mr. Greer's over at that farmhouse across the road."

"Are you a federal man?"

"Yes, sir, Dr. Cardwell."

"Will you tell Mr. Greer to give them five more minutes? Then we can all close in."

"Yes, sir."

The man went off into the darkness. They all stood waiting. The countryside was very still now except for the frogs and the wind in the trees.

"Well, Ginder," somebody demanded, "what do you say now?"

Cardwell started.

"I say wait till it's over."

"You die hard, Doc."

Ginder, lost in the shadows, said nothing. Cardwell heard somebody snickering.

"Us Minute Men was sure a lot of help."

"Well, we lent our moral support, didn't we?"

"Now, now," said the voice of Professor Talbot. "We did what we could."

Finally somebody said: "That's a long five minutes," then a group of federal men crossed the meadow and they all started forward in a body. In the stillness they could hear men walking from all directions.

"Greer sure had the place sewed up," said somebody. "A flea couldn't have got past him."

The house and the grounds surrounding it were still as the grave. Windows were open on the second floor and faint lights were showing. Orders were quietly given and spotlights began to play over the house from all directions.

"Look," said someone.

They saw a lone man standing halfway down the front steps with his hands in the air.

"Don't shoot," he cried in terror. "I give up."

When the first line of men reached him he was gibbering:

"I never saw nothing like this. Why, them guys was blasting away and they'd just sort of fall over. At first I thought they was catching lead but they wasn't; they was just passing out like a lot of drunks. Even the tommies keeled. How come?"

Nobody paid any attention to what he said. Two men stepped up, snapped on the handcuffs, and led him away.

"Anderson beat us in," said one of the federal men. "Well, this was a nice night's work."

The Minute Men, undisciplined and curious, jammed the stairways, paid no attention to reprimands from the federal officers, and finally almost in a body reached the third floor. A federal man was standing at the ballroom door and wouldn't let them in. But the door was open and they elbowed and shoved, trying to get a good look inside.

The place was wrecked. Machine guns, clothing, ripped-up cartons of ammunition, whisky bottles, tables and chairs littered the room. They saw the prostrate forms of men and women.

"By gosh," they said, "did you ever see the like?"

Presently Cardwell came up with Catlett and they were admitted. Catlett started back when he saw Red sitting at his table, but the bandit was lolling his head and seemed just barely able to sit up. Mr. Greer was standing over him.

"Well, Red," he said, "here we are!"

But Red said nothing. He had no idea what was going on. Cardwell felt a little sorry for him and turned away.

CARDWELL felt very much out of place at this celebration held in his honor. The Minute Men had even decorated the hall; the women of the church had baked cakes, and Tom Suggs had furnished the ice cream and the cigars. Cardwell sat on the stage among the notables of the city, wondering if all "heroes" who had celebrations in their honor felt as confused and unworthy as he did. He was a little ashamed of himself, besides.

He wished that he could retract the harsh words he had spoken about the people of Big Bend; he was even ashamed of some of the thoughts he had had. These people were all right; they meant well, at least, which was as much as you could say for anybody.

While Talbot droned on, embarrassingly laudatory, Cardwell sat trying to avoid the eyes of the people sitting before him. He was somewhat upset about Josephine. That evening just before he left for the celebration a telegram had come from her brother. It read: "If you can hold on ten days will send fare." Josephine had shown it to him without a word. Ma Ganson had stood staring. "Why, that's fine," he heard himself saying; "all our troubles are over." And Ma Ganson had pursed her lips and said, "Well!" in that contemptuous way she had, and Josephine had rushed upstairs.

He had just stood there, unable to speak, and at that moment the Suggses

(Continued on page 46)

19
Whiteness

THE 1935 . . .

HAMMERMILL BOND

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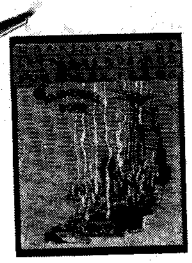
. . . IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

WHITER—If you've ever compared paper for whiteness, you know how much whiter Hammermill Bond has *always* been. Now there's a paper even whiter and brighter. It's the new 1935 Hammermill Bond! New equipment, new buildings, new processes have made this new whiteness possible. And on top of this bright beauty—1935 Hammermill Bond is stronger, tougher, smoother—more uniform than ever before!

Hammermill Bond is the standard paper for business letterheads and printed forms. Its surface is receptive to pen, pencil, typing, or type, yet stands erasure. Available quickly from your printer through paper merchants in 99 cities. Priced for today's needs, it comes in white and 13 colors, envelopes to match. In 1935 don't be satisfied with anything less than a 1935 business paper—Hammermill Bond!



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Name ____________________

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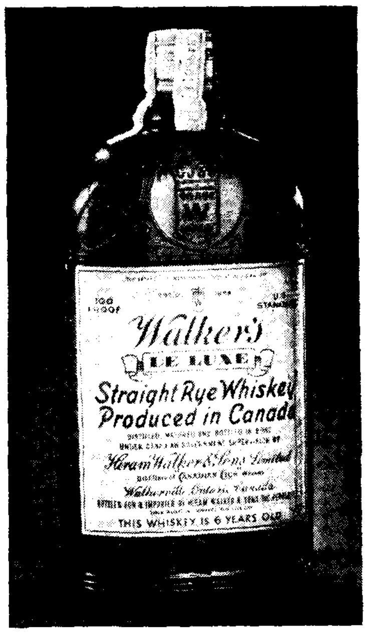
(Please attach to your *company* letterhead)

It was over a half-century ago that Arthur Ellis went to work under his father in the granary of the distillery. He knows that only the richest of grain gets into Hiram Walker whiskey.

"*In all my 54 years here . . . we've used nought but the finest rye*"



Some of the old-timers around the distillery could tell you why our bonded whiskies are of such level excellence. They know Hiram Walker's strictness at every step of the process. . . . They know that good whiskey must be good from the start, and that age will make it better.

Hiram Walker's De Luxe Straight Rye

We start with what we have learned about whiskey in 77 years' experience. We take the choicest of Michigan rye, and grind it between French millstones, now 55 years in use. After the distilling, we put the rich liquor away in special casks made of fine-grained oak, cut from the north side slopes of the Ozark Mountains, in Arkansas. Our *Hiram Walker's De Luxe Straight Rye* slumbers in the wood at least six years, then it is bottled in bond under the stamp of the Canadian Government. Try it . . . and let your taste tell you whether we have made good rye. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker's BONDED WHISKIES

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 44

had driven up and Ma Ganson had sniffed, saying: "Oh, I see the Suggses have got a chauffeur now. Getting pretty swell on your account, I guess, Dr. Cardwell."

Cardwell saw Caroline Suggs, dressed very fashionably, staring up at him. He hastily averted his eyes. There was his fortune before him. Tom Suggs was rich as sin and Ben had a good deal himself. Caroline was throwing herself at him; and she wasn't so bad, far from it. He had the city in the hollow of his hand now; an advantageous marriage would clinch matters. He argued with himself, scarcely hearing the little professor, who was stupefying himself with his own oratory. He was thirty; old enough to think about the world realistically. He knew now that he wanted Josephine, but for how long? What sort of doctor's wife would she make? No, the whole thing was impossible. He'd be a fool to fly in the face of fortune. Here was his chance. Opportunity knocks but once.

THE professor had stopped. Everybody was looking at Cardwell, who got up in a daze. There was cheering, then a man jumped up onto the stage and held out a watch.

"Dr. Cardwell," he said, "I want to present to you this watch on behalf of the . . ." But the cheering drowned him out.

Cardwell saw himself taking a gold watch from the trembling hand of little Mr. Hartman of the Drovers' National Bank.

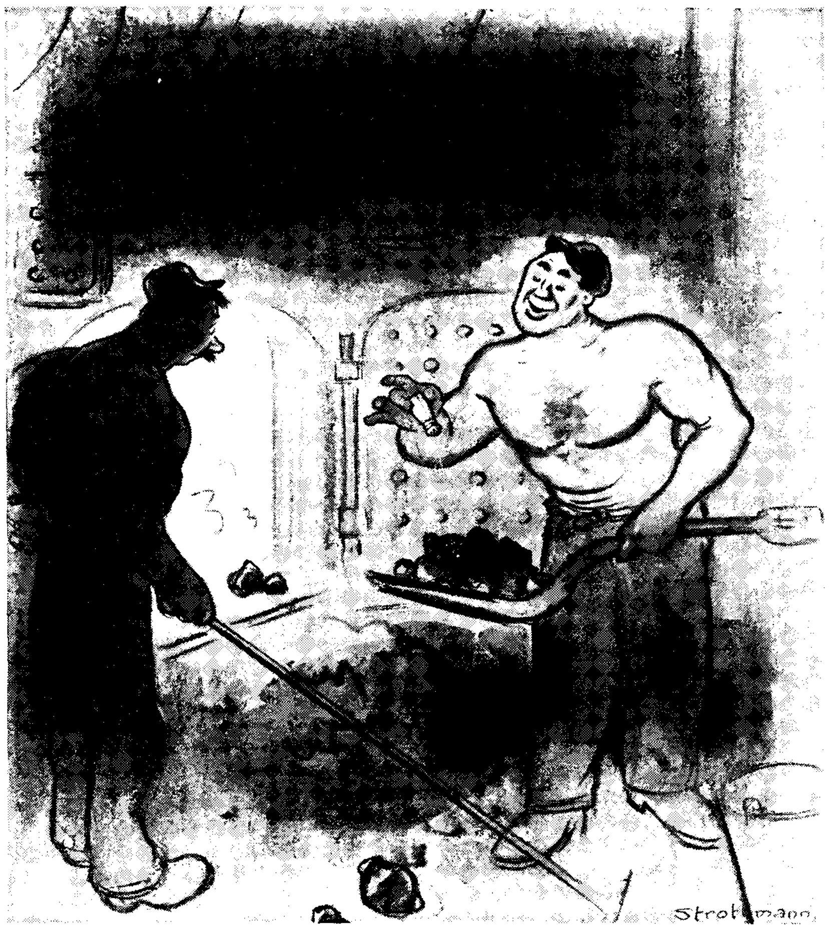
"Thank you. Thank you," he said, trying to get back to his seat. But there were cries of, "Speech! Speech!" and, dreading it, he stepped to the front of the stage. "Friends," he said, "many thanks for this little token of your . . . uh . . ." he stammered and subsided; damn it all, banality was becoming second nature to him! He made a fresh start. "Many thanks for this watch. You've all been so nice to me that I'm going to be spoiled. Now I'm not going to make a speech, so don't settle back and expect the worst. I say, let's all have a good time while we can. As you all know, our old friend Mr. Red Bastian, at present in the county jail, declares that no jail is strong enough to hold him and that he's going to break out and kill every Minute Man in Big Bend, myself first; at least that's what I read in the papers. So, let's have a good time. Thank you."

Cardwell sat down, feeling that he had made an utter fool of himself, but everybody else seemed to be very much pleased with his speech and he heard women saying how "clever" he was.

Everybody stood up and began to talk at once. Talbot got on one side of Cardwell and Hartman on the other, and they helped him down from the stage as if he were at least eighty. Caroline came running with her silly little fashionable hat on the side of her carefully waved hair and, taking him by the arm, she cried:

"Oh, Doctor, that was the cleverest speech. Most men would have got very solemn and gone on for hours. Why . . ."

Cardwell turned. He saw a lone figure standing back against the wall. It was Doc Ginder. His heavy face was serious and he kept shifting about uncomfortably. Suddenly Cardwell realized that he was sorry for him, and with this realization came the knowledge that he'd never be the man he had once been; his sickness, that interminable interlude of grief and suffering, had altered him not temporarily but permanently. Here was a man who had done everything in his power to injure him and he felt sorry for him. Why? Because the man was aging, his hair was getting gray; he was fat, and puffed when he walked.



"It's the chief's orders. He says it makes such pretty colors"

F. STROTHMANN

He had feared a younger man, had attacked him, and had been whipped. Nothing very terrible about that. It was an old story.

"Dr. Cardwell," said Caroline, "what are you thinking about?"

"Doc Ginder."

"Oh, that old windbag! I'm surprised that he came to your party."

Cardwell smiled.

"Doc goes with the wind. He's too much of a politician to stay away. Excuse me a minute."

Cardwell walked over to where Ginder was standing. Ginder looked a little startled, then he smiled.

"You win," he said.

"All right," said Cardwell. "But let's let bygones be bygones. What do you say?"

"I'm willing," said Ginder, looking at Cardwell with some surprise. "I imagine I've been pretty annoying."

"You have. But that's all over."

"You said it, Doc."

THEY shook hands. People crowded around, nudging one another. Doc Ginder held up his right hand, then he smiled and spoke:

"Folks, young doc and me have buried the hatchet and not in each other's heads. I was wrong about him and I admit it."

"Good for you, Doc."

But the Suggses stared open-mouthed and Cardwell realized that he had blundered.

"Well, I'll be . . ." stuttered Ben, running up.

There was a hubbub which subsided suddenly as a bell began to ring in the town, then another and another. People stared, getting pale. In a minute half a dozen bells were ringing in different parts of the town; then the siren on the wheel factory began to blast.

Cardwell was struck by a sudden premonition and stood stunned.

"Could it be possible!"

A man came running up the stairs; his hat was off, his face pale.

"John!" he cried, looking frantically for the chief of police. "Red Bastian got out. He busted out. He shot I don't know how many men at the jail."

Cardwell saw a kaleidoscopic whirl of horror-stricken faces, then he pushed his way through the crowd and dashed down the stairs to the street. Bells and sirens were going all over town. A big car filled with federal men swept past. Hatless, Cardwell jumped into his car and drove for home with the accelerator to the floor board. There was a mist before his eyes. Red was wild because he had been tricked and caught; he had contended from the first that he'd break jail and kill Cardwell.

"If he's looking for me and don't find me, Lord knows what he might do," Cardwell muttered, realizing with a start that he was thinking about Josephine and nothing else.

As he stopped before his door everything seemed quiet and he sighed with relief, thinking that perhaps Red's escape had been managed from without and that he was already on his way, speeding for the state line and the desolate hills beyond.

The porch light was on and Cardwell was reassured, but he went up the walk cautiously. Just as his foot touched the bottom step, the front door flew open and Cardwell saw Red coming out, pushing Josephine before him.

"Look out!" screamed Josephine, seeing Cardwell.

Red raised his hand under Josephine's arm and fired quickly. The bullet clipped a leaf from a bush close to Cardwell's head. Cardwell was so stunned by the suddenness of the whole thing that he forgot to move, forgot the gun in his pocket which he had carried since Red's capture, forgot everything. Red fired again but Josephine struck his arm and the bullet went wide.

"Better give up, Doc," said Red. "You're a gone duck."

Cardwell came to himself. He dove behind a bush and pulled his gun. He heard Red laughing.

"Put me away, eh?" he said. "I'll get him and his gal, too."

Cardwell heard them moving down the walk toward the front gate. The sirens were still going and Cardwell heard cars rushing past on the next street, but his own street was quiet. Moving cautiously, he peered round the bush. Red fired, Josephine hitting his arm again.

"Cut it, sister," said Red. "You're with a real man now. Let me plug that cheap little pill-peddler."

Cardwell moved swiftly and was able to get behind a big tree. Red and Josephine were at the gate. Cardwell almost wept with rage; there was nothing he could do. Red kept Josephine in front of him and moved sideways, staying out of danger. Cardwell exposed himself without meaning to and Red fired, the bullet clipping the bark from the tree.

Suddenly Josephine twisted out of Red's arms and, turning, hit him with her fist so hard that he took a step or two backwards. Cardwell fired. He saw Red recoil violently as the bullet struck him in the shoulder; his automatic fell with a clatter.

"Doc," cried Red hoarsely, "you'll never take me again. You got to kill me, Doc. You'll never take me alive."

"Don't!" cried Josephine. "Don't shoot any more, Lee." She turned. "Run Red, run."

Cardwell took a step forward, raising his gun.

"Don't, Lee," screamed Josephine, "I can't stand it. He didn't hurt us. He never touched me. He locked Ma in the closet."

"Doc," said Red, "I'm bad hit. Give me a break."

"Please," said Josephine. "Don't stand there, Red; run!"

Cardwell lowered the gun. Red stood for a second, crouching like a wounded animal, then he turned, ran across the street and disappeared into the shrubbery.

Josephine threw her arms around Cardwell and began to sob.

"I'm so glad you're here, Lee."

Cardwell kissed her. Then he said: "Let's go in. Lord knows where that maniac is."

THEY started up the steps. The sirens were still going and cars, loaded with armed men, began to pass the house.

"Jo, I ought to stop those men and tell them . . ."

She hugged him.

"Don't be so mean, Lee. Let the poor guy go."

They were just going into the front hall when they heard a series of violent yells, followed by gun fire. There was a long silence and, turning, Jo ran swiftly to the hall closet and unlocked it. Ma, wild and disheveled, staggered out. At first she seemed dazed, but when she saw Cardwell standing in the doorway, she fell down into a chair and began to fan herself.

"I still don't know what happened," she said. "Has that wild man gone?"

"That was Red Bastian."

"Lord save us!" said Ma and, lying back in her chair, she quietly fainted.

Cardwell stood listening. From the next street savage shouts broke out.

A man with a stentorian voice cried: "We got him! We got him!"

Cardwell turned. Josephine had paid no attention to the shouts. She was working over Ma. What a girl she was! What a girl!

THE END

Penn-Craft hats for Spring

THE dash and spirit—the venturesome lines of the new Penn-Craft styles for Spring definitely mark them as hats for younger men. Yet older men will find in these hats the authority and correctness that good taste demands.

PENN-CRAFT HATS FOR SPRING ARE PRICED AT $5

PENN-CRAFT HAT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA A DIVISION OF JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

The better stores everywhere featuring Stetson hats are now displaying these new Penn-Craft hats. Stetson hats for Spring are priced at $6.50 (unlined $6), $8, $10, and up. The Playboy and the Bantam (air-light Stetsons) are $5.

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"You've driven this job over 8,000 miles, Mister . . . and the engine's still running as smooth and quiet as a fine watch. That's because it's been running in CLEAN OIL. You can thank your Purolator Oil Filter for that!"

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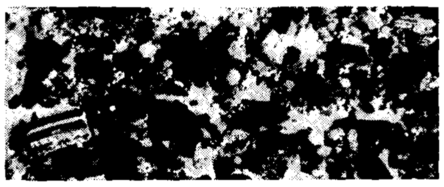
"After about 8,000 miles of driving, the Purolator is full of this grinding sludge it has filtered out of the crankcase oil. You can let it stay right there, for the life of your car, if you want to . . . for the oil will circulate through a bypass. But if you want Purolator protection . . . *the sort of protection that came on your car when you bought it* . . . we can attend to that. We'll take off the old Purolator Filter, and put on a GENUINE PUROLATOR REPLACEMENT in very little time, and at very little expense. Then you'll have the same smooth, sweet running motor at sixteen thousand miles that you have today."

Look At This Microphotograph



It shows the destructive, abrasive substances that are caught by a Purolator during 8,000 miles of driving. Wouldn't you rather have them inside of the Purolator reservoir, than grinding away at your engine? Then remember this . . .

After Every 8,000 Miles of Driving

Reservice your Purolator with a GENUINE Purolator Filter Replacement. Motor Improvements Inc., Newark, New Jersey, makers of the GENUINE

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter on Your Motorcar

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Important notice to Ford owners. Ask your servicer about the new Purolator Oil Filter—especially engineered for Ford V-8s. Available for both passenger cars and trucks.

Little Schoolhouse in the Red

Continued from page 13

sixty-six and four-fifths miles before reaching any teacher with more than two years of normal school education, and you would be three miles from the end of the line before coming to the first teacher who had the equivalent of a college education."

Dear Teacher

Such teachers have the exceedingly debatable virtue of coming cheap. Let Mr. Gaumnitz continue:

"In that tour of inspection, beginning with the lowest-paid teachers," he sighs, "you would travel eight and a half miles before coming to the first teacher to receive as much as $500 a year. You would have gone thirty-three and a half miles before meeting one whose salary amounted to $750 a year. And you would be twelve and a half miles from the end of the line before seeing a teacher who gets $1,000 a year."

But before you proceed to deplore these somewhat puny salaries, and granting that a large number of these little red schoolhouse teachers are worth no more, you should know that frequently during these past depression years many of them have been getting no salaries at all. Not that the parents of their pupils weren't sympathetic. As I write I regret that I did not meet the elderly spinster who, for two years, stuck to her blackboard in the hills of Alabama without salary.

For thirty years and more she had taught in little red schoolhouses. Behind her fierce devotion to her profession was a background of austere religion. It was her holy boast that in thirty years she had read the Bible aloud in her schools not fewer than thirty times. And I'm sure it isn't necessary to add that she hated alcohol with all the hot intensity with which she loathed and pitied its consumers. But her reward was to be loved by her hill folk.

For a year before prohibition was repealed she received no salary from her impoverished neighbors. Yet, every week three of the men whose half-wild children she taught without pay left a gallon of moonshine liquor each at her doorstep. If she knew those three gallons of corn were there she gave no sign. No one could say that she so much as looked at the sinful stuff. And yet every week those three gallons vanished from her door almost as quickly as they were deposited there. And in the place of each gallon someone left two dollars or its equivalent in food. Over and over in those days she read to her pupils the story of Elijah and how he was fed by the ravens.

And yet, for all this, our little red schoolhouse is an economic monster, a greedy tax-devourer, unable to justify itself except in those sparsely settled districts so far from concentrations of population that even consolidated schools become a geographical impossibility. There are so few of these that we may disregard them. Therefore we may cling to the unsentimental fact that the little red schoolhouse is a gluttonous relic failing with dismal regularity to justify the cost of its keep. The fiscal aspects of this hallowed antique compel our attention now when we as a nation are in the throes of one of our seasonal economic temblors. So back to the figures we go—the figures compiled by the government and by the National Education Association, from both of which sources, by the way, I have drawn the statistics I have set forth here.

As nearly as we may come to definite averages we find that in the little red schoolhouse attended by from one to five pupils, the annual cost per pupil ranges from $250 to $300, depending in part upon the salaries paid and again upon the length of the school term. In schools with attendances of from six to ten the average-per-pupil cost drops to somewhere between $150 to $200. Continuing, we discover that it costs only about $70 a year to teach a child in the elementary school with an enrollment of from twenty to twenty-five pupils. The progression does not continue, however. But we do find that the average cost per pupil in the elementary schools of the nation as a whole is about $70 to $75 a year. And this last figure includes all elementary schools, rural and urban, with all the wide range of school plant maintenance and teacher salaries.

What we're interested in here, however, is that the smallest little red schoolhouses are from three to six times as expensive to maintain as the large, modern schools.

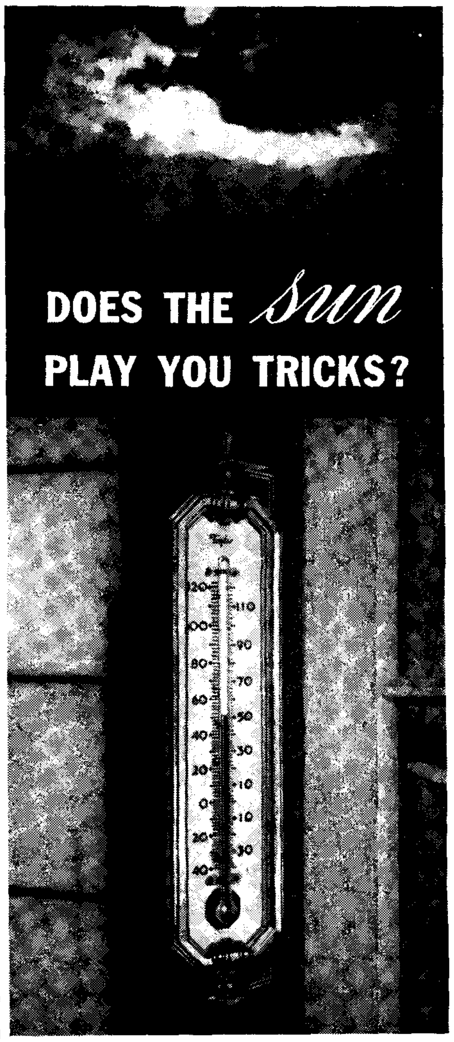
Surveys show, for example, that in abandoning the little red schoolhouse and carrying its pupils daily back and forth to consolidated schools in near-by towns, the taxpayer could be saved more than $60,000,000 a year. And it wouldn't surprise our school economists if, were the abandonment complete, the tax savings would come close to $100,000,000. All told, the United States spent $2,200,000,000 upon its public schools last year. And that in spite of a situation similar to that obtaining in 1933, when one fourth of our cities shortened the school year, 100,000 children were locked out of poverty-closed classrooms, and about 200,000 certified public school teachers were out of jobs.

All of which, we gladly concede, is deplorable. But wholly aside from these economic reasons why the little red schoolhouse might with profit be abolished, there is the unhappy pupil to be considered.

Let it be assumed that children are sent to school to be trained to make something out of life. The vast majority of parents would assure you that they would prefer that their offspring do better than they did. But the cruel fact is that the child's chances of doing so are not enhanced by the little red schoolhouse. And it is idle for you to try to prove anything by citing a Lincoln or any other superior being.

Release from Hard Labor

What may you expect of a teacher who has not herself finished high school, working in the backwoods for twelve dollars a week and under the direction of an almost illiterate local school board? She may be able, given time, to jam the elements of arithmetic into the minds of her five or ten pupils. She may laboriously teach them reading and writing in their simplest forms. By the time they've reached the eighth grade they may be able to bound Idaho and name the capital of Oklahoma. But they're going to hate the whole rigmarole. Their greatest mental efforts will be expended upon escape from further schooling. She hasn't the training to challenge their imaginations nor are they, in her inexpert hands, able to develop the incentive to bring out whatever latent talents she may have. She is bored with them and they regard her as something to evade. We behold, then, in the little red schoolhouse the defeat of the most important element in primary education.

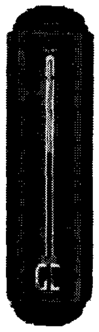


NOT WITH A "TAYLOR" OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW TO TELL THE TRUTH

THE Sun shines. It LOOKS warm outside. But you can't see the chill wind that robs the sun of warmth. Old Sol will trick you.

But wait. You can LOOK outside and SEE what the temperature is if you have a Taylor Window Thermometer. Put it at your window and *know* just how to protect yourself . . . how your children should dress. The accuracy of the Taylor Window Thermometer is proverbial. Its durability is remarkable. The one shown above is a beauty—framed in chromium, and sells for only $3.50 at leading hardware, department, drug and optical stores. (Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.) And worth every penny. Others $1.00. See them and decide not to be tricked *again.*

SPRING NOTE—Taylor Wall Thermometers come in sizes, shapes and colors to meet different needs and tastes. If your thermometers are old or do not harmonize with your present room colors, replace them during the spring spruce-up with modern Taylor Thermometers. The Taylor shown here is the De Luxe Wall Model (No. 5107), $2.00. Others from 50c. The name "Taylor" is your guarantee of accuracy. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N.Y., or Toronto, Canada.



Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording, and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

The immediate answer is in the abolishment of the little, isolated school district (and with it the ignorant school board and the little red schoolhouse) and the substitution of the consolidated school. All the problems do not dissolve here, of course. But we do find that the teachers with poorest equipment are usually dropped along with the little red schoolhouse and that the larger, consolidated school district is likely to be governed by less warped board members. And even more important, in the consolidated school with its better equipment, and with a staff of teachers instead of the solitary, baffled drudge little better educated than her pupils, the youngster is given an opportunity to understand that school need not necessarily mean imprisonment at hard labor.

All Those Opposed—

Of course the little red schoolhouse is disappearing, but so slowly that one has almost to use a micrometer to measure its passing. At its present rate of outward-bound speed it will still be with us in 1995. There are those vigorous go-getters who chafe themselves raw when they view the reluctance of America to bid farewell to Dedham. But they can't help knowing the reasons for clinging to the little red schoolhouse.

You would find the farm owner accusing everybody from the lowliest of Jim Farley's lobbygows to the saintliest of the prophets of the AAA of tyranny and a dastardly plot to reduce him to the social and economic status of a riceless Chinese. This farm owner might live in New York, Chicago or right back of his own silo, but that would not temper his dirge. The little red schoolhouse hard by his acres may very well be the difference between a sale and no buyer. One of these days, he hopes, he will find some innocent willing to buy his land. Among the first questions the deluded prospector will ask is: "Is there a school near by?" And the owner will assure him truthfully that there is indeed a school near by—as fine a school, sir, as the county affords, taught by Miss Hatchett, than whom—

Then there would be the fearful mother who is not going to have her young picked up every morning and afternoon and carried off to distant schools. Not while she has the strength to handle a hickory club. She knows well that not a day passes that death and worse is not the portion of decent backwoods children who venture into the towns where even the teachers are irreligious flibbertigibbets, thinking of nothing but dancing all night with some slick-legged fellow from St. Louis.

And then, of course, there are physical conditions—roads that become impassable in the spring, mountains that aren't to be crossed, and similar terrain difficulties to give tenure of life to the little red schoolhouse. There are state and county governments which will not forgo the taxation privileges that would vanish were the local district school to pass on. And so on, all accumulating to cause the rural statesman and legislator to vote a shrill No. The whole picture reveals the suspicious farmer fighting hard to cling to what he considers his own. To surrender his children to the great world beyond the river or over the mountain is apt to mean to him that mentally, at least, the children will never come back. By Judas, he owns his fifteen hundred acres which he accumulated by the strength of his arm and not the cunning of a school-sharpened brain. He can read, write and figger, and he didn't need algebra to tell him the difference between legumes and grasshoppers.

Therefore, leaky anachronism that it is, the little red schoolhouse is likely to be with us for quite a while. At its weakest it is still but a few educational years ahead of the old Dame School, an English institution imported by the Colonies in Elder Bradford's day. In these dark academies little boys and girls were taught by the dame—any woman chosen by the villagers—the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer and enough primary school reading to edge them just across the literacy line. And while the children struggled into the light, the dame sewed or knitted for such customers as she was able to command. Now and then, never regularly, she received a shilling or so from the parents.

But, as so wise a man as Elder Bradford would admit were he still with us, the trouble has been done. The public school and the science of educating the child appear to be with us to stay. In fact, it has gone so far that, struggle as it may, the little red schoolhouse is doomed. In 1920 there were 187,948 of them as against about 12,500 consolidated schools in forty-four states surveyed by the National Education Association. In 1932, the latest figures we were able to find, there were 143,445 little red schoolhouses. Consolidated schools had increased to about 17,900.

The reduction comes harder as the process continues. Driven by debt, several states have become bold. Minnesota, for example. There are 7,743 school districts in that state directed by about 25,000 school board members. They govern 6,745 little red schoolhouses, many averaging a daily attendance of not more than five pupils. Many districts, like the counties, are insolvent and have been for years. The costs of maintaining these little red schoolhouses have contributed regularly to this insolvency. Now, even those parts of rural Minnesota that have clung most tenaciously to their one-room, one-teacher schools are surrendering to the consolidated school idea and the resulting elimination of districts established as much as seventy-five years ago.

It's going to take time. Perhaps in the passing of the little red schoolhouse even those devoted to Negroes in the South will vanish. Some of them have been pretty troublesome. There is one (in Tennessee, I think) that had a woeful reputation. For years it was impossible to keep a teacher there, the big boys always terminating his stay by throwing him into the nearest creek.

Painful Psychology

But one day a long, slim and limber black man applied for the job. He knew all about that school's reputation. He knew it was tough.

"You'll probably have to lick a half a dozen very tough boys there," they told him.

"I don't believe in lickin'," said he.

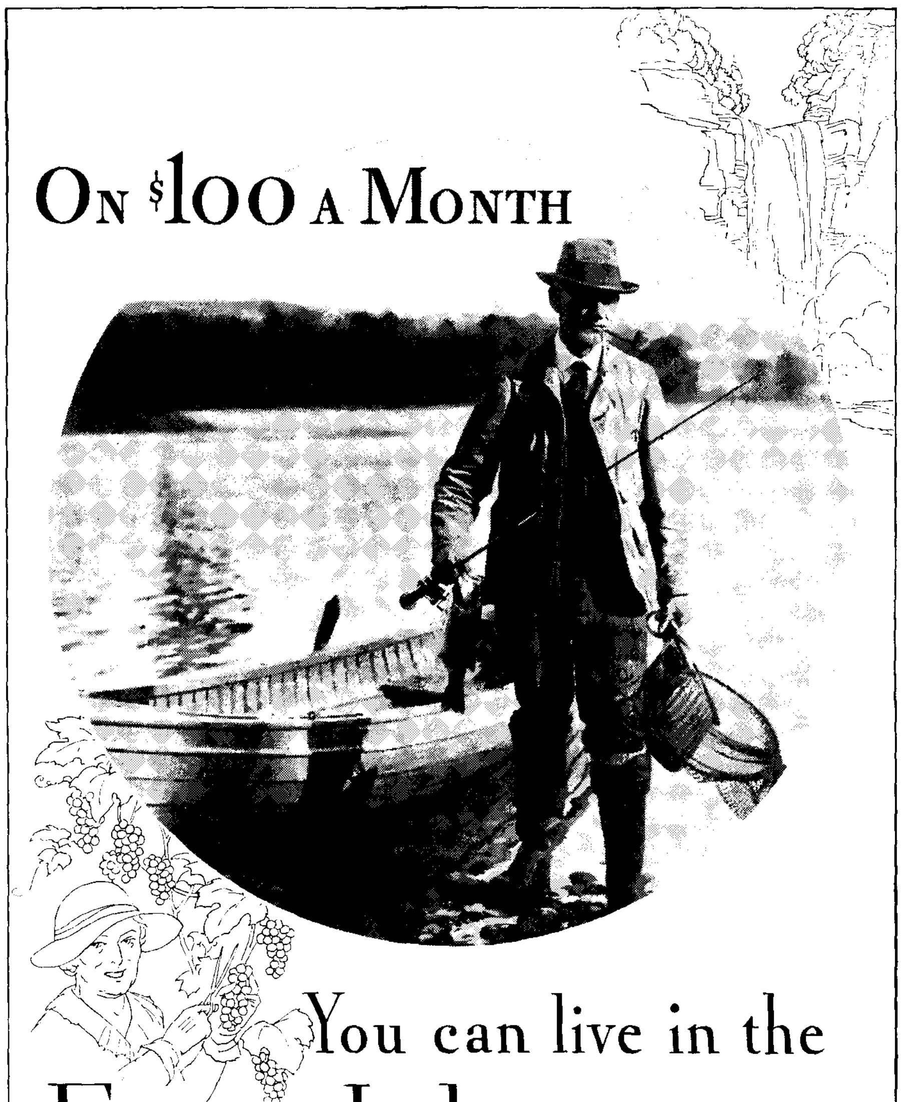
"Well," they said, "you probably will before you're through."

For six months after he took charge of that rough little red schoolhouse, they heard nothing from him nor of it. And that was strange, the average tenure of his predecessors being three months. Overcome by curiosity, the state inspector paid him a visit. A beautiful decorum obtained in the room and on the playground. And the teacher was no longer slim, forty pounds having added themselves to his once spare frame.

"I use psychology," he explained. "Yes, sir, psychology. If a boy don't behave, sir, I eat his lunch."

"But don't they object? Don't they get rough?"

"In that case, sir," he said mournfully, "I am very sorry to say that I have to resort to corporal punishment, after which I eat his lunch anyway."



ON $100 A MONTH

You can live in the
Finger Lakes REGION

● Among the nation's many wonder spots, none is more picturesque than Central New York State, where an elderly person or couple can live comfortably on $100 a month. The Finger Lakes Region, for example, that land of a thousand waterfalls, extends across the state from Lake Ontario to Pennsylvania, and includes 40 cities and villages where life can be secure and happy on a modest income.

Here are attractive places beckoning to those who can spend their later years as they choose. But whether it's the Finger Lakes Region—some other attractive locality—or perhaps your own home town—you could live comfortably on $100 a month.

Naturally, you hope to have more than that when you are 55, or older. But wouldn't it be a great source of satisfaction to look forward to an assured income of at least that much for as long as you may live?

There is no safer, surer way to acquire such an income than through *Northwestern Mutual Retirement Insurance.* Owning it, you can face the future fearlessly, with confidence that, when the time you've selected arrives, you will receive a check every month from one of the world's greatest life insurance companies.

Today there are elderly people all over the world who are living on *Northwestern Mutual Retirement Insurance.* Learn how they earned such leisure. Mail the coupon below.

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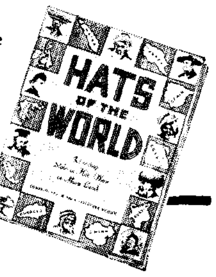
The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars—a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with over three and a half billions of insurance in force.



Stylepark
hand made hats

Modelled in a Manner no Machine could Match

Today, machines can do many things...but no machine can, or ever will, match the softly contoured modelling that skilled hands give STYLEPARK Hand-Made Hats. From tapered top to rounded brim...these hats are made by skilled, painstaking, unhurried hands. The difference is immediately apparent and permanently important...as the fine style lines are tailored in to stay. In one phase only are these STYLEPARK HATS not different from machine made mediocrities...and that is in the matter of price.

SANITHER...*An added custom-feature of STYLEPARK Hand-Made Hats...a soft, silken covered sweat-band in a pliable, porous material that blends in color with the lining, brings cushion-comfort to the brow...and is sanitary.*

Three-Fifty and Five Dollars

Write us your name and address...and we will send *your* copy of our interesting 20-page book "Hats of the World", with 125 colored illustrations.

STYLEPARK HATS, INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Man of Achievement

Continued from page 9

marry Tom Clinch; she wasn't sure he wanted to marry her. . . .

Then Tom wrote from Dallas that he was just off for Chicago; he had an appointment to see one man there on the morning of his arrival (that would be this morning, Bee computed, reading the letter at breakfast); and then he had to take a plane to New York. But after he had written out his report on this Southwestern trip they would surely give him a few days off. . . . Bee pondered that, frowning; he had been sure they would give him a few days off after the Atlanta trip, but he hadn't got them. . . . Those Chicago-New York planes stopped at Cleveland to refuel, didn't they? And Cleveland was only two hours away, by rail. . . .

She went to the telephone, called up the Cleveland airport. The plane leaving Chicago at 11:30—that was the one he would probably take—was due in Cleveland at 2:35 and would leave at 2:50. . . . Fifteen minutes! But that was better than waiting, and wondering, while his firm sent him off somewhere else.

EXACTLY at 2:35 the Chicago plane came down from a cloudless sky at the Cleveland airport; the passengers got out to stretch their legs, and one of them stared incredulously at a girl in a mink coat who stood there waiting.

"Bee! You're taking this plane to New York? What luck!"

"Unfortunately I'm not. But this job of yours always keeps you going from somewhere to somewhere else; so I thought I'd run up here and see—" She faltered before his intent eyes. "And see if I still feel the way I felt the last time I saw you," she finished steadily.

"And do you?" he demanded.

"Yes, Tom. . . . Just the same."

And then he kissed her.

"Bee—if I'd had half a minute more, that evening in the Pennsylvania station, I'd have asked you to marry me."

"I know. I'm not sure I'd have said yes, then. . . . And do I understand," she queried, "that you're asking me now?"

"You certainly do. A couple of times I almost asked you by letter; but I'm no good at putting what I feel on paper. Whenever I tried it I choked up, so I decided it would go better when I saw you."

"And God knows when that would have been," she said, "if I hadn't come up here this afternoon. This is a terrible job of yours, darling."

"WELL, they've got to give me a few days off after this trip—"

"They've got to, but will they? . . . Tom—I'll get on the plane with you, and marry you when we get to New York."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You're only nineteen—"

"That's old enough to get married in New York, even without Father's consent. Not that I imagine he'd object; he admires you."

"But he wouldn't admire me if I grabbed you and ran, like a purse snatcher. He's a Sherwell and I'm a Clinch; and I'm going to come right up to the front door and put it up to him—show him that I'm not ashamed of my name, and that his daughter needn't be ashamed of it either." The other passengers were getting aboard. "Damn!" he said. "I'm always having to leave you. But I'll see if I can't do something about my job—"

"Do try, darling. We can't spend all our lives saying goodby. . . . Goodby, my dear. Take care of yourself. . . . Oh, my dear, my dear—"

She watched the plane till it was a vanishing speck in the eastward sky; and wondered, as she drove downtown to her train, how much of her life she was going to have to spend at airports and on station platforms, and waiting for letters from a man who was no good at putting what he felt on paper. She wondered, too, what her father and mother would say; waiting a year and a half for Tom wouldn't be any fun at all. It was a relief to find her father alone in the living-room when she came home; this would be easier if she could tackle them one at a time.

"Well?" he asked. "Did you find what you wanted, in Cleveland?"

"Yes . . . Dad, I'm going to marry Tom Clinch."

"Tom Clinch? But where have you ever seen enough of Tom Clinch—"

"That day on the train; an hour and a half in a railroad station in New York; fifteen minutes this afternoon at the Cleveland airport. It doesn't sound like much," Bee admitted, "when you add it up; but it's enough. He's coming out here as soon as he gets a few days off—and don't say I have to wait this time, Dad. This isn't like what I felt about Arthur; this is real."

"You thought that was real too, in its day," he reminded her.

"Did I? Well, I was wrong. Tom gets eight thousand a year; you can't say that isn't enough to start on. I know he's a Clinch, but—"

"You don't think I'm such a snob as to let that make a difference?" he demanded indignantly. "He's a very unusual Clinch." ("And thank God," he added silently, "all his near relatives are dead.")

So that was all right; and when Bee talked to her mother she found that that was all right too, though Mrs. Sherwell, characteristically, was less enthusiastic.

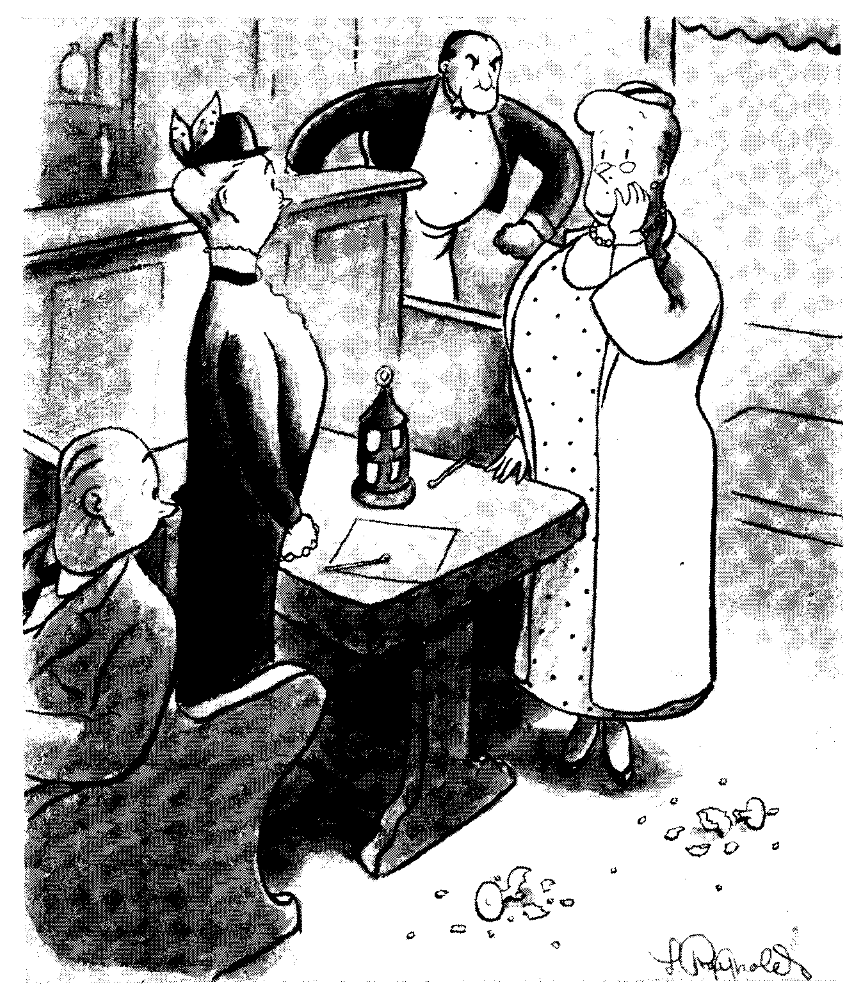
"I'd prefer," she said, "to see him, my dear, before I commit myself.

EVERYTHING seemed to be breaking right; Tom wrote her that he was coming out next week. They were only letting him have three days off, this time; but there was hope that at the end of next month he might be shifted to the home office, and then he could get a two weeks' vacation. . . . That was all right, then; he'd come out and see her parents, and then the engagement could be announced, with the wedding and the honeymoon at the end of next month—and after that, maybe, a job in the home office.

Yet when at last she drove down to the station to meet Tom, she suddenly felt the fragility of it all. An afternoon in a club car, an hour and a half in a station restaurant, a few minutes on an airport runway—on that much evidence she had made up her mind that she wanted to spend her life with him. Romantic, of course—the magnate's daughter marrying the young man who had worked his way up from a slum; and she wondered if just that romance hadn't persuaded her, and Tom too, that they both felt more than they really did feel. . . . But when he got off the Pullman and took her in his arms she forgot her worries. They had so many things to say to each other that they had almost reached her home before she asked him if he had had any luck about getting transferred to the home office.

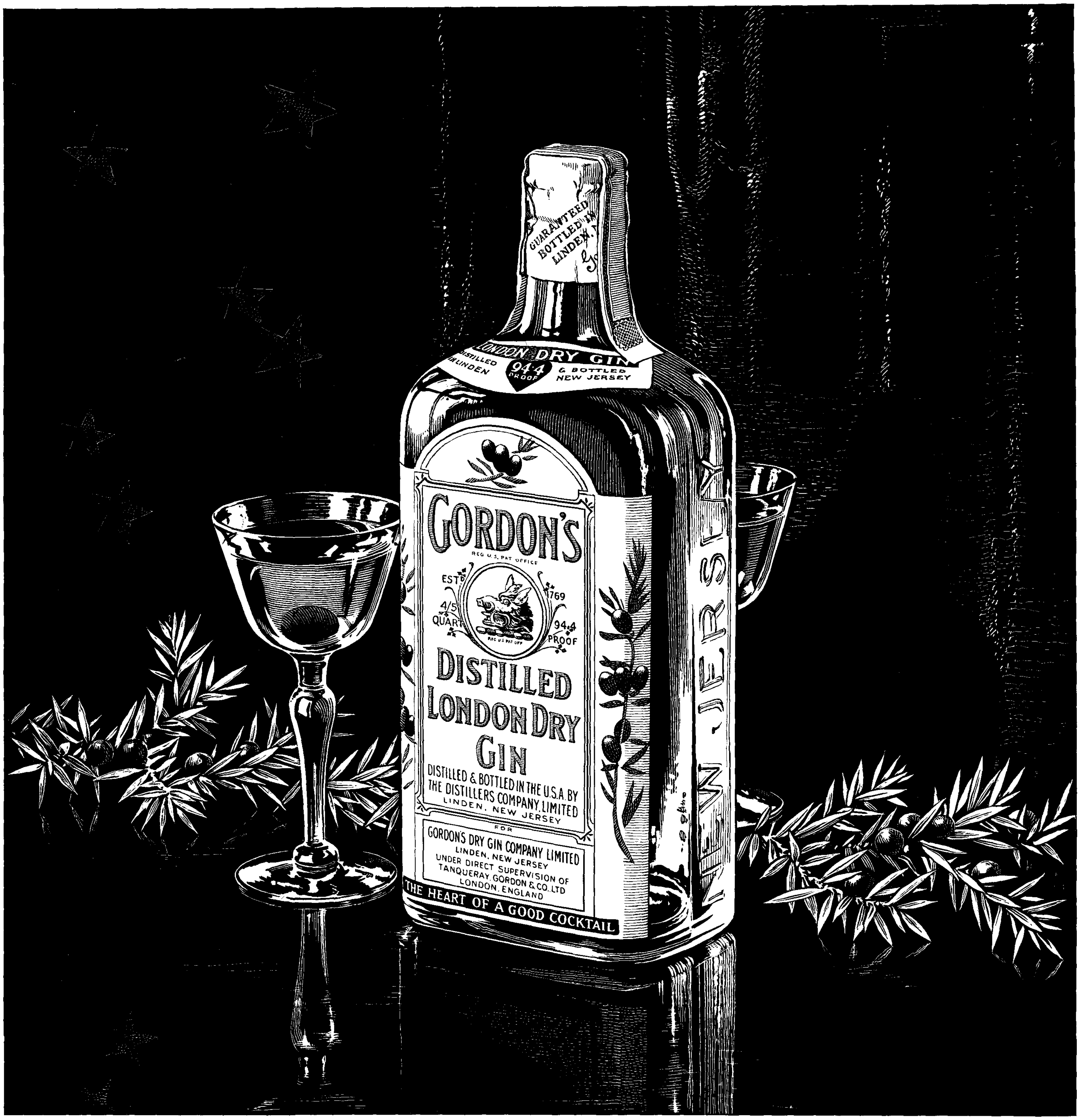
"Well—yes," he said, "if you call it luck. I'm worth more as a field man;

(Continued on page 53)



"Maybe that wasn't the correct way to give a toast"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS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GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY UNDER DIRECT SUPERVISION OF TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD LONDON, ENGLAND
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NEW JERSEY

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THE HEART OF ♥ A GOOD COCKTAIL

Permit R-514

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CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

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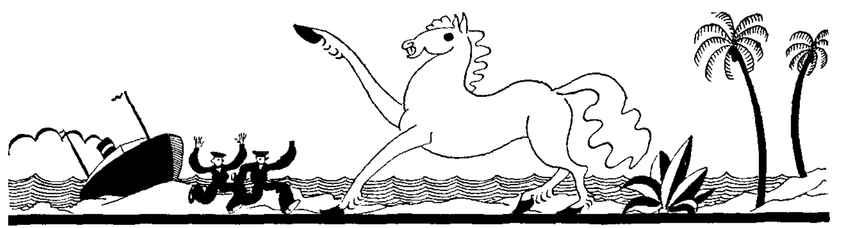

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Man's ingratitude to the horse, his age-old servant and companion, is recorded in a number of cases in which whalers, explorers and other expeditionary parties have deserted their animals on barren islands. In 1924 a whaling ship, stopping at a small, uninhabited island off New Zealand, found a friendly old horse that had spent ten lonely years there by himself, having been left behind by his "friends" when they sailed for home just before the war.

Mathematical knowledge has developed so tremendously in the past century that today it would require the lifelong work of 20 gifted men to master it all. Even higher arithmetic alone now is probably beyond the mastery of any two geniuses. In fact this science has become so specialized that at meetings where, for example, 50 different papers are presented, not more than five are wholly intelligible to any one man. —*By C. H. Austin, Bradford, Massachusetts.*

Of the many unusual places where advertisements appear in this country today, the oddest is perhaps the stationery of the North Dakota State penitentiary at Bismarck, which carries an advertisement of a brand of flour.

In various parts of the world there are large groups of men, excluding those in prisons and monasteries, who apparently are content to live without women. One outstanding example is the population of South Georgia, an island in the South Atlantic Ocean, which is composed of about 600 men and one woman.—*By Joel T. Quisenberry, New York City.*

Several centuries ago, the ruling prince of the province of Coorg, India, often had a condemned criminal brought to his palace for "a sporting proposition." The prince would offer the man his freedom if he were able to run the full length of the courtyard without being shot by the prince as he fired from a balcony window. Thus the state saved the cost of an execution and the prince caught up with his shooting.

Sultan Mouley Ismail, who ruled Morocco from 1672 to 1727 when he died at the age of 80, was one of the world's greatest fathers. His harem, which was said to have rivaled that of Solomon, presented him with about 1,100 children. Assuming that his interest in this harem lasted as long as 50 years, he became a father on an average of every 17 days during this period.

Many primitive peoples around the world still believe that a person's shadow is either his soul or a living part of him. Thus a man's own shadow must never be caught under a falling tree or sealed in a coffin, nor must the shadow of some evil person be allowed to fall upon and contaminate one. In India even today Hindus believe that anything which is touched by the shadow of an Untouchable—from a dish of food to a large pool of water—must either be destroyed or thoroughly cleansed.

Thousands of American banks today still are inadequately protected against holdups and burglaries. During the past four years, a bank robbery—with an average loss of $4,800—has taken place in this country on an average of every 11 hours. In other words, this poor protection costs our banking business $436 an hour.

Perhaps the most astonishing demonstration that "solid" things contain countless "wide, open spaces" is the pouring of mercury through a piece of lead. In fact mercury is easily siphoned from one vessel to another through a solid lead rod.—*By Z. T. Walter, Los Angeles, California.*

A new aluminum shoe for race-horses, which weighs only half as much as the present four-ounce steel shoe, will undoubtedly help to increase their speed as, it is said, "an ounce off the hoof equals a pound off the back." When equipped with them, a running horse, in his 264 strides to a mile, will only have to lift—in shoe weight—132 instead of 264 pounds. —*By B. Caldwell, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

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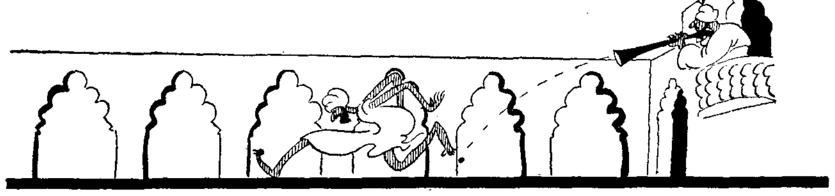

A Man of Achievement

Continued from page 50

they'll give me a job—but not as good a job as I've got now."

"But you could be home for dinner every evening? . . . Darling, that's a swell job!" They turned into the driveway, rolled up to the house.

"I'd be home for dinner—but you'd have to cook it; the most they'll pay me for a desk job, at the outset, is fifty dollars a week. I'd meant to tell you this sooner—ask you which you'd rather do—"

But it was too late for her to answer him now. Her parents were greeting him; and then there were cocktails in the living-room. In a general atmosphere of festivity, C. P. Sherwell at last got down to business.

"WELL, Mr. Clinch—Tom, rather—Bee tells me you two want to get married. She's young, of course; but if she wants you, and you can support her—I understand you're getting eight thousand a year?" Then Tom had to explain, while Bee's father listened in rising horror. "What?" he exploded at last. "You think you could support her on fifty a week?"

"I could, sir. Not the way she's used to living, of course; but—"

"But you thought I'd come through with an allowance for her?"

"No, sir, I didn't think that. Your stock in the mill merger hasn't paid you a cent since 1930. . . . I understand how much I'm asking of Bee; it would mean work—hard work, and poverty. But we'd have a chance to see something of each other, that way—"

"But—good God! It's not just the money; if you let yourself be reduced, unnecessarily, to a third of your present salary, you put yourself on a lower level. You make yourself a fifty-dollar-a-week man!"

And a fifty-dollar man, Bee perceived, could not be regarded as a man of achievement. In the marriage of a Sherwell to a Clinch of achievement there was drama, romance—something to solace her father's soreness at finding himself on the shelf; but the marriage of a Sherwell to a fifty-dollar Clinch would be little better than a scandal.

"You haven't made the change yet?" her father was asking. "You could still keep your present job? . . . Then keep it, if you want to marry Bee!"

"I understand how you feel, Mr. Sherwell; but let's hear what Bee thinks of it. Personally I'd rather take the desk job and have a chance to see my wife every evening; but if she—"

"Of course we'll take the desk job," said Bee. "I don't want to be always saying goodby to you. And you know, darling, you're the world's worst letter writer."

"I forbid it!" her father snapped. "Till a year from next April you can't get married without my consent. If you were going to marry a man you could be proud of, a man we could all be proud of—"

"And don't you think," she broke in fiercely, "that I'm proud of a man who respects me enough to assume that I'm not afraid of work? Who wants to be with me, and knows that I want to be with him, even if it means a little hardship? Who isn't afraid we'll get bored if we see too much of each other? Why do I have to marry somebody who's making a lot of money, and going to make a lot more? Those 1929-model marriages are beginning to look out of date. It would be nice if we could have money too, but I'd rather have a chance to live with my husband."

"Well—" Her father shrugged. "If you still feel that way a year from next April, I won't be able to stop you. But till then—"

A year from next April. Meanwhile she might see Tom two or three times—between trains, saying goodby almost as soon as they'd said hello. There would be no fragility about an emotion that could survive that; if they could stand the waiting, they'd know it was real. . . . But she knew it was real now, and she didn't want to wait. . . . Tom stood up.

"I'd better take my things down to the hotel, Mr. Sherwell; I'm going to do something tomorrow that I could hardly do when I'm a guest in your house. . . . She can't marry me, here, till a year from April, if you say no; but in New York State she can marry me right now. It's only a little over five hours to Buffalo; and tomorrow morning, when she's had a chance to think it over, I'm going to call her up and ask her to take a train to Buffalo with me, and marry me there."

Into the stunned silence that followed that came Bee's voice.

"Why wait till tomorrow? There's a Buffalo train at 5:15."

"Wait a minute," said her father hoarsely. "Do you realize what he's asking you, Bee? To run off to another state to evade the law, and your parents; to wear yourself out for him when you could live in comfort? Is that what you'd call a 1935-model husband?"

"I think, Charlie," said Mrs. Sherwell suavely, "the model is rather older than that. About 10,000 B.C., I should say; but you needn't think it's ever going to look out of date to women. . . . If you think they need a chaperon for that trip to Buffalo I'll go with them myself. Then people *would* laugh."

"Uh!" said Bee's father. "All ganging on me, are you? . . . Fifty dollars a week! Whew! Why, Bee must cost us that much now, just by herself! . . . Huh!" he said thoughtfully, and began to grin. "Tom Clinch, you think you're a smart fellow, don't you? Good at statistics, and analysis, and all that. And apparently it never occurred to you that Bee costs us a certain amount of money, living at home, that we might just as well give her as an allowance if she lives with you. . . . Or maybe it did occur to you, and you'd be too proud to marry a girl who'd have an allowance as big as your salary."

"Too proud?" said Tom. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

LATER, when Bee was alone with her father, she tried to thank him; but in the meantime she had done some thinking.

"Dad, if you could afford this now, you could have afforded it just as well when I was engaged to Arthur. Thank God you didn't suggest it, then; but why? You always pretended to like Arthur; did you realize that he was a dud before I did?"

"Not particularly. Fact is, it never occurred to me in those days that we might as well spend that money on you one way as another. But the way Tom put me in a hole, I had to think of something. . . . I don't think we need be afraid that fellow's going to stay in a fifty-dollar job very long. No matter what sort of a jam he's in, he never admits that there's nothing to be done about it; any organization can use a man like that, pretty close to the top. And anybody who can pry money out of me in times like these," C. P. Sherwell finished, "is distinctly a man of achievement."

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This Year's War

Continued from page 15

louse. In our South, it means bedbug. Elsewhere in this country, it means the grain pest, which, if you hold it on your palm, is no larger than Ma's opinion of the girl you want to marry. Yet, Sievert Rohrer, assistant chief of the Bureau of Entomology, told me that he has stood on prairie land when chinch bugs were on the march and seen the whole ground in every direction, from his feet to the horizon miles away, move and pulse like slow, dark waters. In adult life the chinch bug is black and white. Only in his very earliest forms is he reddish.

There are two generations of chinch bugs each year. The female lays up to 300 eggs; and thus might account for almost 90,000 bugs in the second generation, and be the great-great-grandma of approximately 8,100,000,000 by the end of the following summer—for most chinch bugs are girls. That is about 1,000 bushels of chinch bugs: someone with more patience and mathematical talent than your reporter has counted a quart pail full of them and figured it all out. Chinch bugs have beaks—infinitesimal syringes, through which they suck the sap of grain stems. Poisons applied to the plants, therefore, do not bother them. They migrate three times a year. First, on warm sunny days in late winter, or early spring, from hibernation quarters to the young grain, such as wheat and barley. Here the eggs are laid; the young are hatched and shed their skins five times while growing to adult or winged stage. By now the wheat stalks have become too hard for them to penetrate and suck, or have been cut, and the second migration occurs. The chinch bugs move *en masse* to the corn fields. Usually they walk, although a long-winged variety can fly—as much as ten miles, if helped by the wind. Here the second batch of eggs is laid, and the brides of the spring become the grandmas of August. Then, on sunny days—never on cloudy—through October a third migration fetches them into winter homes, where summer's perils are left behind for winter's naps and amours.

Billion-Dollar Bugs

Man has allies in his warfare on the dreaded chinch. The most powerful among them is the white-fungus disease. Next, is *eumicrosoma benefica*, a very tiny wasp—so minute, you cannot tell without a microscope that it is an insect—which lays an egg in the chinch-bug egg. Its grub hatches first and eats the latter and when it is full grown emerges from the chinch egg and Ma Chinch is surprised to find herself the mother of a bouncing wasp. Thrashers, larks, bobwhites, redwings, blackbirds and catbirds also may be cited for valor in the chinch war. Man fights the chinch by fire—burning his refuges in the winter; by trenching—making a barrier in which the chinch is either suffocated by dust or caught in post holes into which he is turned by creosote lines; by flame—a blow-torch, used along the trench barrier.

But the chinch bug is only one of half a dozen major enemies and a host of minor ones to be fought this year, if we are to eat next fall and winter at reasonable prices; and keep always the beauties of our gardens and our decorative shade trees. There are in the United States between 7,000 and 7,500 identified "economic insects"—that is, bugs hurtful, in one degree or another, to man and his works and possessions. There are three million known insects in the world and it is a reasonable surmise that at least twenty million varieties may exist. There is no way of estimating the total damage wrought by all pests; but it is known that thirty-four of the more important will cause a billion-dollar crop loss, or more, in the United States this year. The cost—to federal and local agencies and private individuals—of fighting the pests will be probably another billion. Behind the war on pests a considerable "munitions" industry has been developed—fumigants and insecticides.

A Japanese Hitchhiker

Of seventy foremost insect pests in the United States, more than half are invaders from overseas. Others have come across our land frontiers. Turn about, a native American grapevine pest—Phylloxea—got to Europe in 1870, and threatened to wipe out the wine industry, until the desperate viniculturists finally got it under control. One of our potato bugs got over there just lately, and is raising hob. The four winds are known to share the crime of disseminating insect pests; but, in general, bugs have traipsed around with man and kept pace with his development of transportation. There are two Societies of Mayflower Descendants in the United States today. Only one gets into the blue book. The other is on a blacklist. There were some gentry aboard the Mayflower—John Winthrop, for example—but for the most part the members of the little ship's company were humble folk, and humble in those days meant dirty. Therefore, among our Mayflower descendants today are bedbugs, roaches, body lice, moths, and various pests that infested the few cherished sprigs brought for transplanting. When the Graf Zeppelin made her first landing here in October, 1928, seven pests and two diseases were found in bouquets which had been used for decoration. On her next trip, twenty pests—six previously unknown here—were found.

In between the Mayflower and the Graf, railroads, steamships and planes have unwittingly aided the enemy. The Mediterranean fruit fly, which stopped the horticultural development of the Hawaiian Islands for a generation and endangered the whole citrus fruit industry there and in the United States, is a veteran cosmopolitan pest which has raided and destroyed orchards the world over, from his base, probably in the Azores. Refrigerated ships made it possible for Mediterranean countries to ship oranges profitably to Australia; and so the fruit fly got into Perth and Sydney. Hawaii took alarm; for ships plying between Australia and the United States touched there. Rigid inspection and quarantine were established; but on June 21, 1910, lo, there was the fruit fly in the Punchbowl district of Honolulu and doing nicely, thank you. It is believed larvæ on infested oranges in the ships' own stores transformed into the adult stage during the journey from Australia to Hawaii and flew ashore in Honolulu.

The Japanese beetle is a confirmed hitchhiker, from out the 10,000 square miles in the Middle East which he now calls home. He has been found alive in Chicago aboard refrigerated cars from South Jersey. He and the European cornborer are two principal reasons why you should not growl at the young man who halts your car at a roadside quarantine station. It is true he does not examine you closely; just a casual peer and a prompt acceptance of your word that you are not sitting on a bar-

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beris thunbergia. But he is not careless. He knows that you, at most, could have only a negligible amount of pests. Moreover, anticipating the inspection, few citizens try to outwit it. The guards watch for bigger game; trucks loaded with produce which might effect wholesale distribution of pests are searched.

Today, after the fright caused by the Mediterranean fruit fly, plant quarantines are world-wide. Virtually every civilized country maintains a state of insect martial law. Nowhere is it stricter than in the United States. There are two branches of our pest quarantine: Domestic, as between states and districts; foreign, kept at seaports, along borders and at frontier airports. Plants that are officially brought in for experimental purposes are isolated and guarded with scientific thoroughness.

Mosquitoes Are Tricky

Among our distinguished unwelcome foreign visitors are the Hessian fly and the gypsy moth. The latter has defoliated hundreds of thousands of our shade trees. Millions of dollars are expended each year in the war on the gypsy. A great barrier zone—a No-Moth's Land 25 to 30 miles wide—is maintained down the east bank of the Hudson, from Canada to Long Island Sound, effectively shutting off moth-besieged New England. In general, the gypsy does not fly more than five miles, although air currents might carry it farther; but clean-up work in the Zone has successfully defended the rest of the United States from this pest. The Hessian fly is a wheat raider, and destroys fifty to one hundred million dollars' worth of this crop every year.

We must fight the mosquito this year, too. Although we seem to have thrown him back, we must always fight him; for he is a tricky foe, and takes to hideouts and watches his chance to make sorties. We must fight him, else he will devitalize us, as he did Greece, through the insidious lassitude of malaria. Fevers out of the Pontine Marshes sapped ancient Rome. Mussolini has drained those marshes, defeated the mosquito there as the United States licked it in Panama and Cuba.

Grasshoppers we have always with us; and most of ours are not internationalists, but native Americans. The grasshopper's legions are countless and have been fighting man since the dawn of time. His relatives are many and include the cricket, the roach, the bright green katydid, which mourns the end of summer and brings an end to some of your trees in the bargain, and the locust, noted in Biblical days and thereafter for great flights that have left entire races and whole countries in utter desolation. Grasshoppers are tough foes. The grasshopper mammas lay as many as 400 eggs at a time, by thrusting their abdomens—which are as extensible as old-fashioned telephone brackets—into the ground. Flocks of turkeys and chickens are used to combat local outbreaks; but poisoned mash is the common large-scale weapon. The war on grasshoppers has cost us in all far more than our wars on foreign nations.

The codling moth is another major foe we must tackle this year, and the chief engagements will be fought out in the Pacific Northwest. He is the pest that causes wormy apples; and we often stagger out of the annual scrap with him, suffering a 20- to 50-per-cent crop reduction and a $50,000,000 loss in money. For 1935 the federal pest army has only a quarter of a million dollars under its command; and is limited to investigational work. Control is left to states and growers.

The boll weevil, year in and year out since 1892, has been an unbowed foe. It has caused annual losses up to $300,000,000. It has thrown a front line from Virginia out to Kansas and south to the limit of the cotton belt in Texas. On the headquarters map of the entomologists this looks like a graph of the Western Front, and it recedes or advances each year with the tides of battle. Airplanes are used in the large-scale operations against the boll weevil. One pair of weevil honeymooners will have more than twelve million offspring before summer is over.

But the fight that will attract greatest notice, most strategy, this spring, and that may have the most important consequences, is against a recent foreign invader—the Dutch elm disease. In 1904, a fungous bark disease, or blight, was noticed on a chestnut tree in New York City. This was before the days of the plant quarantine. The disease came from Asia. Today, every bearing chestnut in New England and the Middle Atlantic states is dead. Some native chestnuts are making a last stand in the southern Appalachians; but they are certainly doomed. The Dutch elm disease now promises a similar fate to our elms, one of our most important shade trees.

It came in despite the quarantine. Holland—where its European ravages have been severest and its presence was first noticed—resents the name Dutch elm disease, because it is not a native organism. Its original home is not known, but was probably Asia. On some European fronts it has killed up to 70 per cent of the elms; all the beautiful old trees at Versailles, planted by Louis XIV, have been wiped out.

European lumbermen have long trained elms in growths that cause burls. These burl-elm logs are cut into a veneer which closely resembles bird's-eye maple, and is much cheaper. Cabinetmakers in Cleveland, Indianapolis, Louisville and other furniture centers of the Middle West began to use it some years ago. Because of the disease in Europe the importation of elm nursery stock was not permissible; although the burl logs were not suspected and were admitted. Then, in 1930, the disease was found in Ohio. Burl logs immediately held up at ports of entry were found to bear the fungus. Quarantine was clamped down on dead wood, as well as live; but the harm was done.

Killing Old Friends

Although the disease was quickly eradicated in Ohio, it had also escaped on the eastern seaboard. Here the situation was different. Since 1909, when it was first reported in Boston, a bark beetle with an affinity for elms alone has been living in the East and gradually spreading out. Some of these beetles came into contact with the sticky reproductive spores of the Dutch elm disease, carried it from tree to tree; and the destruction has begun. Other insects will become carriers, it is feared: borers, hoppers and leaf-feeders. Also, birds that feed on the larvæ of the elm disease organism are a menace: woodpeckers, sapsuckers, and the like.

The federal government has appropriated more than half a million to start the fight on the Dutch elm disease, and the alarmed states of New Jersey, New York and Connecticut have added funds. Scouting parties are abroad in the theater of war. Infected trees are ruthlessly cut down and burned. No other control measure is yet known; no parasite that might be encouraged or introduced has been found. But a drive along many highways in the East these days, where you will see many fine elms girdled by axemen for death, will give you a foretaste of the heartbreak to come; and a warning of what might happen to all life on earth if we let up in the endless war on pests.

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The World Series of 1935

Continued from page 22

produced in many a year. Whoever first called them Dizzy and Daffy should go back and take some high-school English. They're about as goofy as a thousand-dollar Liberty bond.

"And remember," Richards Vidmer of the New York Herald Tribune adds, "they aren't the whole staff. Wild Bill Hallahan can still fool those hitters pretty good and Bill Walker, Bud Tinning and Malone are three very cute ball players."

Manager Frankie Frisch epitomizes the team. No slashing daisy-cutter is too hot for Frisch to go after. No pop fly is too deep for him to run for. Frisch has the mental edge on every pitcher in the league, for while many of them are frankly afraid of him he feels that they're all his cousins.

Heavy Artillery

The Cardinals this year will come close to presenting six .300 hitters in their regular lineup. Jim Collins at first base hit .333 last season; Frisch at second slapped the ball at a .305 tune; Pepper Martin hit .288 and a good bet would be that he'll raise that by twelve points this season; De Lancey behind the plate hit .316; Joe Medwick in the outfield hit a half dozen opposing players and .319; Ernie Orsatti batted .299 and it isn't hard to stretch a point and call him a .300 hitter. The Cards expect great things from Rookie Terry Moore, who hit .328 with Columbus last season. Moore has a good chance of breaking into the regular lineup. Durocher won't hit .300 but he'll win many a game and cut off many a run. The Cards are not quite the terrifically slugging team that the Yanks of old were. Rather they are a slashing aggregation always apt to blast a victory out of an apparent defeat with a vicious, timely drive.

Only the Giants have the pitching and the power to give the Cards any real opposition. Many of the writers think that Bill Terry's team will come home first. On paper the Giants look very nifty but then they looked very nifty all the way up to September 1, 1934, and didn't win any pennants. Three elements enter into doping the Giants this year. Their names are Carl Hubbell, Leroy Parmelee and Dick Bartell.

Several of the writers hint that Hubbell is due for a bad year but what they base their dire forebodings on I don't know. He won twenty-one games last season and he looked pretty good down south last month.

Jimmy Wood, sports columnist of the Brooklyn Times-Union, has this to say of Parmelee: "If the Giants had Parmelee all through last season they might have stopped that final drive of the Cards. He's on the verge of becoming a really great pitcher. If he picks this year to fulfill the promise he has always given, it means that he'll just about win the pennant for Terry."

Dick Bartell is the third enigma. Bartell may be the best shortstop in the league. Then again he may not. He has been exiled in Philadelphia these past few years and it's hard to get a real line on a Philly player.

Stan Baumgartner of the Philadelphia Inquirer, once a grand big-league pitcher, now an equally grand sports writer, thinks that the acquisition of Bartell will mean the pennant for the Giants.

"Bartell will give the Giants added hitting strength," he says. "Then I heard that Paul Dean has a sore arm that isn't coming around any too well. That will hurt the Cards and help the Giants."

All in all, it looks as though the Giants were the ones to beat but the writers don't seem too enthusiastic over Terry's pitching staff. Fitzsimmons can be very, very good—but he can be so unlucky. Hal Schumacher seems due for another good year—last season he won twenty-three games. Allyn Stout should help a lot but in the final analysis it depends upon Hubbell and Parmelee.

The rest of the league hasn't a chance, the writers declare. Lack of pitching will keep Pittsburgh and Chicago from doing anything but annoying the leaders, although two writers do like Pittsburgh.

"The Pirates needed only pitchers," says Mark Kelly of the Los Angeles Examiner. "They got Bush and Weaver from the Cubs. They'll be hard to stop."

Murray Robinson of the Newark Star Eagle also picks the Pirates to win. We must discount his judgment when we read what he says about Brooklyn.

"I pick the Dodgers to finish sixth," he says. "But they may not finish at all. They may all die laughing at Casey Stengel's jokes."

The writers, I might add, figure Brooklyn as the "surprise team" of the National League. Ken Smith of the New York Mirror says, "Leonard and Babich are going to be two sweet pitchers this year. Linus Frey should mature into a really first-class infielder. Brooklyn can't miss being intelligently handled with Stengel in charge and it wouldn't surprise me to see them make a lot of trouble for the favorites."

The addition of Babe Ruth to the Boston Braves is going to have a greater effect on the box office than on the standing of the club, the writers think. Boston is a big "if" team this season. If the Babe has one more good year in him; if Rabbit Maranville can come back; if Catcher Frank Hogan can finally achieve stardom; if Pitcher Ben Cantwell can come through—then Boston will have a real team capably managed by Bill McKechnie, as good a pilot as there is in this league or any other league. McKechnie will start the season as manager but the birds are whispering that Ruth will be in the driver's seat by July 4th. However, the birds are notoriously poor whisperers.

Guess Again

Now we'll shift to the American League. Smart Frank Graham of the New York Sun says, "The only way to pick the American League race is to write the name of each club on a piece of paper, throw them up in the air, and the order in which they come down may well be the order in which the teams will finish. I never saw a race in this league which figures to be so wide open."

The lack of faith which the writers have in Detroit to repeat is amazing. Sid Mercer of the New York American sums up the attitude of the writers when he says, "Detroit will be as good this year as last year but Detroit won't be as lucky. No team could have that luck two years in succession. Last season Mickey Cochrane didn't have one injury or case of illness on his club. Smart as Mickey is, he can't outsmart bad luck and he's due for some this year. His team doesn't figure to outrun Cleveland. There is a ball team."

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"Cleveland has a catcher named Joe Pitlak," Tom Meany of the World-Telegram says. "If Pitlak has a great year the Indians will breeze in. He was very disappointing last season but he should be a standout this year."

"There's a fellow named Hal Trosky who plays first base for Cleveland," Garry Schumacher of the New York Journal chimes in, "who is only wonderful. How he can hit! And he can hit in the clutch, too, when hits count for something. Trosky, Earl Averill, Pitlak, Joe Vosmik and young Knickerbocker form a powerhouse that Detroit can't match. They'll murder those American League pitchers."

Walter Johnson has a very gaudy collection of hurlers with which to work. There's Mel Harder, a great right-hander who was the star of the All Star game last year. He has Monte Pearson, Willis Hudlin, Oral Hildebrand and several youngsters who have impressed in spring practice. Albert Milnar, Thornton Lee and Lloyd Brown are three left-handers who will help and the rookie, William Perrin, may come through.

No Weak Points

Then he has a youngster named Louis Berger, who has the critics throwing their hats in the air. Present indications are that Berger will start the season at second. Trosky will be on first, Knickerbocker at short and either Willie Kamm or Odell Hale on third. Vosmik and Averill will hold down two outfield posts with the third probably going to Bruce Campbell, acquired from the Browns via the trade route.

Cleveland seems to be a club with no apparent weakness. Detroit, the writers think, has a weakness—its pitching staff. At first glance there seems to be nothing weak about Schoolboy Rowe, Tom Bridges, Alvin Crowder, Vic Sorrell, Elden Auker and Fred Marberry. But Crowder is getting along in baseball years and the writers seem to think that a few of the others pitched over their heads last season.

Detroit has a few boosters. Harry Salsinger of the Detroit Free Press thinks that if Mickey Cochrane catches 140 games the Tigers will romp home.

"With Cochrane in there," Salsinger says, "Detroit is the hardest team in the league to beat. A year ago the Tigers lacked a left-handed starting pitcher. Now they have three southpaw rookies who look good and one of them, Clyde Mad Hatter from Louisville, looks just like what Cochrane ordered."

Certainly the Detroit infield should be even better than it was last season. Greenberg and Owen were inexperienced. Now they've had a year under fire. Fox and Jo Jo White in the outfield were also inexperienced. They should be steadier. But still the writers are stringing with Cleveland.

Now consider the New York Yankees. They are well thought of by many. Dan Daniel, veteran Scripps-Howard baseball writer and one of the keenest of them all, thinks the Yanks will finish second. Bill Corum, New York Journal sports columnist, likes them to win.

"It all depends on Red Rolfe," Corum says. "Last season he looked just a year away. If he's ready this year he'll make the team a tough contender. Lou Gehrig is the greatest player in the game and that Yankee pitching staff looks very, very good."

The Yankee pitching staff does look good. There is the goofy one, Vernon Gomez, and he is such a good pitcher. Oh, very good. There is Charlie Red Ruffing, Johnny Allen, John Murphy, John Broaca (all ready for stardom), Walter Brown and Jimmy DeShong. With the exception of Gomez and Ruffing it is a very young staff which should do better this year than last.

The outfield is something of a problem. Ben Chapman, a grand fly-chaser, a superior base runner and a reliable hitter, looks like a fixture. If Earl Coombs can come back after his horrible crash last year he should do nicely and young George Selkirk appears to be ready for a regular berth. Bill Dickey behind the plate is just about the best catcher in the league. It's a good team.

Tom Swope, the Cincinnati writer, points out something about the Yanks. "They had a run of tough luck last year," he says, "and they are due for the breaks this time. Give them the luck Detroit had last year and they'll win. Joe McCarthy will have to win this year to hold his job and he'll be bearing down hard."

Now we come to the Boston Red Sox. Tom Yawkey ran a million dollars into a ball club and some of the writers think it's a good enough ball club to win the pennant.

"First-year managers have won the American League pennant two years in a row," Burt Whitman of the Boston Herald points out. "So how about Joe Cronin winning for the Red Sox in his first year?"

Joe Cronin is a good manager and an outstanding shortstop. He has a good team with a few weaknesses, and one big question mark. The question mark is Lefty Grove.

If someone can talk Lefty into believing that his arm is all right again, the lean and lanky one may carry the team to the pennant. In good shape, Grove could make Mr. Yawkey very happy.

"However," John Keller of the Washington Star points out, "Boston only has one real outstanding, dependable pitcher, Wesley Fessler. And Boston is weak on the right side of the infield."

"If Yawkey can plug up the right side of the infield by June 15th," Roy Stockton of the St. Louis Post Dispatch says, "he'll have a grand team—but he'll have to do that first."

They are the only four teams the writers as a body like, but Cy Peterman of the Philadelphia Bulletin picks a long shot in the Athletics. "Jimmy Foxx is catching for the A's this year," he says. "And that means that the pitching will be good. Merritt Cain, Bill Dietrich, John Marcum, Roy Mahaffey, Alton Benton and George Caster will all improve now that Foxx will be handling them. The team is full of confidence and—this is important—Mr. Mack isn't talking this year. He just says, 'We'll have a fair team,' and when he lets it go at that, watch out for the A's."

Apologies in Advance

Cleveland, Detroit, New York and Boston. They'll come rolling down that stretch within whispering distance of each other and the team that Lady Luck smiles upon will probably get the nod. But those writers are awful hot on Cleveland.

Well, there they are, folks, St. Louis and Cleveland, but don't bet too much on them, even though a managerial poll conducted by Dan Daniel gave the same result. It's easy for even the experts to pick them wrong.

In submitting his choices Jack Ryder of the Cincinnati Enquirer said gloomily, "Here they are but I have no confidence in them. A year ago I picked them and just one club of the sixteen finished in the right place."

And Tom Laird of the San Francisco News, widely known coast writer who has been looking at them for years, gives his choices and then calmly confesses: "But, after all, I am only guessing. Which I think is as good a way as any to pick winners."

So if we're all wrong please excuse it. We'll be in good company.

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Snap-KLEEN

She Stops the Show

Continued from page 11

it," she was saying. "Disgrace or no disgrace, I'm going to kiss you. If you try falling off the log, I'll also kick you."

When next heard of she was starting her professional career at Innsbruck. The manager had seen her in an amateur production and signed her to a year's contract. However, she was not popular at Innsbruck. She might be able to act but she violated every illusion of the good burghers, who were used to having their actresses buxom, hearty and grabbable. What really paved the way for Bergner's success in her native land was the pioneering work of another actress.

Another Tradition Smashed

When Bergner was still a student, the actors and critics were spending their spare moments at the People's Theater—Volksbühne—in Vienna, where Lia Rosen was the star. Under the guidance of Stefan Grossman, the theater had revolutionized the stage in Austria and was making an impression on all Europe. Lia Rosen was the first actress who had ever successfully shattered the notion that a stage star must be a cross between a Wagnerian soprano and the rear end of a bus.

Lia Rosen's road was a hard one until she conquered the Viennese audiences by the quality of her acting. Bergner owes to Rosen not only much of her technique but the more important device of turning her defects into virtues. If she was physically weak, she made frailty appealing and heartrending. Instead of being statuesquely tragic, she became tiny and intensely tragic. Instead of hiding her physical shortcomings, she capitalized on them and eventually altered the course of the German theater.

Because she had a year's contract at Innsbruck, they couldn't let her out, but she played only small parts and it was plain that she had no future among the lusty Tyroleans. Her chance came when the company of the Kammerspiele of Munich visited Innsbruck for a series of guest performances. Like all other actors, Bergner spent her spare time in the coffeehouses and the members of the Munich company found her an entertaining companion.

"A very clever girl, the little one," said Falkenberg, the famous director of the Kammerspiele.

"That one!" cried the Innsbruck people, and were not convinced even when Falkenberg signed her for the next season in Munich.

Her success at Munich led to her engagement at Zurich and consequently her descent upon Berlin. But her Berlin debut was also a failure. She might be great stuff in Switzerland, but it was the old story of Des Moines and Broadway. When her money ran low, she got a job in the Roland von Berlin cabaret, which was run by Schneider-Dunker and catered to a good class of patrons. It was a "wine" cabaret as contrasted with a "beer" cabaret. At that time Bergner was still struggling against a slight lisp in her speech and it was the work in Berlin which resulted in her present marvelous voice. She sang in the cabaret and sat in theatrical managers' offices, but Berlin was not becoming Bergner-conscious so easily. It was only when she went back to Vienna and took the rôle of Rosalind in As You Like It, at the Lessing theater, that she made her first great success.

Before long she was known as The Bergner, a title which is really her mark of fame. The young blades were falling over themselves about her and there were rumors of a romantic suicide in Zurich, but The Bergner was not sacrificing her career for her personal affairs.

"There's only one man I'm crazy about," she says. "Shakespeare."

When she later married Paul Czinner, the motion picture director and manager, it was a mystery even to herself.

After the first Shakespeare performance, Bergner was made. From that point she climbed straight to a position of eminence in the European theater. She played Strindberg's Frau Julie along with such light society comedy as Lonsdale's Mrs. Cheyney. She played Ibsen's Wild Duck and Eugene O'Neill's Strange Interlude. One of her great parts was Shaw's St. Joan.

Bergner's first important motion picture performance was in Nju with Emil Jannings and Conrad Veidt, which was banned by the German censors. The play which is still talked about with most enthusiasm in Germany is Arnold Zweig's Jewish Boy, which was written around the ritual murders in Hungary. It was a powerful part and Bergner played it with all the dramatic intensity of a Jew who has suffered persecution and exile. As a Jew she is no longer in Germany. When recently she was greatly needed for a season of Shakespeare in Berlin, Hilpert, the director, arranged with Goering that an exception would be made in the case of Bergner. Not only might she return, but she could return with honor.

"I can return only when my people return," said Bergner.

Her first venture in English was a radio performance in The Wild Duck. She was supported by Val Gielgud and was a sensation. Her appearance in London in Escape Me Never occasioned such scenes as have not been witnessed in that country within the memory of living men. England literally went dotty over Bergner. When she burned herself cooking an egg, the play was forced to close temporarily and the country took on the air of apprehension known only when royalty is ailing.

Enough to Carry the Show

America is less emotional and The Bergner is not annoyed as she drifts around New York getting her exercise. Because she has a difficult time sleeping, she stays up late at night and sleeps most of next day. She takes a light meal before going to the theater, is the first actor behind the scenes and lingers over her make-up for the better part of an hour. When the show is over she goes straight home.

The Theatre Guild imported Escape Me Never intact—scenery, lights, actors and Bergner. The English seemed so casual about it the Guild became worried. The London manager did get around to sending the scenery, but the light cues and instructions for setting the show were confined to half a dozen scrawled lines on a page. It became apparent as affairs progressed that the English conceded the fact that Bergner could carry the show, scenery or no scenery, script or no script.

Her reaction to America was colored in the early stages by the fact that it started snowing on the night of her opening and was still snowing two days later.

"Is this America or Little America?" asked Miss Bergner, displaying a very pretty wit.

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The Ring of Lovers

Continued from page 21

the black coffee, where it wouldn't be seen, before he was searched. In other words, Pitt-Palmer was the thief?"

"Pitt-Palmer is dead," said Gahagan very gravely, "and it is the more my duty to defend his memory. What he did was doubtless wrong, as I have come to see more clearly than I did; but not worse than many a man has done. You may say what you like about that very common sort of wrongdoing. But he was not a thief."

"Will you or will you not explain what all this means?" cried Wotton.

"No," replied Gahagan, with a sudden air of relapsing into laziness and fatigue, "Mr. Pond will now oblige. I can see by his eyebrows that he knows all about it."

HE CLOSED his eyes with so hopeless a placidity that the baffled Wotton was forced to turn on the third party, rather like a bewildered bull.

"Do you really know anything about this?" he demanded. "What does he mean by saying that the man who hid the ring wasn't a thief?"

"Well, perhaps I can guess a little," said Mr. Pond modestly. "But that's only because I've kept in mind what we said at the beginning; about the misleading way in which real things remind us of romantic things; only they are never rounded off like the romance."

"Gahagan said you would explain everything," said Wotton, with controlled satire.

"The real mystery of the ring," said Pond gravely, "is not where it went to, but where it came from. Gahagan has said very truly that poor Pitt-Palmer was not the thief. Pitt-Palmer did not steal the ring."

"Then," exploded Wotton, "who the devil was it who stole the ring?"

"Lord Crome stole the ring!"

There was a silence upon the whole group for a brief space; and then the somnolent Gahagan stirred and said: "I knew you would see the point."

By way of making things clearer, Mr. Pond added almost apologetically:

"But you see, he had to hand it round, to find out whom he had stolen it from. Don't you see, as I said, you assume something at the start, simply because it is in all the stories? You assume that when a host hands round something at dinner it's something belonging to him and his household, probably an old family possession; because that is in all the stories. But Lord Crome meant something much blacker and more bitter than that when he said, with a dreadful irony, that it commemorated a romance in his family.

"Lord Crome had stolen that ring by intercepting correspondence; or in other words, tearing open a package addressed to his wife and containing nothing but the ring. The address was typewritten; nor indeed did he know all the handwritings involved. But he knew the very ancient writing engraved on that ring; which was such that it could only have been given with one purpose. He assembled those men to find out who was the sender; or, in other words, who was the owner. He knew the owner would somehow attempt to reclaim his possession, if he possibly could; to stop the scandal and remove the evidence. And indeed the man who did so, though he might be a blackguard, would certainly not be a thief.

"As a matter of fact, after a heathen fashion, he was a bit of a hero. Perhaps it was not for nothing that he had that cold, strong face that is the stone mask of Augustus. He took first of all the simple but sensible course of slipping the ring into his black coffee, under cover of a gesture of taking sugar. There it would not be seen for the moment anyhow; and he could safely offer himself to be searched. That demented moment, which really seemed to turn the whole thing into a frightful dream, when Crome screamed out that the coffee was poisoned, was only Crome's desperate counterstroke when he had guessed the trick; to make sure that the coffee should be left alone and the ring recovered.

"But that young man with the cold face preferred to die in that dreadful fashion—by swallowing the heavy ring and choking—on the chance that his secret, or rather Lady Crome's secret, might yet be overlooked. It was a desperate chance anyway; but of all the courses open to him, that being his object, it was probably the best he could have taken. In any case, I feel that we must all support Gahagan in saying, very properly, that the poor fellow's memory should be protected from any baser suggestions; and that a gentleman is certainly not a robber when he prefers to choke himself with his own ring."

Mr. Pond coughed delicately, having brought his argument to a close; and Sir Hubert Wotton remained staring at him, rather more bewildered by the solution than by the problem. When he rose slowly to his feet, it was with the air of one shaking off something that was still an evil dream.

"Well, I've got to be going, anyhow," he said, with an air of heavy relief. "Got to look in at Whitehall and I fancy I'm late already. By the way, if what you say is true, this must have happened very lately. So far as I know, the news of Pitt-Palmer's suicide hasn't come through yet—at least it hadn't come through this morning."

"It happened last night," said Gahagan.

WHEN Wotton had departed, a long silence fell upon the two other friends who remained looking gravely at each other.

"It happened last night," repeated Gahagan. "That is why I told you it had something to do with what happened this morning. I got engaged to Joan Varney this morning."

"Yes," said Mr. Pond gently. "I think I understand."

"Yes, I think you do," said Gahagan, "but I am going to try to explain for all that. Do you know there was one thing almost more awful than that poor fellow's death? And it only hit me when I was half a mile from that accursed house. I knew why I had been one of the guests.

"I didn't tell you anything much about the sort of garden party, with cocktails, that they had that afternoon before the dinner; because I felt that until one realized the climax, one couldn't realize anything; it would all sound like vaporing about the weather. But it was rather rum sort of weather yesterday, as it still is; only it was stormier, and I think the storm has passed over now. And it was a rum sort of atmosphere too; though the weather was only a coincidence, of course, it does sometimes happen that meteorological conditions make men more conscious of moral conditions.

"But whether you believe it or not, I did from the first feel an oppression, both physical and psychical; especially psychical. It increased when we went

(*Continued on page* 60)

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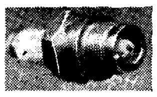
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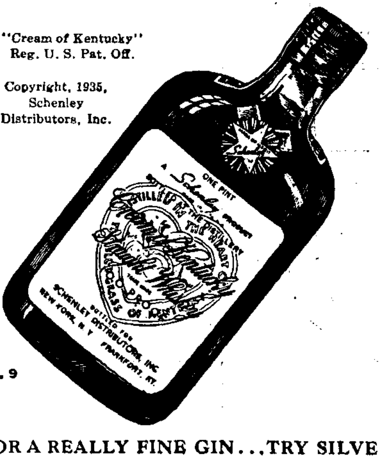
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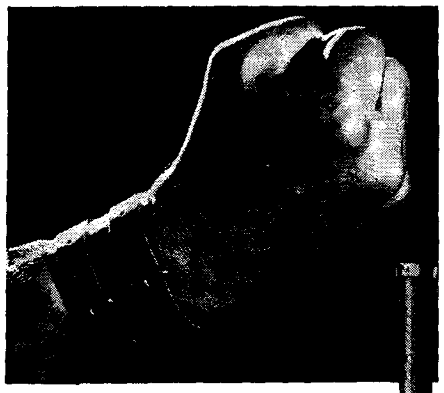

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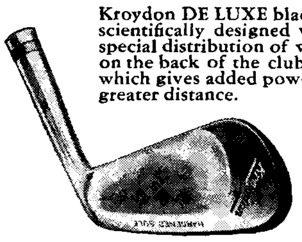

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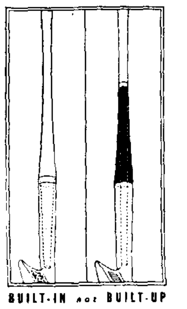

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Kroydon CLUBS

FOR BETTER GOLF

(Continued from page 59)

indoors and the dining-room curtains cut us off from any actual sight of the storm.

"And then that sinister and revolting thing happened before my eyes at the table; I can see the dark red wine in the port decanters and the dull glow of the lampshades. And still it seemed as if I were invisible and impersonal; I was hardly conscious of myself. Of course, we all had to answer some questions about ourselves; but I need not tell you about the trail of official fussing that crossed the track of the tragedy. It did not take long, since it was so obviously a case of suicide; and the party broke up, straggling out into the stormy night through the garden. As they passed out, they seemed to have taken on new shapes; new outlines.

"Between the hot night and the horrible death and that foul fog of throttling hatred in which we had tried to breathe, I began to see something else about them; perhaps to see them as they were. They all had something in common. I liked the Pole best; he had a sense of humor, and admirable manners; but I knew what he meant when he so courteously declined the position of Pope, because it would involve celibacy. Crome knew it too, and grinned back at him like a demon.

"The other one I liked was Major Wooster, the Anglo-Indian; but something told me that he was really of the jungle; a *shikar* not only hunting tigers; a tiger not only hunting deer. Then there was the titled doctor; I bet he was more Semitic than Magyar. But anyhow, he had thick lips in his thick beard; and a look in his almond eyes that I did not like at all.

"YES; they were after all a very select company. They were selected by a clever if nearly crazy man as being the six men in London most likely to lay a plot to seduce his wife. Then, with a great shock, I quite literally came to myself. I actually realized my own presence. I was there too. Crome had made up a choice party of profligates and picked them carefully. And he had honored *me* with an invitation to the feast.

"That was what I was. That at least was what I was supposed to be. A dandy and dawdling blackguard, always dangling after other men's wives. . . . You know, Pond, that I was not really so bad as all that; but then, perhaps, neither were they. We were all innocent in this case; and yet the thundercloud upon the garden rested on us like a judgment. So was I innocent in that case you remember, when I nearly got hanged for hanging round a woman I really didn't care about. But it served us right; it was our atmosphere that was all wrong; what quaint old people used to call the state of our souls. What the unspeakable bounders in the papers call sex appeal. That was why I nearly got hanged; and why there was a corpse in the house behind me. And there went through my head, like the tramp of armies, old lines written long ago, about what is in legend the noblest of all lawless loves; when Guinevere, refusing Lancelot at the last, says in words that had for me a ring of iron:

'For well ye wot that of this life
There comes but lewd and bitter strife
And death of men and great travail.'

"I had hung round all that sort of thing, and yet never quite clearly seen myself doing it; till two judgments struck me like the storm out of the sky. I nearly received a sentence from a judge in a black cap and blood-red robes, that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead. Worse still, I received an invitation from Lord Crome."

In the vast silence that followed, Mr. Pond said in a very small voice:

"What was the matter with you was that you liked being libeled."

Gahagan faced about, almost with the gesture of throwing up his hands.

"*Kamerad*, yes," he said. "I was as small as that."

He smiled at his friend, but with a glassy and rather ghastly smile.

"Yes; I cared more for that dirty rag of vanity, worse than any vice, than I did for any vices. How many men have sold their souls to be admired by fools? I nearly did it, merely to be suspected by fools. To be the dangerous man, the dark horse, the man of whom families should be afraid—that is the sort of abject ambition for which I wasted so much of my life, and nearly lost the fulfillment of my love. I dawdled; I lounged about; because I could not give up a bad name. And, by heaven, it nearly hanged the dog."

"That is what I supposed," said Mr. Pond in his most prim and polite manner. And then Gahagan broke out again:

"I was better than I seemed. But what did that mean, except the spiritual blasphemy that I wanted to seem worse than I was? What could it mean, except that, far worse than one who practiced vice, I admired it? Yes, admired it in myself; even when it wasn't there. I was the new hypocrite; but mine was the homage that virtue pays to vice."

"I understand, however," said Mr. Pond, in that curiously cold and distant tone, which had yet a very soothing effect on everybody, "that you are now effectually cured."

"I am cured," said Gahagan grimly. "But it took two dead men and a gallows to cure me. But the point is, what was I cured of? You have diagnosed it exactly right, my dear doctor, if I may call you so. I could not give up the secret pleasure of being slandered."

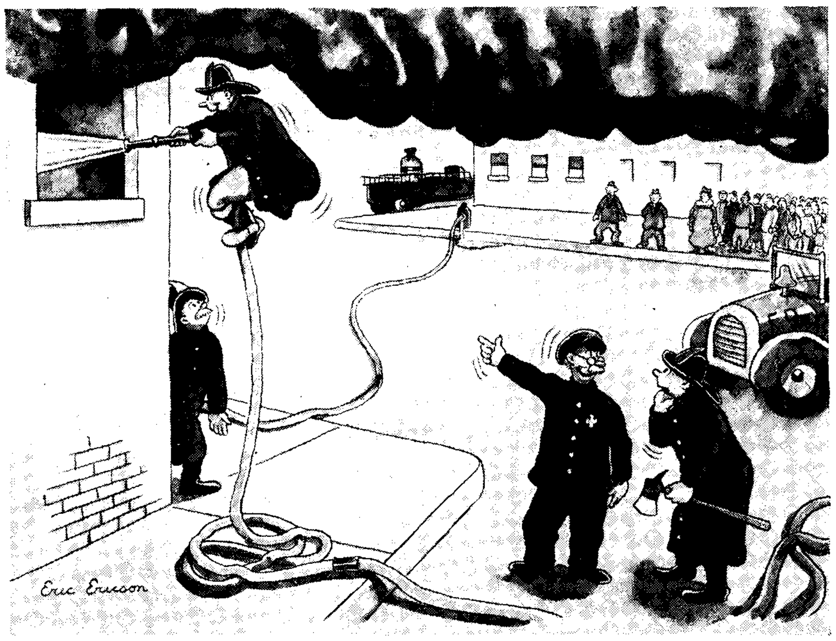
"By this time, however," said Mr. Pond, "other considerations have come in and induced you to support the insupportable charge of virtue."

Gahagan suddenly laughed, harshly and yet somehow heartily. Some would count his first comment a peculiar extension of the laugh. "I went to confession and the rest of it this morning," he said, "and in a vaguer sort of way I've come to confession to you. To confess that I didn't kill the man. To confess that I never made love to the man's wife. In short, to confess that I was a humbug. To confess that I am not a dangerous man. . . . Well, anyhow, after I'd done all that, I went on whistling, and as happy as a bird, to— Well, I think you know where I went to. There's a girl I ought to have fixed things up with long ago; and I always wanted to do it; that's the paradox. But a damned sight sillier paradox than any of your paradoxes, Pond."

Mr. Pond laughed gently, as he generally did when somebody had told him, at considerable length, all that he knew already. And he was not so old, nor despite his manner so cold, as not to form some sort of guess about the actual termination of the rather exasperating romance of Captain Gahagan.

THIS story started with some statements about the way in which stories tend to get into a tangle, one tale being mixed up with another tale, especially when they are true tales. It is really very irrelevant to the central plot that it should stray from the death of Pitt-Palmer to the wedding of Gahagan. It will be enough to say that, as already hinted, the actual effect of this shocking incident on Gahagan was to drive him back to an old love; an old love who was still conveniently young. A certain Miss Violet Varney was at that time prominent on the stage; the word "prominent" has been selected with some care from other possible adjectives. In the general view of society, Miss Joan Varney was the sister of Miss Violet Varney. In the perverse and personal view of Captain Gahagan, Miss Violet Varney was the sister of Miss Joan Varney; nor was he eager to insist even upon this relationship. He loved Joan and he did not even like Violet; but there is no need to enter on the entanglements of that other story here. Are not all these things written in the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel?

It is enough to say that on that particular morning, swept clear and shining after the storm, Captain Gahagan came out of the little church in the crooked by-street and very cheerfully took the road to the house of the Varney family, where he found Miss Joan Varney pottering about in the garden with a spud, and told her several things of some importance to both of them. When Miss Violet Varney heard that her younger sister was engaged to Captain Gahagan, she went off with admirable promptitude to a theatrical club and got engaged to one of the numerous noodles of more or less noble birth who could be used for the purpose. She very sensibly broke off this engagement about a month afterwards; but she got *her* engagement into the society papers first.



"I dunno—he claims he saw a Hindu do it!" ERIC ERICSON

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING. . .

. . . poor fellow!

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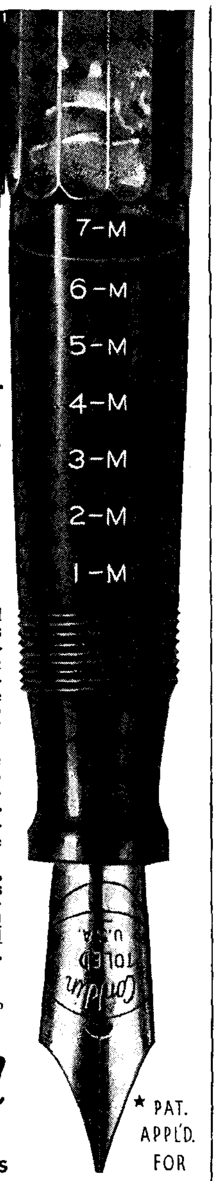

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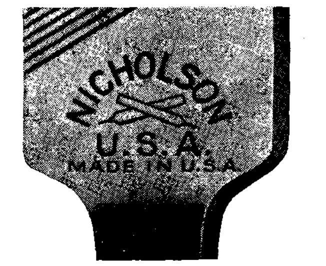

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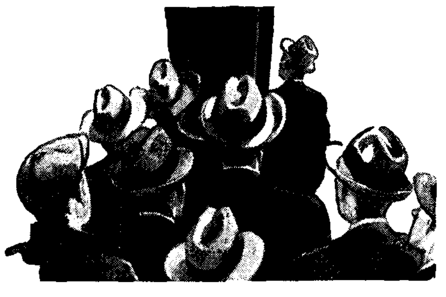

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All-America Bridge Champions

Continued from page 24

In this nobody is eligible except players who have real championship records. Thirty-six of them came together this time under conditions whereby each had to take turns with every one of the other thirty-five as partners. For the first time in the game's history, this championship was won by a woman, Miss Elinor Murdoch, formerly of Birmingham, Alabama, and now of New York. She beat out B. Jay Becker of Philadelphia by half a match point in a great contest. The year before, Miss Murdoch was second, barely behind the winner, Mr. Burnstine.

Miss Murdoch's triumph must be conceded as the greatest single piece of news produced by any championship tournament on the 1934-35 calendar. It gives her the unquestioned right to boast of an achievement more startling than any other particular feat by a woman in the history of championship play, or even by any man, as far as that is concerned.

Social and Masters' Bridge

In a tie for tenth place are two Middle Western players, Jeff Glick and Aaron Frank of Cleveland. They shared with William Foster Hopkins and Charles H. Porter of Cincinnati in the only defeat inflicted on "The Four Aces" during the entire 1934-35 cycle, when they won the open challenge team-of-four of the A. B. L. They outranked their teammates at the end by getting three seconds, in both of the American Whist League contests and the A. B. L. masters' fours.

Just failing to make the top list are Merwin D. Maier, who besides his Grand National pair win had seconds in the open challenge teams and the men's pairs of the A. B. L.; Charles Lochridge and John Rau, who besides winning the A. B. L. open pairs were second in the Vanderbilt Cup. All told, twenty-eight different players managed to gain victories in some national event, and thirty-four others obtained second places, making a total of sixty-two different persons who earned either winner or runner-up honors. During the past season only two players obtained more than one second place without any victories, Theodore A. Lightner and John Mattheys, with two apiece.

Each year, when time to rank the players rolls around, there is the question of just what contests shall be counted. Hitherto the mixed team and pair events have been included, but they have become so thoroughly social in nature that they have lost much of their significance in establishing a player's standing. In brief, they have gradually been assuming their proper function in the bridge calendar. When the first trophy for a national mixed team championship was presented to the American Bridge League by the writer in 1929, the purpose was to furnish a game in which husbands and wives, or just fellows and their best girls, could enjoy playing together. That is the way it has now worked out. In most cases now the partnerships are formed with players who think they will get the most enjoyment together, rather than with those that would make the strongest teams.

These events, therefore, do not have the same stern competitive entries as the others. Real credit is due, however, to the fine players who won them during the season just closed—Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lemmon of Washington and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bachner of New York, who took the A. B. L. mixed team, and the pair winners of the same organization, Richard H. Kahn and Mrs. Theodore Greenebaum; Mrs. Greenebaum, Mr. Kahn, Miss Ruth Sherman and John A. Sherman, who won the U. S. B. A. mixed team, and the same league's pair victors, Mrs. Robert B. Fuller and A. Mitchell Barnes.

Two other events which Eastern players sometimes think should be counted are the team and pair contests of the Eastern championships. There is no question that these are as difficult to win as any, especially the pair battle for the Julian Goldman Trophy, which brings together a field that, in size and quality, does not have to apologize to any in the world, and is always won by contestants of top strength. Oswald Jacoby and David Burnstine won this trophy in 1934. Including the Easterns, however, would raise the question of including the Westerns, the Southerns, the Pacific Coast championships and other events meant primarily for players located in single sections of the country. The only way to handle that question without bias is to leave out all territorial contests and base the national ranking entirely on championships designated as national.

A recent popular innovation is the awarding of "master points" by the American Bridge League, so that players earning enough of them become eligible for the "masters'" events. There is a sliding scale for these, ranging from more important contests to territorial ones, and including the mixed championships. Richard L. Frey, who was runner-up in the two mixed contests of the U. S. B. A., gained more of these "master points" in the 1934-35 season than any other player.

Someone has asked what bearing the extremely interesting match of Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson against Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hal Sims can have on the national ranking, and the answer has to be that it can have no influence. Mr. Sims has won no national event in the last two years; neither Mr. nor Mrs. Culbertson has won any since 1930; and in addition, the style of play, rubbers, with the luck of the deal being a factor, cannot be compared to the championship contests, which are at duplicate, with every contestant playing the same hands.

A Question of Location

Another splendid event which cannot be counted is the international game for the Charles M. Schwab Trophy, in which Mr. Culbertson for two years has selected his own teammates and taken them to England for a match with an English team-of-four. It cannot logically have any more effect on the ranking of American players among themselves than a baseball game by some American team abroad could alter the championship status of the St. Louis Cardinals. Contests of this sort, abounding in color, are great assets to bridge, however, in that they interest everyone who likes the human equation.

There are many things about the bridge situation that make it difficult to rank the players fairly, regardless of what method is chosen. Easterners have the advantage over Westerners and Southerners, in the locale of the majority of the big events. Most of these are in and around New York. Whenever one of the major competitions is held in the West, the East doesn't do so well because it no longer has an overwhelming percentage of the total entries. This was so when the American Bridge League had its annual winter tournament in Cincinnati in 1933. Western

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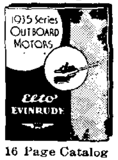

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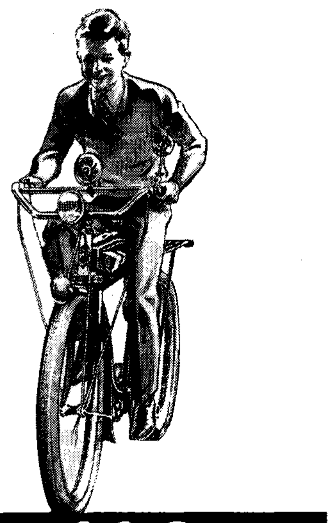

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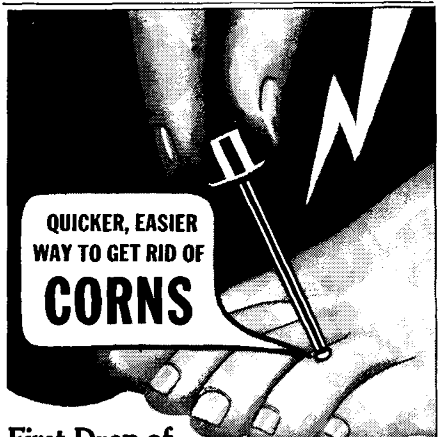
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and Southern stars won all of the major events on that occasion. Something of the same sort is likely to happen again during the next season, for the American Bridge League is now headed by Louis J. Haddad of Chicago, and in his home city the League's annual competition is to be held during the week beginning next December 2.

There is one big event in which the East and the Middle West have met on equal terms, with the West having an overwhelming record of success to date. This is the so-called "winter championship," in which several thousand players engage in qualifying rounds for various districts ranging from Boston to St. Louis, the district winners then meeting in Florida. Mr. Haddad and Robert W. Halpin won this for Chicago the first year, William Foster Hopkins and Charles H. Porter captured it for Cincinnati the second year, and Messrs. Haddad and Halpin repeated during the season just closed.

It's a Youth's Game

One of the most famous of all the bridge trophies was retired from competition during the last season. This was the Waldemar von Zedtwitz gold cup for the masters' pairs. The terms of the gift provided that each winning pair would hold it for a year until some player had gained three victories, when it would become his permanent property. Messrs. Burnstine and Schenken, as partners, had taken it twice, so that if either won again, he would be its owner. Consequently they decided to go in with different partners this time and thus assure that, if either won, it would be his alone. Mr. Schenken paired with Richard L. Frey and, after a thrilling game, won the coveted trophy.

This event emphasized one fact not realized before. Never has the "Four Aces" team entered two of its pairs in a pair event without one of them finishing first. That is something which cannot be said of any other team in history, not even the old "Four Horsemen" who dominated the field several years ago. It is interesting to note that all four members of that old team have now landed top place in the annual ranking—Willard S. Karn three years back, Philip Hal Sims two years ago, David Burnstine last season and now Mr. Jacoby.

"The Four Aces" are modest about their individual ability and attribute most of their success to the system of bidding they have evolved. The foundation of it is the total absence of artificial bids of any kind and the effort to be accurate, not only so that profitable contracts may be reached but so that disastrous penalties may be avoided. Their book, called "The Four Aces' System of Contract Bidding," is a novelty in that it does not tell the reader what to do. It merely explains what the members of the team do themselves. Describing their own policy in play, one member of the team said: "Experts of the older generation try to fool you by false-carding practically all the time; the very youngest of the up-coming stars try to double-cross you often by disclosing the exact facts about their hands, thinking you will treat them as false-carders; some players try a change of pace in this respect, but we concentrate on making the simple, natural play which gives no special information either way, but puts it up to the other fellow to make a plain guess. We have found that the simplest way is generally the best way."

Every year the number of young players coming into championship tournament bridge is greater. The real veterans have accomplished very little in the last couple of years, compared to the forward surge of youth. If anyone still thinks of bridge as an "old man's game," we have this season's leader as a pronounced refutation of that idea.

Oswald Jacoby is the youngest season-leader since contract became the game of millions. Waldemar von Zedtwitz, who led in 1930-31, the first time there were enough events to rank the stars; Willard S. Karn, top in 1931-32; Philip Hal Sims, the 1932-33 champion, and David Burnstine, the 1933-34 number one man, all had several years on him. Mr. Jacoby can count only a few months over thirty-two years in age.

A native of Brooklyn, where he got his schooling at Poly Prep and Erasmus High School, he has been something of a specialist on "youngest" records. He was in the army at the age of fifteen, a corporal of the student training corps of Columbia University, and in 1918 set out for an officers' training camp just before the war ended. After completing his studies at Columbia he went to work with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in the mathematical department, and passed his actuarial examinations at twenty-one to become the youngest actuary in the history of insurance in North America. He is still a consulting actuary and an active member of the Actuarial Society of America.

The Jacoby family always had a flair for mathematics, so it is natural that a game like bridge should appeal to him. Even at school he liked to wrestle with problems, and is remembered for finding an entirely different solution of one physics problem from that which had been given to the students; indeed, after several hours' argument, he was able to convince the head of the physics department that the old answer was wrong.

He had his first whack at bridge when he was only ten years old. He played with his father, who was a lawyer and former assistant district attorney in New York, with the family doctor and an aunt. Occasionally his uncle, a professor of astronomy at Columbia, would take part. Once initiated into the mysteries of bridge, he preferred it to any other game and showed a natural aptitude for every phase of it.

Soon excelling all the bridge players in his home circle, he sought stronger competition in the big New York clubs and made such an impression on the veteran star, George Reith, that the latter picked him for his partner in the first contract pair championship ever decided, the Eastern championship, in 1929. That Mr. Reith's confidence was not misplaced was shown by their winning the title. From then on Mr. Jacoby stayed in the upper stratum of bridge, winning something every season and becoming distinguished for his spectacular style of game.

A Domestic Race

In April of 1932 he was making a tour of the South, lecturing on bridge. At Dallas, Texas, he was having a friendly doubles game of tennis one afternoon with the people who had brought him to the city. On the next court a young woman was playing. She had dark hair, "a way about her," and was playing wonderful tennis. Jacoby's own game became terrible. His concentration was gone. He couldn't make an accurate shot to save his life. That evening, at a reception, he was introduced to the cause of his poor tennis. She was Miss Mary Zita McHale, holder of the states championship in both singles and doubles. No time was wasted. By Wednesday it was all settled, but the laws of Texas made it impossible for them to be married until the following Monday. He had been scheduled to leave Dallas the day after he arrived, but the lecture dates were revamped to make the rest of the tour parallel their honeymoon.

Mrs. Jacoby had never played bridge

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

before. He began to teach her, and she took to it like a duck to water. They started a contest to see if she could win her first bridge tournament before he could win his first tennis tournament. He almost won by getting into the final round of the Oklahoma men's doubles, but she ended the argument a year ago with him helping her do it, by winning the Eastern mixed team-of-four championship with Mrs. Silver Furlow and Waldemar von Zedtwitz as their teammates.

Oswald Jacoby likes to play, even though he works at his play as hard as anyone could. It has been said that the sedentary nature of bridge playing for long hours would tear anyone down if he didn't get some kind of exercise. Most of the fine players believe that religiously and use pet exercises, forms of calisthenics or long walks to keep them in shape. Mr. Jacoby gets his from games, chiefly tennis in the summertime and indoor tennis and squash in the winter at the old Heights Casino in Brooklyn.

As a new championship season in contract begins it is difficult to pick the next champion. It seems improbable that any one player can gain a decisive lead over his rivals, especially if the members of the powerful "Four Aces" stick together. In his effort to repeat, Mr. Jacoby will find himself not only up against plenty of hard competition from his own mates, but also confronted by a jinx which every predecessor has found insurmountable. If he can land on top again, he will be the first repeater.

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AMERICAN BRIDGE LEAGUE	***Masters' Individual:*** Miss Elinor Murdoch. ***Masters' Pairs:*** Howard Schenken and Richard L. Frey. ***Masters' Fours:*** Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken, Richard L. Frey, David Burnstine and Michael T. Gottlieb. ***Open Pairs:*** Charles Lochridge and John Rau. ***Men's Pairs:*** Oswald Jacoby and David Burnstine. ***Women's Pairs:*** Miss Helen Bonwit and Miss Helen White. ***Open Fours:*** Louis Jaeger, M. Seiler, Henry Dinkelspiel and Bernard Rabinowitz. ***Open Challenge Fours:*** William Foster Hopkins and Charles H. Porter, of Cincinnati, and Aaron Frank and Jeff Glick, of Cleveland. ***Women's Fours:*** Mrs. A. C. Hoffmeier and Mrs. Anne Rosenfeld, of Cleveland, and Mrs. Albert Rockwell and Mrs. Gail Hamilton, of Warren, Pa.
UNITED STATES BRIDGE ASSOCIATION	***Teams-of-Four:*** Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken, Richard L. Frey, Michael T. Gottlieb and Sherman Stearns. Pairs: Sherman Stearns and Merwin D. Maier.
VANDERBILT CUP	***Teams-of-Four:*** Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken, Richard L. Frey, David Burnstine and Michael T. Gottlieb.
NON-WINNERS WHO EARNED SECOND PLACES	Theodore A. Lightner, John Mattheys, Walter Malowan, Sydney Rusinow, Mrs. Ely Culbertson, Alphonse Moyse, Jr., Miss Ruth Sherman, Mrs. Thomas Stern, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Banfield, Mrs. A. Leroy, Mrs. J. Gardner, Mrs. E. Cross, Mrs. Fred Wise, Mrs. Jerry Swan, Mrs. Fred Fuld, Miss Marybelle Metzleur, Harry J. Fishbein, Herman Goldberg, Morie Ellis, Seymour Kaplan, Walter Beinecke, Hugh Jackson, Charles E. Van Vleck and Harold C. Richard, all of New York; L. E. Hart, Jr., R. J. Healy, J. Howe, Mrs. Eliot Evans and Louis J. Haddad, all of Chicago; Alvin Landy and M. J. Glick of Cleveland; B. Jay Becker and Charles H. Goren, of Philadelphia; Charles A. Hall, Cincinnati.

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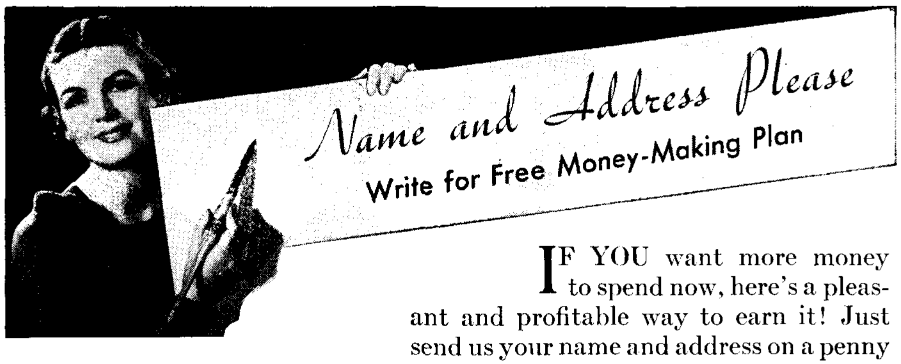
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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 17

"Not at all," Hayes assured him.

"You see, it's this way with me: I was told at the American Express, down there on the Haymarket, that their Mr. McKinley would meet me here, sharp at six. It's kind of awkward, you understand, because he has my passport as well as my rail and steamer tickets. That's all it was. That's how I came to make the mistake."

He smiled sadly and went back to his chair. Then another idea seized him apparently. He stood up and walked slowly away. Hayes could see him talking to a hall porter . . . At which moment he entirely forgot the existence of the pale stranger.

The woman he was waiting for stepped out of the elevator.

She wore a black fur coat, the collar turned up, so that it partially concealed her shimmering hair. A page ran to the door and swung it into position. Clearly she was going out; in fact, even as Lincoln Hayes stood up, the door revolved and she was outside on the steps.

Picking up his hat and leaving his drink unfinished, Lincoln Hayes followed.

"HATASU"—he could never forget that strange Egyptian name—was just entering a car drawn up to the steps. It was a Gloria and, he suspected, hired.

As it drove away, the interior lights were extinguished; and he had an impression—but could not be sure—that those wonderful eyes had looked out at him for a moment.

A taximan on the neighboring stand raised his hand and Hayes signaled to him to pull across.

"You saw the Gloria that just went off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Follow it. It should be easy enough in the traffic."

"Right-o, sir."

They started. The Gloria turned left and, after a time, was speeding through various suburbs with which Lincoln Hayes was quite unacquainted. The Gloria maintained a moderate speed and the taxi driver experienced no difficulty in keeping it in sight. Lincoln Hayes began to wonder. Where could Hatasu be going? He had not bargained for so long a journey. And once in the open country he feared that the quarry would hopelessly outdistance him. Yet, for the open country it appeared that the Gloria was bound.

They passed Cheam—as Hayes learned from a signpost—and presently found themselves on a by-pass. For one thing he was grateful. The driver of the Gloria showed no disposition to increase his speed. They came out onto a heath, or common. Hayes opened the little window in front, and:

"Where are we?" he asked.

"Banstead Downs, sir."

"Where does this road go to?"

"Brighton!" the man replied cheerfully; "but we come to Reigate first."

"Keep right on."

He reclosed the window. He had never been to Brighton, but he knew that it was not a seaport, so that a momentary fear that Hatasu might be going to join a ship was dispelled. He consulted his watch.

Seven o'clock. Paddy and Ann would be back at the hotel, now, wondering what had become of him. However . . .

The car ahead consistently kept to the main road, until at a point where a footbridge crossed it suddenly turned left into a narrow lane. Lincoln Hayes began to wonder. In spite of intervening traffic and, later, of open road, there had been no difficulty whatever in the pursuit. It was very queer. The taxi driver, in turn, plunged into the lane with its overhanging trees. Hayes spoke through the window:

"Where does this lead to?"

"I don't know, sir. First time I've ever been here."

"Go right ahead."

The lane developed a steep gradient. The night was misty and moonless. And to the right, below what looked like a sheer drop, lay a deep, wooded valley, hills rising dimly in the distance. The lane grew more and more narrow: there were only two houses on it. Then, at its foot, came a little group of habitations, and a tract of common land with a windmill away to the left. . . .

Right, the chase led, and right again up another narrow, badly paved lane, and past a gray stone house guarded by gray walls. The going became very rough. The rear lights of the Gloria could still be discerned, ahead. . . .

On they went. Then the taximan pulled up with a jerk, opened the window, and:

"They've stopped, sir!" he reported.

"Back there—there's an open gate," Lincoln Hayes said; "where it has a board up, 'To be sold.' Wait there."

"Righto, sir," the taximan replied, that intuitive knowledge of human nature which belongs to his kind telling him that his fare was in no danger.

Lincoln Hayes walked on slowly; then pulled up, standing well in shadow. The Gloria, he saw, had stopped before a low-pitched cottage—white-plastered, gray-roofed. Some room on the ground floor seemed to be illuminated, but he had an imperfect view. Clearly, however, he saw Hatasu descend and go in at a little gateway.

A moment later the Gloria pulled off and disappeared around a further bend at the end of the lane. Lincoln Hayes walked on.

He was a man who took big chances, but who always had at least two lines of retreat prepared before he took them. He entered the gate of the white cottage and saw that a paved path led around to a porch on the right. He walked on without hesitation.

The woman called Hatasu had gone in two minutes before.

HE PASSED the porch and found himself in a small garden. A lighted window cast a broad path of light across the paving and over the edge of the flower beds, where now no flowers remained. He moved clear of the band of light and away from the cottage until he had a prospect of a large kitchen-garden beyond a hedge, an orchard, and an uprising green slope upon the crest of which was the gray stone house.

This, then, was a gardener's cottage, attached to a larger property.

The thing became more queer minute by minute.

What could this elegant woman, who less than an hour before had left the Ritz Hotel, be doing in such a place?

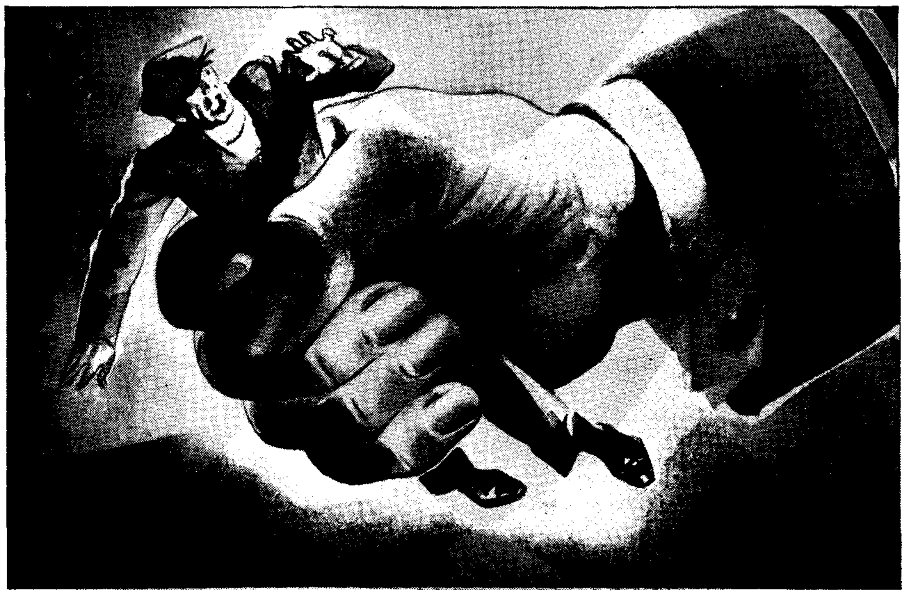
A faint sound brought him sharply about—that sound which is made by curtains hung on rings being drawn along a rod. The band of light was blotted out, only one spear-like streak remaining.

Hayes stepped quietly forward and peered in at the chink between the two drawn curtains. And what he saw increased his wonderment.

The room, which was larger than he had anticipated, was furnished with

(*Continued on page 66*)

This town has
POLICE RADIO



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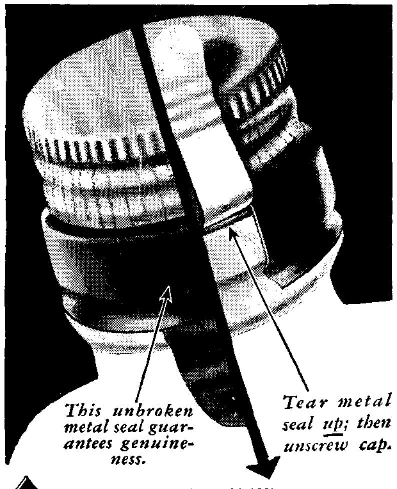
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See advertisement . . . 3rd Cover

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ON EVERY BOTTLE
for your protection
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

(Continued from page 65)

Oriental simplicity; carpets, rugs, cushions, and some few pieces of Arab woodwork. A perforated bronze lamp, apparently fitted with electric light, illuminated it—and Hatasu, her fur cloak discarded, and now revealed in a sheath-like evening frock, sat in a low chair by a little table which supported a brass tray.

She was making coffee over a spirit lamp. A log fire burned in a metal basket set back on an open brick hearth.

Lincoln Hayes watched her for a minute—two minutes—with rapt attention. She was more satisfyingly beautiful than even he had supposed. Her arms and shoulders were perfectly molded; her slightest movement was graceful; and the glory of her hair dazzled him.

He moved back and looked up at the other windows. All were in darkness. Immediately he determined upon his next step.

Walking around to the porch he looked for and found a bell; he pressed it. Silence followed—to be broken by a sound of light footsteps beyond the door. Then the door opened. . . .

Hatasu stood there, in some shadowy place which lay beyond, looking out at him.

"Possibly I intrude," said Lincoln Hayes, "but I hope not. Have urgent reasons for being here."

"I know," she replied.

Her voice was very low and possessed an oddly soothing quality. She continued to watch him but did not move.

"Would it be possible to have ten minutes' private conversation with you?"

"Of course; please come in."

Hayes entered. Hatasu walked ahead of him and drew a portière aside. He found himself in the room where the log fire burned. As he entered, she turned and smiled.

"You see," she said, "Mr. Lincoln Hayes, I was expecting you!"

SOME simple statements have the power of a blow.

Lincoln Hayes stood upon the threshold of the room, looking at Hatasu. Externally, he was unmoved, but his heart was beating faster. He understood, now, the ease with which in a London taxicab he had succeeded in following the Gloria; but there was much that he did *not* understand.

Hatasu was kneeling on a cushion, pouring out coffee. There were *two* cups on the tray. She looked up at him—and her smile was the smile of a young girl.

"Perhaps it is a strange time for coffee," she said, speaking with only the faintest trace of accent, "but it has become a custom of my country, and I know you love my country."

"Thank you," said Lincoln Hayes.

"Won't you please sit down?"

She pushed forward the low chair. Hayes, laying his coat and hat on a teak chest which stood just inside the door, crossed and seated himself. Hatasu handed him one of the tiny cups. Their eyes met for a moment, but she dropped back on the cushions and settled herself comfortably.

"You mean," said Hayes, in his dry, monotonous voice, "that you meant me to come here tonight?"

"Yes."

Hatasu looked up at him. Her eyes, he saw now, resembled deep violet pansies flecked with gold; her lashes, which he supposed to be artificially darkened, were incredibly thick and long. She lowered them quickly as his cold regard met hers.

"How did you know I should follow?"

"It was my business to see that you did so."

Again he was reduced to silence. He set down his coffee cup and stared at the bowed, flame-like head of the girl kneeling among the cushions at his feet.

"How did you know I had seen you?"

"I saw *you*—I was watching for you. In the mirror I saw you at your window. And when I came out of the hotel I saw you in the lobby. And I knew that you were going to follow me."

There came a further spell of silence. Lincoln Hayes had forgotten his coffee.

"Did you see me in New York?"

"Yes." Her long, graceful fingers opened the lid of a metal box. "There are all kinds of cigarettes here. Won't you smoke?"

LINCOLN HAYES began to wonder what age Hatasu could be. Her nationality quite eluded him. Her manner was that of a very young girl and, in spite of her astonishing statement and the coolness with which she had carried out this singular device, was not free from embarrassment.

"Thank you, no. I just want to talk to you."

Hatasu smiled and glanced aside. Her skin was fair as a lily. He found it hard not to believe that the wonderful hair was a product of art. Yet, in some subtle way, her slightest movement was Oriental. She was of the East, but the problem of her race baffled him. Nevertheless, he realized that, being an Oriental, she was probably much younger than he had supposed.

"Hatasu," he said. "You see I know your name—"

"I know you do."

Her amused but slightly uneasy acceptance of a situation unique in Hayes' experience stopped him short again, for a moment; then:

"You admit that you lured me here tonight?"

"*Lured* you?"

She glanced up, and there was a new expression in those gold-flecked eyes.

"How should *you* express it?"

"Yes." She dropped her lashes. "Perhaps I did lure you."

"In whose interests did you do this? Is Mohammed Ahmes Bey up at that house?"

"No. Why do you ask? Because you think he stole the papyrus from you in New York?"

Lincoln Hayes was silenced once more, but only for a matter of seconds; then:

"I know that he stole it," he said quietly. "No doubt he thinks he has a better right to it than I."

"He has—otherwise he would never have touched it." Her eyes were fixed upon him now, and he watched her fascinatedly. "The man you call Mohammed Ahmes Bey has codes higher than any you have ever known." Her low, musical voice seemed to become infused with new power. "You are what is called a gentleman. But what would you do if someone dug up the body of Abraham Lincoln, pulled down the monument to George Washington, and took them to Egypt? What would you do?"

LINCOLN HAYES did not reply immediately. But he continued to watch her.

"The case is different."

"Different!" Now the beautiful eyes blazed—and he had a glimpse of another Hatasu. That glimpse chilled him—steel-nerved though he was. "Because you know that the *fellaheen*, the present people of Egypt, are not of the race of the Great Ones. But how do you know that there is no one left in Egypt who is kin of the old kings, who reveres them? Ah! You are ignorant, so mercy has been shown to you."

She stood up, rising from her knees with effortless grace and, hands outstretched, every line of her seeming to be inspired by an internal fire bright as that which glowed in her hair, confronted him.

(Continued on page 68)

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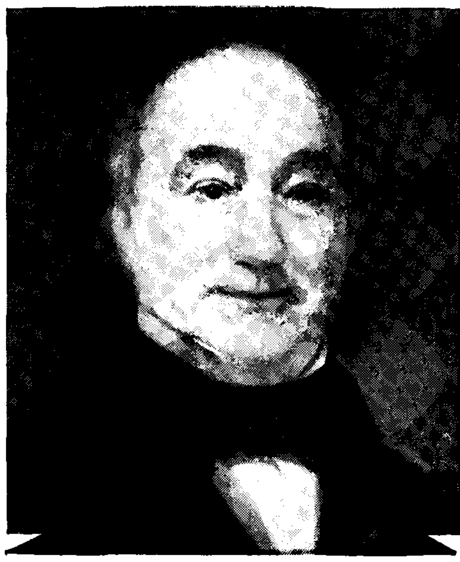

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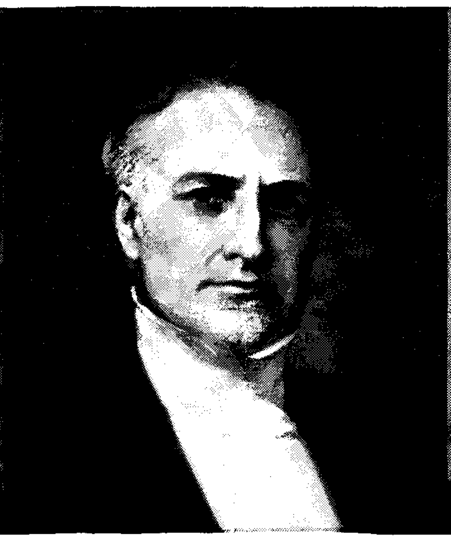

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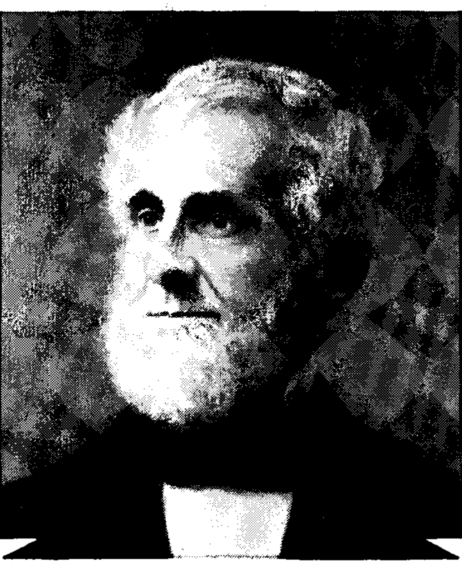

MORRIS FRANKLIN
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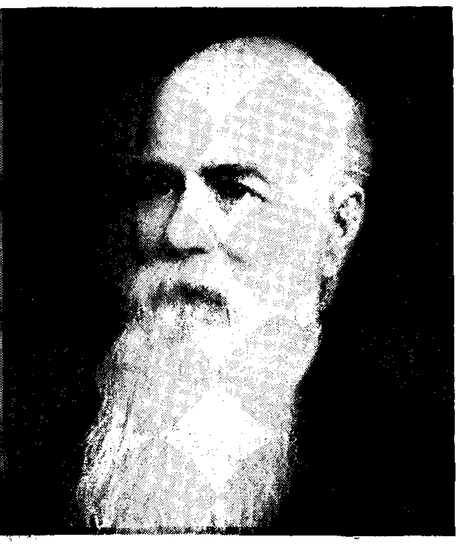

WILLIAM H. BEERS
1885-1892

JOHN A. McCALL
1892-1905

ALEXANDER E. ORR
1906-1907

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY
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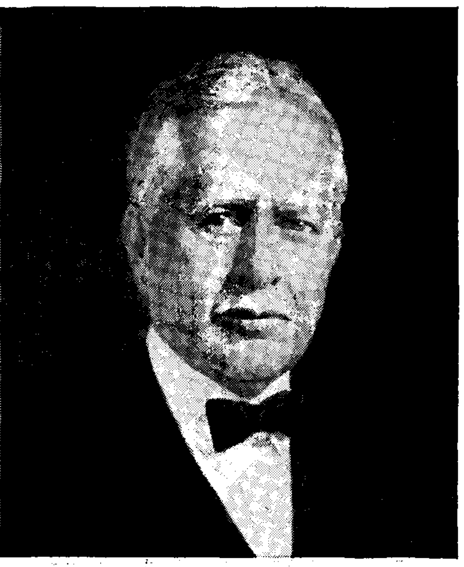

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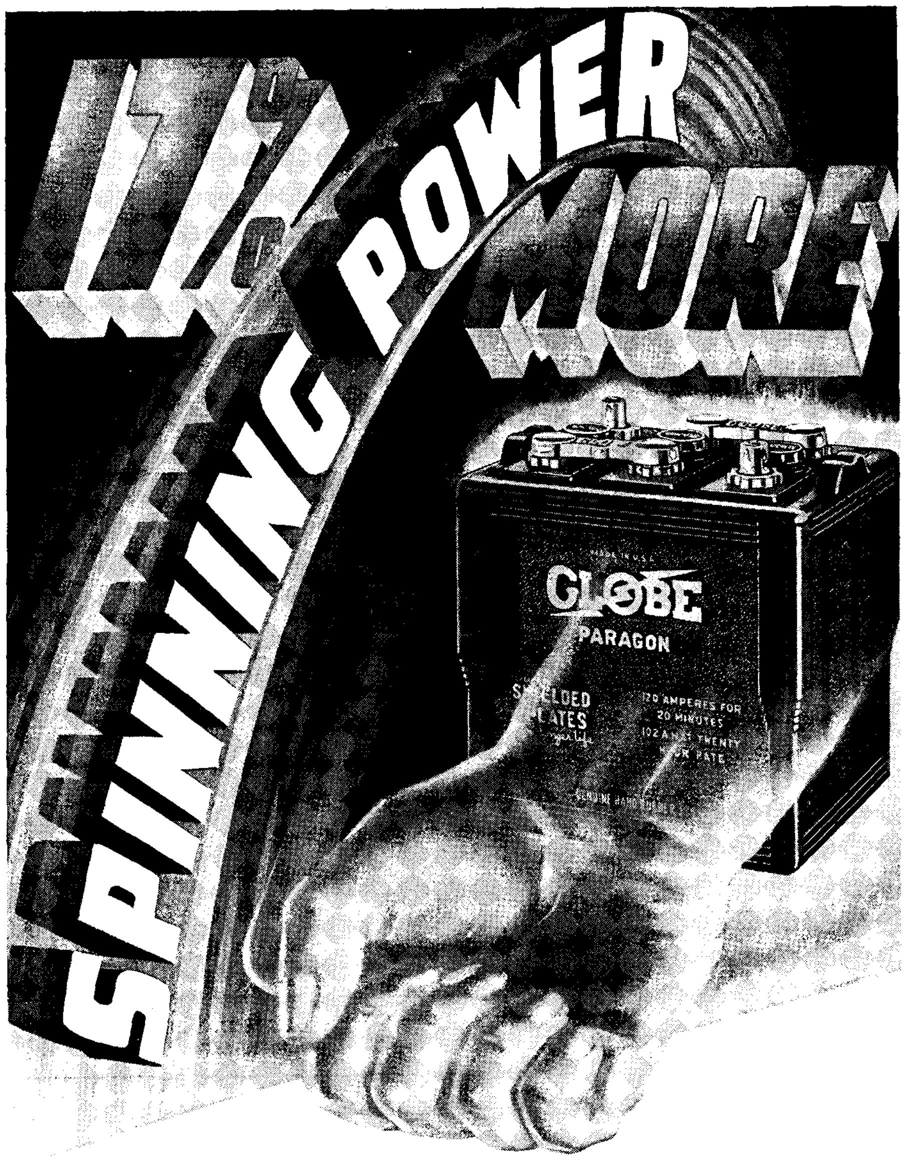

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GLOBE

THE BATTERY WITH SPINNING POWER for quick starts

The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 66

He had thought of her as a little girl. Now she was a Cumæan oracle, an ageless priestess. He experienced an unaccountable, an unusual chill. In the same instant that he recognized it, he remembered when and where he had experienced it before . . . in the presence of Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

"Much my country has suffered from Western robbers. But steal our secrets for which your world is not ready? No! This we shall never suffer!"

Hatasu watched him unflinchingly—her eyes seemed to have grown even larger. His spirit sprang to arms, warning him that she was beginning to dominate his will. Some strange force had come to life in her. In those few minutes which had passed, she had changed from an embarrassed girl who finds herself in a difficult position, to a woman, confident, authoritative. Her fixed regard was difficult to sustain, but the cold gray eyes sustained it.

Suddenly opening her clenched hands and shrugging her shoulders, Hatasu dropped back upon the cushions. Kneeling, she looked up at Lincoln Hayes.

"You know where *the Temple* is," she said softly, "and you are going to it."

Nearly, very nearly, that level brain faltered; Hayes all but fell into the trap. In the nick of time he recovered himself. It was true. The "Place of the Lamp" was indicated in the stolen papyrus!

Paddy Rorke had returned to New York for the purpose of urging Hayes to undertake an expedition in search of this "Place." They had been buying equipment in London. But now he was master again of his own cool self.

"To what temple do you refer?" he asked dryly.

Hatasu regarded him under drooping lashes.

"You are clever," she replied. "And you are a brave man. But neither your bravery nor your cleverness will save you if you persist in what you intend to do."

"Do you mean try to recover my stolen property?"

Hatasu laughed. It was light, musical laughter, the laughter of a young girl.

"You are funny," she said, and the wisdom of the ages seemed to have dropped from her, leaving her a child again. "And your coffee is quite cold."

BUT Lincoln Hayes, watching her, knew that more than any commercial triumph lay in her hands. Mohammed Ahmes Bey had claimed to be a descendant of the ancient Egyptians and had said that Hatasu was a member of the same family. In the case of Mohammed Bey, it was possible, but Hatasu, except for her name, did not correspond to Lincoln Hayes' ideas of an ancient Egyptian. Was it all some fantastic practical joke?

"Who owns the gray house on the hill?" he asked, suddenly.

"A true friend of Egypt," Hatasu replied in a very low voice; "in this room he comes to meditate."

She stood up again, tall, slender, ivory, crowned with fire, and held out her hand.

"Goodby," she said; "you have told me all I wanted to know."

Hayes took her hand and held it, and the eyes which looked into his were the eyes of a girl unused to the world. He knew that he was not entirely master of himself. Although within the meaning of American law Hatasu was the accomplice of a thief, there was no possibility of regarding her in that light. She was dangerous—for she had tricked him tonight. And, closely though he had guarded his words, he believed her when she had said that he had told her all that she wanted to know.

She glanced aside, and the expression of her beautiful face changed slightly. Lincoln Hayes wished that his brain could control his heart.

"I have never said goodby with such reluctance," he said. "I accept my dismissal, but ask a favor."

"What favor?"

Hatasu's words were scarcely audible:

"I want to see you again."

At that she looked up, studying the inscrutable, cleanly chiseled face, the fine head and virile hair receding at the temples; finally looking into those frank gray eyes, almost wistfully. She laid her left hand gently on Lincoln Hayes' right.

"Thank you," she answered very softly. "I should like to see you, too. But—it is no good. . . ." She hesitated for a moment. "Don't go to Egypt," she added. "If you will promise me to give up what you intend to do, perhaps—"

"Perhaps, what?"

"Perhaps"—she looked at him intently—"I might see you again. But even so—it would be no good. . . ."

OUT in the darkness of the winding lane Lincoln Hayes took himself to task. Had he failed, in some way? Had he permitted his personal interest in this woman, who fascinated him utterly, to interfere with his better judgment? It seemed that one glance, exchanged in a New York theater, had told her that she had power over him. She had used it, now, for some strange purpose.

It was not quite clear to him what Hatasu had gained by the device of tonight. Yet in his heart he knew that in some way she had found what she had sought.

Deep in reverie, he walked along—then pulled up and turned sharply.

Footsteps were following him.

He crouched back in the hedge which bordered the grounds of the gray house, endeavoring to penetrate the misty darkness. He could see nothing—hear nothing.

But he was now fully alive to dreadful possibilities. He desired this woman intensely, but he had glimpsed in her a remorseless purpose. Here was an enemy more dangerous than Simon Lobb. It occasioned him a pain, almost physical, to think of her as an enemy, but it was something he must suffer.

He turned and walked rapidly in the direction of the drive up to the empty house, in which he had instructed the taximan to await him.

Once he stopped suddenly, listening. He thought that again he had detected following footsteps. But all was silent, and he went on.

"Hello, guv'nor!" came a cheery hail. "I was beginning to wonder."

"Everything O. K." said Lincoln Hayes. "But did you see anyone go down this lane after I had gone?"

"I didn't *see* anyone, guv'nor. But it's a bit quiet-like down here, and once I got the jimjams. I thought I heard somebody, but I couldn't see anybody."

"Ah!" said Hayes, and got into the taxi. "Berkeley Hotel."

He lighted a cigarette. But as the taximan pulled out of the drive, he looked back through the rear window.

A figure was standing twenty yards down the lane looking after him—a dark, indistinguishable figure.

(To be continued next week)

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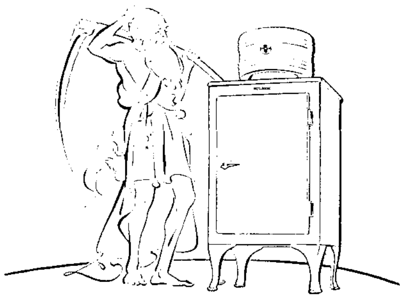

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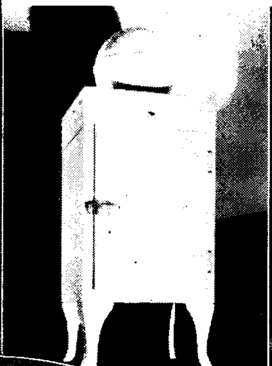

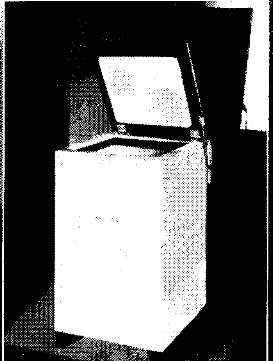

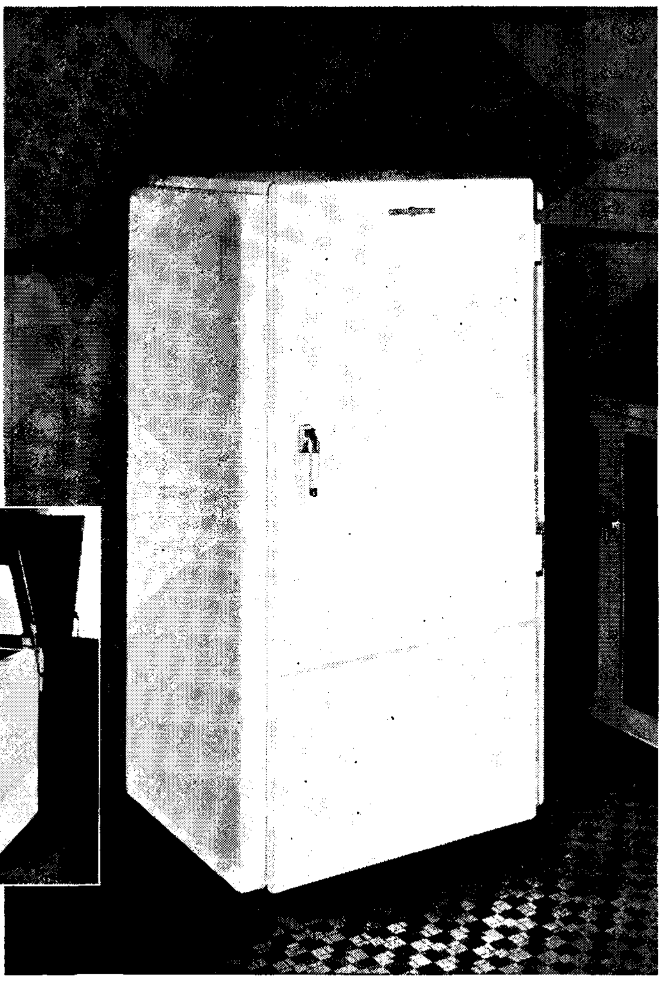

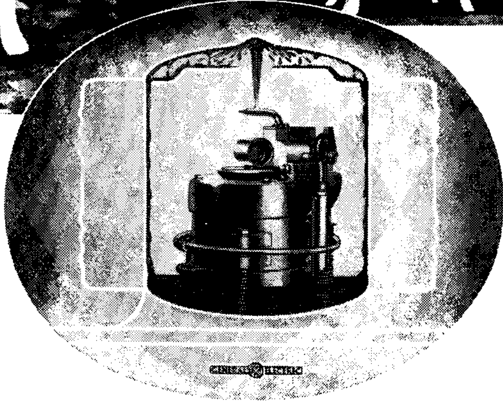

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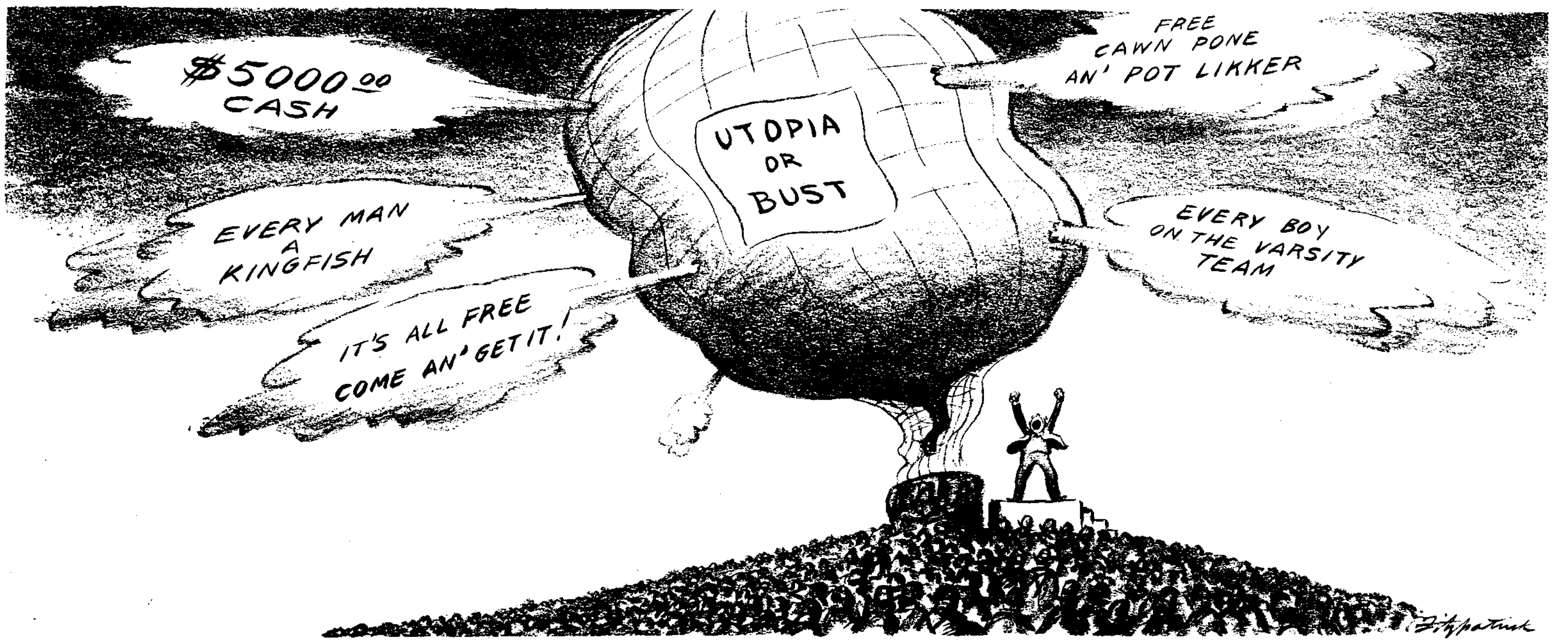
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Wind on Troubled Waters

MORE economic nonsense has been preached in this country within the last three years than in any previous time within the past half century.

Distressed times always present opportunities to fanatics, ignoramuses and crackpots; but the recent record is almost without parallel in history. Certainly nothing comparable can be found since the Populist campaigns of the late eighties and early nineties.

Take Senator Long's "Share the Wealth" program. This has a large and inviting sound so long as it is kept sufficiently vague. Once we get down to particulars, however, nothing but deceptive words remain.

Long proposes to share the wealth by dividing up all fortunes over $4,000,000. Craftily he neglects to say how he intends to make the division, but he promises to give something to everybody who has less than $5,000.

There is not a grain of sense or sincerity in this program or promise. The useful wealth of this country consists of factories, machines, lands. More especially, our great productive resources lie in the trained intelligence, energy and character of people.

A great factory may represent a money value of many millions. It is wealth only so long as it is producing. A factory, a farm, a store or an office represents wealth only so long as men are working and producing desirable goods and services.

Now apply the "Share the Wealth" idea to a factory or farm or store or office. Suppose Senator Long were allowed to divide up the machinery or buildings or even the working cash capital of large industry. How much of value would anyone have? How many automobiles or typewriters or how much writing paper could be produced in half a factory or in a tenth of a factory? How many jobs would such an establishment provide?

The questions have only to be asked to be answered. If Senator Long could put into effect his plan, productive industry could be destroyed, but productive wealth could not be divided. As soon as the physical division occurred, wealth would lose its capacity to produce.

As a matter of record, ownership of the large wealth-producing enterprises in this country is already widely scattered through stock ownership of corporations. Hundreds of thousands of individuals share directly in the ownership of most large businesses.

The number of shares owned by the average holder of stocks is quite small. But the fact is that already ownership is widely divided. If the trends of the past twenty-five years continue, ownership will be more widely distributed as our affairs mend. But nobody could conceivably get a penny's worth of anything valuable by destroying our productive resources. Huey Long understands this. His "Share the Wealth" talk is mere window dressing for the spoils politics he practices in Louisiana.

Senator Long has been talking about wealth, not incomes. Already income taxes take half and more of the larger incomes. His plan applied to income would actually lower present rates. The rich would be better off. In better times nobody would for a minute be fooled by such claptrap.

Father Coughlin is much smoother but, when he condescends to details, almost equally fallacious. Father Coughlin, like the old Populists, runs over with money talk. To him the "international bankers" are the source of all evil.

Bankers, local or international, are easy targets now. International bankers made plenty of mistakes and some showed a woeful lack of character back in the days of easy finance. Abuses not already corrected ought to be corrected, and offenders held up to shame. But, remember, international bankers exist only to promote and finance international trade. That is important.

So intelligent a friend of the farmers as Secretary Wallace has built his long-time program for improving the condition of the farmer upon the development of foreign markets for American crops. Kick the international bankers as much as you please but we can't have an export trade without some agency for collecting and returning the money foreigners pay us for our goods.

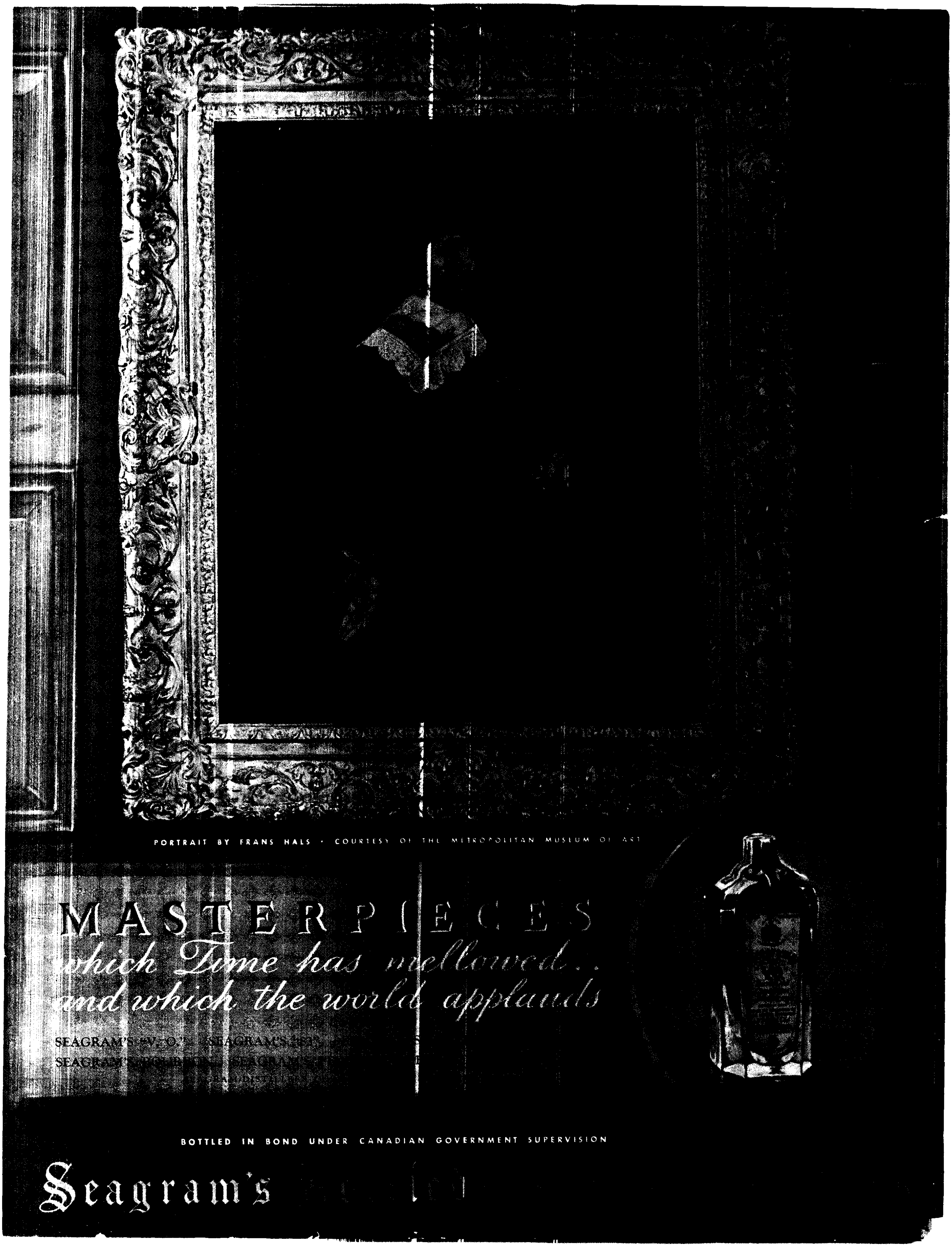
We want to work and we want jobs which pay well. Without our export business we shall have fewer jobs and less pay. Accordingly, we undoubtedly will continue to seek foreign business and we shall employ international bankers.

Huey Long is able to get a hearing for his utterly frivolous "Share the Wealth" program, and Father Coughlin can kick the international bankers about, because so many have suffered and still need help. The same underlying distress gave Dr. Townsend the opportunity to set in motion his fantastic propaganda for pensions of $200 a month to everyone over sixty years of age.

Dr. Townsend exploded as soon as a congressional committee gave him the chance to explain the practical operation of his plan. He had not the dimmest notion of how to provide the money. Consequently he faded out of Washington. What strength remains in his movement exists in the organizations created to advance it.

Many intelligent and public-spirited men realized long before 1929 that wealth ought to be better distributed, for the good of the country as well as for the sake of those immediately benefited. Many also realized that banking, national, local and international, needed reformation. Years before Dr. Townsend began to agitate for an impossible scheme, thoughtful people were aware of the necessity of old-age pensions.

All of these and many other problems and issues of as great importance are now being attacked and solved. Progress necessarily is slow but definitely is being made. We will not move faster by substituting prejudice for common sense. Envy, hate and malice are poor counselors at any time.



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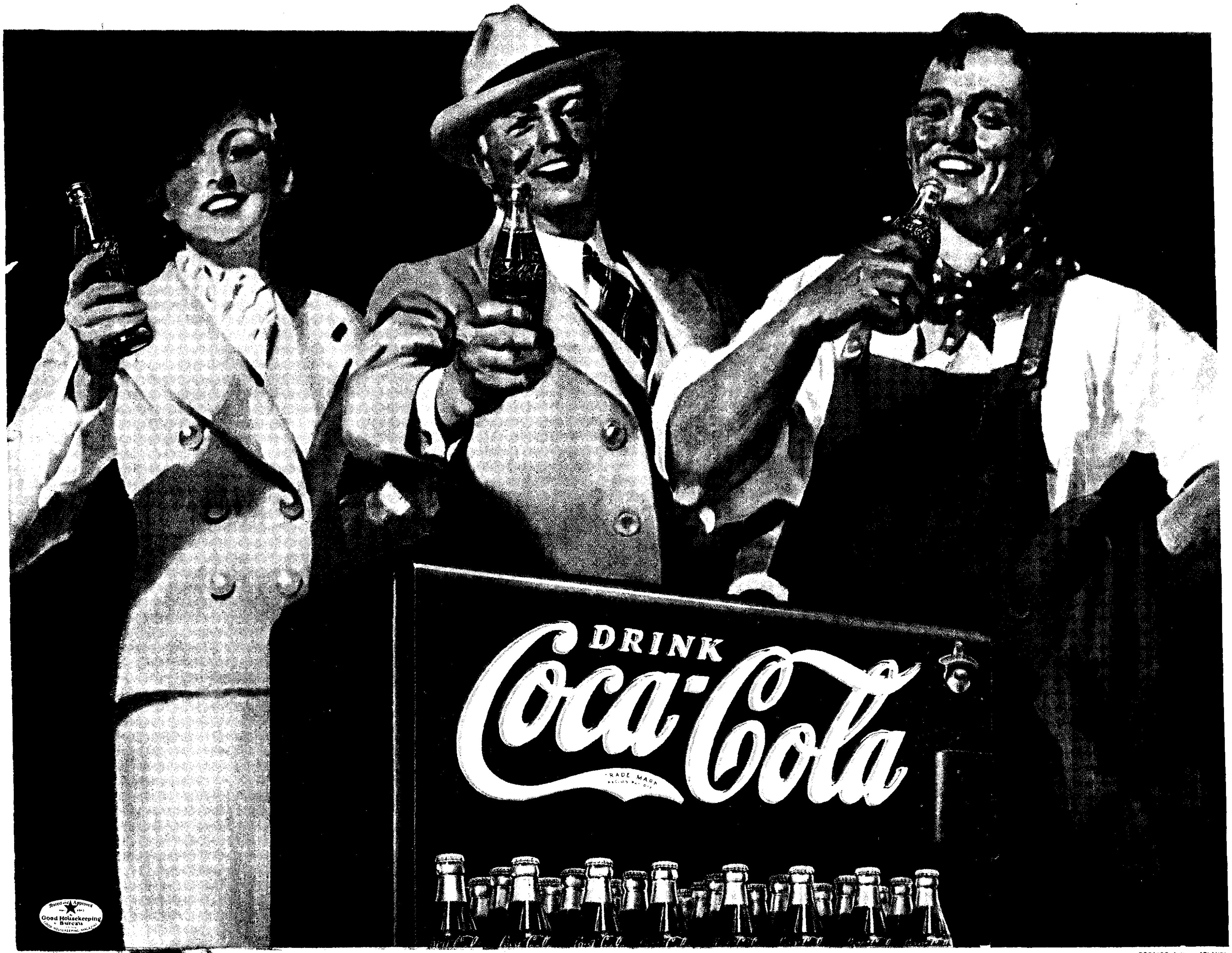
You can make a pause refreshing around the corner from anywhere



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